

PHOTOPLAY

GRACE
KELLY

weight?
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r Diet

YEARS OF MONROE

DEREK'S BIG GAMBLE

California Star Fashions

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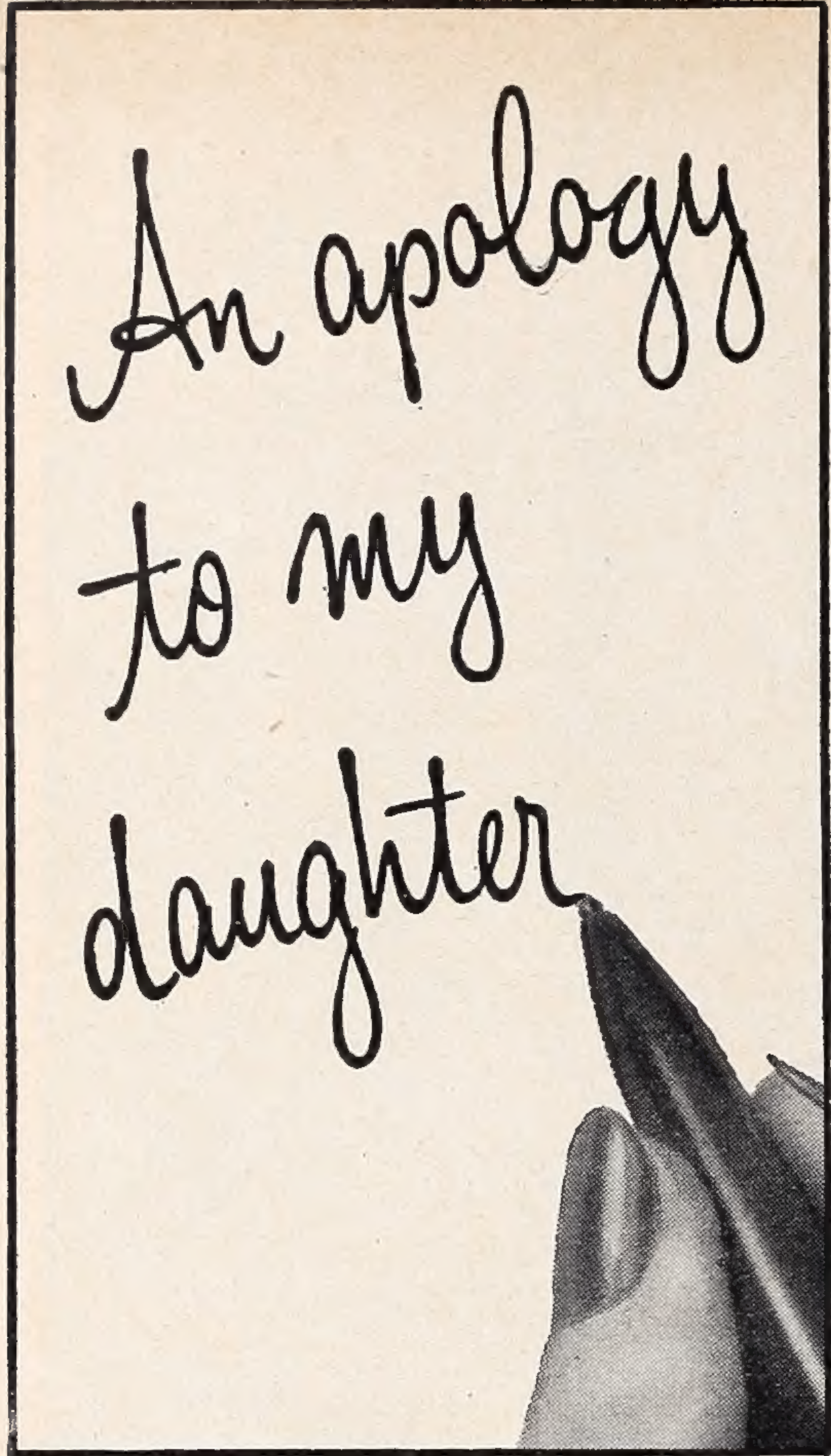
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"I may not ever tell you this in so many words (we parents are die-hards, you know), but in my heart I'm asking you to forgive me for doubting your maturity, your wisdom, your discrimination.

"Too often when you've brought me some new discovery of yours with enthusiasm and eagerness, I'm afraid I've treated you like a child. By leaning so heavily on 'mother knows best,' I've failed to realize there may be times when daughter knows best.

"I haven't been sympathetic about your interest in Tampax. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't even listen to you. And of course, it *would* take an outsider to set me straight . . . our next-door neighbor.

"I happened to be over there when Mary's daughter came in and asked if she could borrow some of 'mother's Tampax.' That was a surprise—both of them using it! Well, I started talking to Mary about sanitary protection and found out lots of things I'd refused to listen to before.

"First of all, Tampax was invented by a doctor. That was assurance enough for me! And then I just had to concede that internal sanitary protection does have a lot of advantages over the other kind. Being so easy to dispose of, for example. And preventing odor from forming. No chafing, no irritation—that must be wonderful! Then, too, I hadn't realized that you can wear it in the bath.

"What I'm conceding most of all, however, is this: *there are lots of decisions a girl or a woman must make for herself.* The Tampax decision is one of them."

Tampax is on sale at drug or notion counters. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Your MAY issue
will be on sale at your newsstand—
APRIL 7

PHOTOPLAY

APRIL, 1955

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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APRIL, 1955

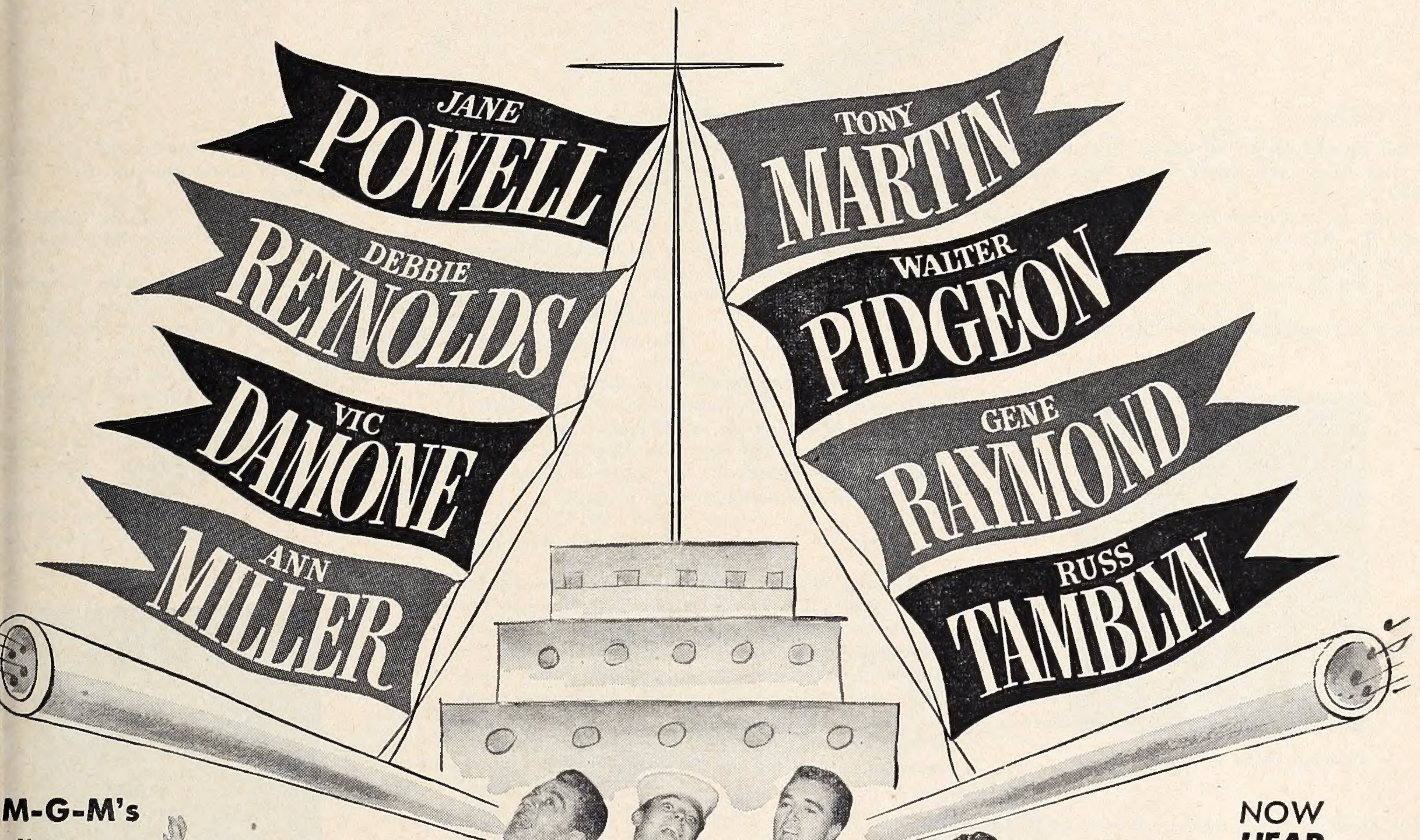
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"More Than You Know"
"Why, Oh Why"
"I Know That You Know"
"Lucky Bird"
"A Kiss Or Two"
"Keepin' Myself
For You"
"Sometimes I'm Happy"

and more big
song hits!

(Available in
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An M-G-M PICTURE



READERS INC...

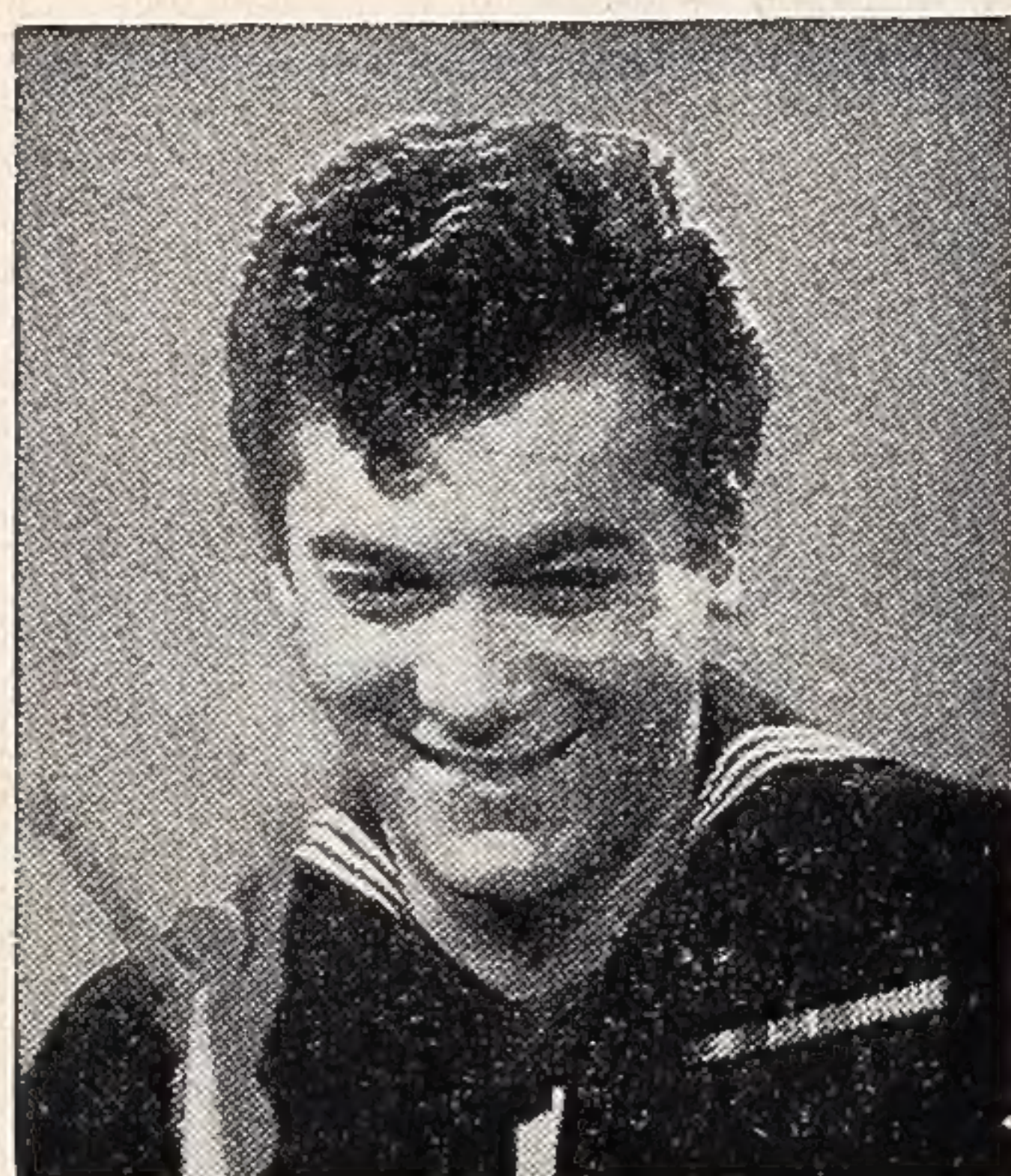


SOAP BOX:

There's an old theory to which I've subscribed for a long time: You never know what you can do until you try!

An actor or an actress has to be willing to take chances. It's this way in every career. Something comes up jobwise—a departure from the usual—and you find yourself asking, "Will I be able to do it?"

When I was assigned to make "So This Is Paris,"



Practice pays off, says Tony

my first musical, I had qualms. A song-and-dance man? Me? I took my share of good-natured kidding, too. But I had staunch backing and encouragement. From the studio executives who had faith in me to cast me in a musical. From Janet, who said, "It'll mean hard work, but of course you can do it!" From Jeff Chandler, now a recording star, who offered good advice. From Gene Nelson, who spent weeks rehearsing dance routines with me.

I held my breath when I saw—and heard—the rushes. I couldn't quite believe it when Decca asked me to cut a record. It seems that practice paid off—and I hope my fans think so! I'm grateful for my chance. And I'm glad that I took it!

TONY CURTIS

I disagree with you on your article "A Wonderful Thing Happened Today" in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. In this article you said that Eddie Fisher's fans were glad that he had at last found the perfect mate. Well, it isn't so. Most of us feel that marriage now will ruin Eddie's career. That is the way my club feels. We aren't willing to give Eddie up to anybody, especially Miss Reynolds. Until I die, I shall defend what I think is right, and without a doubt I know that Debbie is not the one for Eddie.

Maybe your magazine would like to take a poll to see if the majority of Eddie's fans feel this way. It would undoubtedly prove for once and forever that his fans are for this romance or against it. Whatever the outcome will be, please don't say his fans are for his engagement unless you know this to be a fact.

Fisherly yours,
MARGARET OVERBY
Richland, Georgia

Now that Academy Award time is rolling 'round again, what about an Oscar for the director whom Hollywood has overlooked for nearly fifteen years?—though he has deserved the honor on at least

half a dozen occasions, and though he singlehandedly has fathered an entirely new school of movie-making and inspired countless imitators and imitations—all pale carbon copies.

I'm referring, of course, to Alfred Hitchcock, the Dean of the Mystery, whose "Rear Window" is a superb blend not only of mystery, but also of comedy, drama, sex and just about every other ingredient needed to turn out a top-rank movie.

ARTHUR McLEOD
Los Angeles, California

Must admit Bing turned in a pretty strong bid for a second Oscar in Paramount's "Country Girl." However, like they say in Brooklyn, afraid he'll just have to wait till next year. Marlon ("On the Waterfront") Brando is too tough a competitor for even the influential Crosby to buck.

SASSY MAHER
Ridgewood, New York

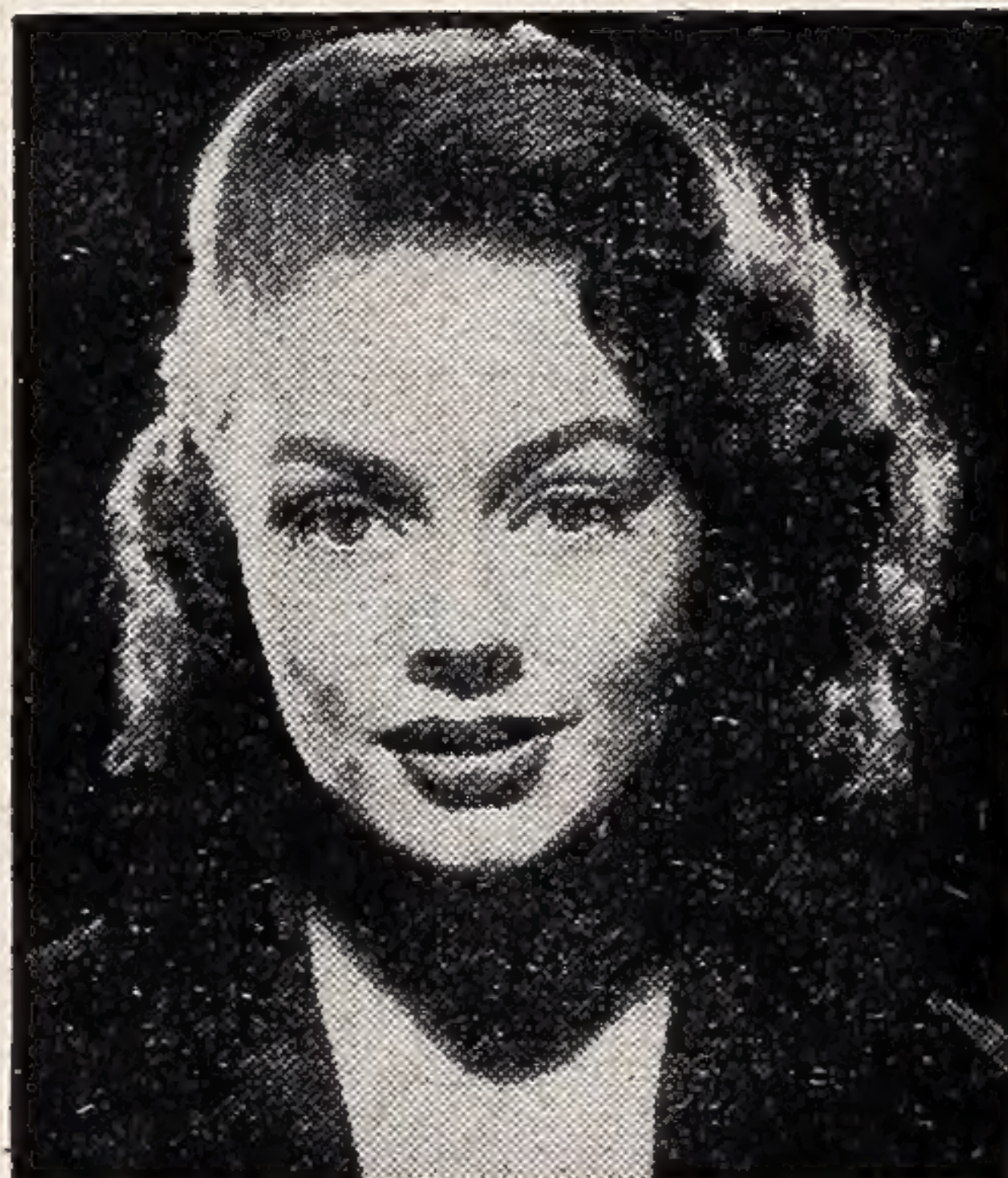
Maureen O'Hara appears out of place in her latest film, "Fire Over Africa." Hollywood can do better by Miss O'Hara and MacDonald Carey, who seems just as uncomfortable as an agent disguised as a smuggler. He probably wasn't any more uncomfortable than this reviewer. It's too bad that "Fire Over Africa" didn't have a little work put into the script, which is too funny for melodrama and too sad for farce.

LARRY WOOD
Akron, Ohio

In your January issue of PHOTOPLAY you have a picture of Barbara Darrow on page 37. Beside her picture it says, "Barbara appeared in 'Susan Slept Here.'" I saw the movie twice and did not see Barbara Darrow in it at all.

BARBARA DUDLEY
New York, New York

Barbara appeared as secretary to psychiatrist Rita Johnson in "Susan Slept Here." She was cast as a model in another RKO film, "The French Line."—ED.



Barbara Darrow was there

I have a little sounding-off to do. When will Jeff Hunter's studio open its eyes as to what it has in him? Handsome, young, and oh, so talented.

I have had my fill of Mr. Bob Wagner and would like a little change in the diet.

Give Jeff some of those pictures and you will have a lot of happy, satisfied fans.

JANICE EARL
Coolidge, Arizona

CASTING:

I think Ann Blyth is sensational . . . My fr and I would love to see Ann and Rock Huds a movie together . . .

SARA JO GREEN
Conway, South Car

Why not star my two favorites, Virginia and Rory Calhoun, in an exciting, romantic ture? I think they'd be perfect together. She beautiful, and he's so handsome.

KAY HALL
Fairmont, North Car

I would like very much to see Christopher ley's "Thunder on the Left" filmed. M Brando is Martin.

SHARON TRIM
Goshen, Ind



Jeff's fans cry for a change

QUESTION BOX:

When I saw the movie, "Man with a Millic was greatly impressed by the English girl Gregory Peck married in the end. Could yo me her name?

MARY LINK
Amenia, New

Twenty-three-year-old London actress Griffiths.—ED.

I have just seen the movie "Sabrina" thought it was wonderful! I would be very ful if you could tell me the name of the song that was played at different times i movie.

PAT PERSHING
Spencerport, New

Wilson Stone wrote lyricless "Sabrina" corded by Mitch Miller on Columbia —ED.

I've just seen "White Christmas" and I th it was wonderful. I'd like to know who playe role of Susan. Could you please give me information about her?

L. TREIBERG
Toronto, Ontario, C

Anne Whitfield, a fifteen-year-old O Mississippi lass with plenty of radio and T perience. Anne's a lepidopterist. That n she collects butterflies as a hobby.—ED.

Conti

A PICTURE WITH A DIFFERENT BEAT!

MAMBO

ROBERT ROSSEN'S

MAMBO

*Everything about it is
different and exciting.
It's the rhythm-riddled story
of an exciting girl . . .
possessed by a wild craze.*

*It's the story of
the men, the women, the music
of the back streets of Venice.*



Starring
SILVANA MANGANO · MICHAEL RENNIE · VITTORIO GASSMAN · SHELLEY WINTERS

with Katherine Dunham · A PONTI DE LAURENTIIS Production

A Paramount Picture · Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

Story and Screenplay by Guido Piovone, Ivo Perilli, Ennio de Concini and
Robert Rossen



Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

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**ZONITE—The Ideal “ALL-PURPOSE”
Antiseptic-Germicide**

Last week I saw “White Christmas” and thought it was very good.

Who was the fellow that danced with Vera-Allen?

Was there a picture by the same name before, or are people thinking of “Holiday Inn”?

MRS. URSULA CARTERSON
Baltimore, Maryland

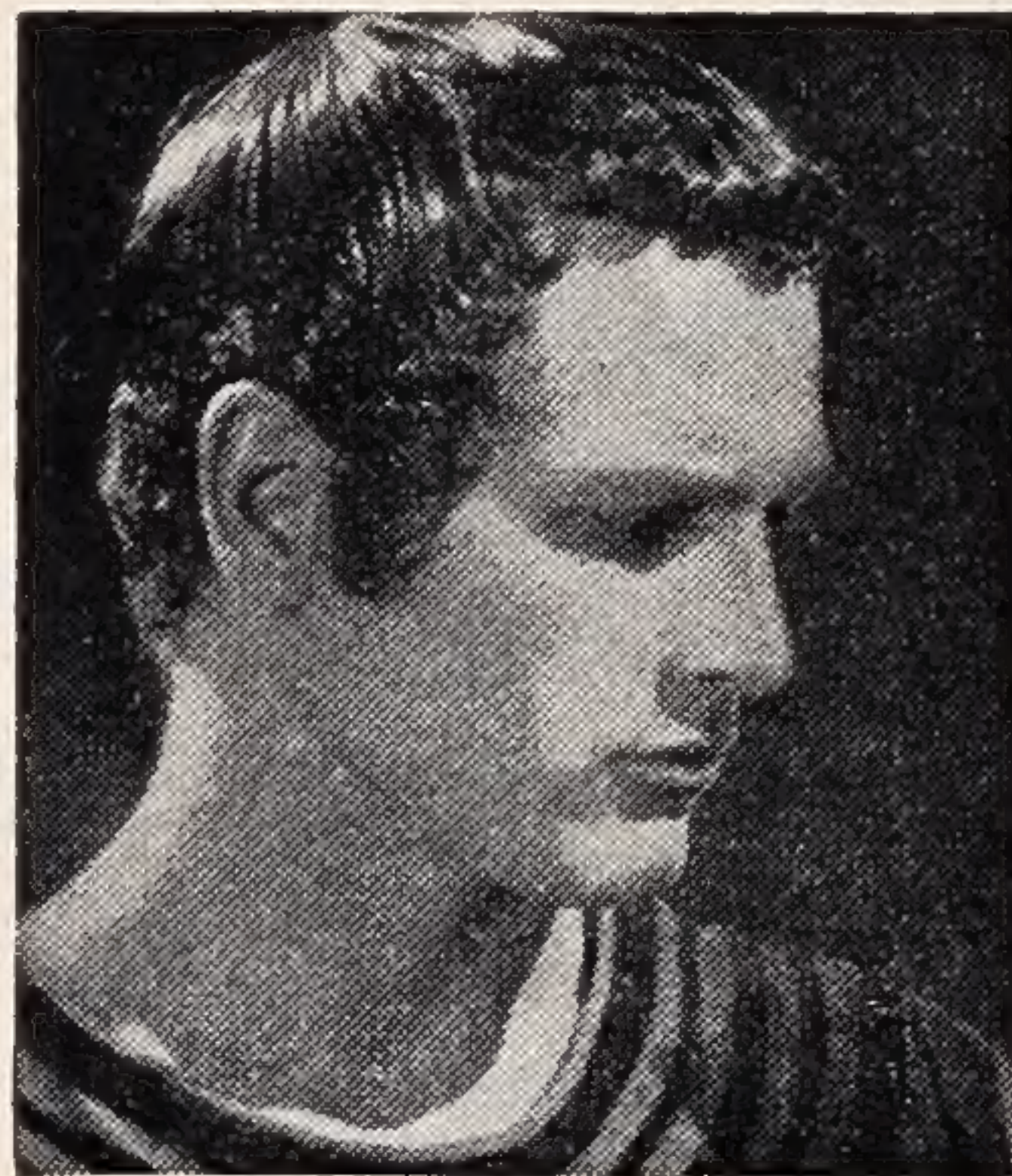
John Brascia, a Fresno, California, lad who began dancing only four years ago, has already hoofed in “Call Me Madam” and Broadway show “Hazel Flagg.” Football player Johnny's only twenty-two years old.

Bing Crosby sang Irving Berlin's “White Christmas” in Paramount's “Holiday Inn” thirteen years ago. Star, studio, song and songwriter remain the same in new 1954 picture.—ED.

I have just seen that wonderful picture, “The Silver Chalice.” I enjoyed seeing that wonderful new actor Paul Newman, who, I think, looks so much like Marlon Brando, even when I saw him a few times on television. Please tell me if they are related, and some statistics about Paul Newman.

DIANA PIRRONE
New Rochelle, New York

Paul was born January 26, 1925, in Cleveland, Ohio, graduated from Kenyon College, attended Yale Drama School, served in the Navy. Summer stock and TV acting led to a lead in Broadway's “Picnic,” thence to Hollywood. Paul married actress Jackie Witte in December 1949; they have two children. Paul is 5'11" tall, has blue eyes, brown hair, is not related to Marlon Brando.—ED.



Paul Newman—Marlon's double?

What I'd like to know is what does a stand-in do when a picture is being made. Does he really appear in the pictures that we see at our theatres?

N. Ross
Opheim, Montana

A stand-in works on the set in place of a star, generally before shooting begins. He does not appear in the film. Very rarely, a double, not a stand-in, appears on-screen in a scene when it is dangerous or inconvenient for a star to do so.—ED.

Could you please tell me the names of the sisters in “Athena”?

ROSE PARISI
Chicago, Illinois

Athena—Jane Powell, Minerva—Debbie Reynolds, Niobe—Virginia Gibson, Aphrodite—Nancy Kilgas, Calliope—Dolores Starr, Medea—Jane Fischer, Ceres—Cecile Rogers.—ED.

Would you tell me if Marilyn Monroe recorded the songs she sang in “There's No Business Like Show Business”? Will she sing “Seven Year Itch”?

A. KOSIN
Buffalo, New York

RCA Victor has a 45 rpm record of Marilyn singing Heat Wave, Lazy, You'd Be Surprised and After You Get What You Want You Don't Want It. Marilyn and Tom Eyler play Chopsticks in “The Seven Year Itch”—ED.

Would you please tell me Bella Darvi's name? I would appreciate any information you can give me.

MARGARET DONOHUE
Durham, North Carolina

Bella Darvi, starring in 20th's “The Racers,” was born Bella Wegier in Sosnowiec, Poland, on October 23, 1928. Raised in New York City.



John appeals to Bella in “The Racers”

Paris, she married, later divorced French businessman Alban Cavallade. Bella's 5'6" tall, has gray-green eyes, brown hair.—ED.

Could you please tell me something about John Hudson? I saw him in “Return to Paradise,” but I haven't been able to find any information about him since then. The only place I noticed his name is in the '53 PHOTOGRAPHY Annual. I have never seen a still life picture of him in any magazine. Could you oblige me?

LEILA M. SANTO
Torrance, California

John was born in May 1922 in California, served in the Air Force, has Broadway and radio experience. He's 6', has blue eyes, brown hair, is single. He played in “Bright Victory,” “Battle at Apache Peak” and “Cimarron Kid,” and you can see him currently in 20th Century-Fox's “The Racers.”—ED.

■ We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at the studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. ED.

His name was Cal—but it should have been Cain!



"Somebody told me Kate is my mother..."

OF WHAT A GIRL DID—
OF WHAT A BOY DID—OF HURT
AND EXCITEMENT—
OF ECSTASY AND REVENGE...

ELIA KAZAN'S
EXPLOSIVE
PRODUCTION OF
JOHN STEINBECK'S

"EAST OF EDEN"

WARNER BROS.
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This is James Dean, a very special new star!

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SCREEN PLAY BY PAUL OSBORN DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Jean, Stewart cut short a London holiday—they missed the Hollywood fog



Sid sticks his neck out for Peggy King



A new Marlon—a new hol

James Dean's performance in "East of Eden" has Hollywood predict



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I ADMIRE Bob Mitchum's performance in the "Blood Alley" hassle because he didn't blow a whistle. . . . The hardest gal in pictures to figure out is Leslie Caron. . . . Did you know there's more smooching in drive-in theatres during a Grace Kelly movie than say a Jane Russell or Audrey Hepburn picture? . . . Burt Lancaster has a hatred for phonies and a deep fear of accidentally becoming one. . . . There's no actress who can do the mambo like Mari Blanchard. . . . I can do without every movie having a "mood" song being sung over the credits. They're overdoing it! . . . Don't overlook perky, pretty Peggy King when you're naming "Stars of Tomorrow." If I may be allowed a prediction, Peggy, just signed by Paramount for a second chance in pictures, will soon be on all popularity polls.

Edmund Purdom is his favorite actor. . . . There's no actress who loves to sleep as much as Gloria Grahame does. . . . I don't get excited over every new singer with a hit record. I'm loyal to Bing, Lena, Frankie and Ella—to mention a few. . . . Trying to explain the astonishing statement that at eleven she danced in a USO chorus,

Sheree North said: "I was well developed and it wasn't hard for me to lie about my age."

Why do I keep thinking that Katharine Hepburn and Audrey Hepburn don't care too much for each other? . . . Piper Laurie claims she has matured in many ways since she became a movie star. . . . Somehow I don't believe the romantic items I read about Bob Wagner and Joan Collins, the bop-speaking doll from England. . . . It seems that sooner or later every good movie is made again as a musical. There's "A Star Is Born" and "Young at Heart" with many others such as "My Man Godfrey" in the works. Bet no one can take a musical, throw away the songs and make a good straight picture out of it. . . . Joan Crawford wrote Rock Hudson a note of congratulations on his wonderful performance after seeing him in a movie. That's what I like—a movie star becoming a fan club for another movie star. . . . Most young actresses trying to crash the movies act as if they're Marilyn Monroe or Audrey Hepburn. All young actors trying to get into pictures act as if they're Marlon Brando. . . . As for Marlon, he tries to

analyze the handwriting of most of his friends. . . . I can't understand why Crowley isn't making a movie. . . . waiting for Kim Novak to bend down and split those tight pedal pushers. . . . I help wondering what Edwin Booth would have said looking at Richard Burton in "Prince of Players." . . . Add to remarkable remarks Pier Angeli's on love scenes "I always feel just terrible when I know I'm going to do a love scene. It's because I always think love scenes should be of, well, private."

Jean Simmons recently returned from England with husband Stewart Granger. He told me: "I left London because the weather was too good. I hate London when it's not raining. I missed that Hollywood fog." . . . If I may be permitted another prediction, James Dean is a leading contender in the 1955 Cannes Derby as result of his role in "East of Eden." My favorite character Marie Simon was visiting a home where there were a number of reproductions of Toulouse-Lautrec's posters and Marie said to her husband: "Look, Bill, here are the pictures that Jose Ferrer painted in that 'Moulin Rouge' movie." That's Hollywood for you.

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Proved BEST in movie close-ups.
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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

A BREATHLESS, happy young girl stood on the snow-covered hilltop near Lake Arrowhead and sighed in relief. What a wonderful day—no lines to learn, no scenes to stew about, nothing to do but romp and play and skate and throw snowballs and ride the toboggan. California was a mad, wonderful state! Here she was tobogganing in real snow in the land of sunshine. Everything was perfect here—like being in the movies, like reading newspaper predictions that you—fourteen-year-old you—might win an Academy Award for your performance in your second movie. She had to admit—it was a thrill to be alive.

Her friends called and broke her thoughts. "Come, the toboggan is ready," they yelled gaily. Merrily she raced across the hard-packed snow, squealing with excitement. Happily she scrambled aboard, squeezing into the space at the rear of the sled. With a shriek of delight, they were on their way. The wind whipped into the youthful faces as they picked up speed and carried their joyful cries across the mountainside. Faster and faster they flew. The girl was yelling with happiness—one minute later she was crying with pain. . . .

She awoke to the sharp antiseptic smell of a hospital. Only her mind seemed to respond; her body was immobilized. She heard voices: "... year to recover," "... never walk again." Mercifully, she fell asleep before she learned that they were discussing her case.

After she came out of shock, after the soothing anaesthetics had done their work, they told her. Her back was broken. The next six months must be spent in a cast; another six months

confined within a steel brace.

Then would she be as good as new? she asked. Would she walk and run and dance?

The doctors answered her questions with gentle evasions: "Time will tell." "We cannot look that far in the future. Your chances are excellent, but right now . . ."

During the next few weeks she cried a great deal of the time. And why not? She had cause to shed tears. Yet, inevitably, the fountain of tears was emptied. When the crying is finished, there are two courses: to curse the Fates and resign yourself to a hopeless, helpless future or to vow that this is only a minor setback, with success still possible if only you wished and wanted and willed it into being. Ann chose her future. She decided that life was worth living and therefore it was worth fighting for.

In the next fifteen months the doctors shook their heads with regret many times, but never the girl. The doctors made sad predictions, but never the girl. People offered sympathy and she rejected it. Failing to draw strength and faith from others, she found it within herself and from prayer she found the will to go on.

Fourteen is a golden age for most, but for the girl it was a time of pain and struggle. The laughter of her teens was locked in a rigid cast; the happy years were imprisoned in a steel brace. She never lost faith, nor the ability to smile, nor the conviction that what she would do she could do. She emerged from the shattering experience unmarred, her beauty and talent unspoiled. Today, the iron will is well-concealed by her soft, delicate, dark beauty, but it is there. All the dramatic triumphs of her screen career pale in comparison when you think of the personal victory scored a dozen years ago through faith and fortitude by ANN BLYTH.

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 P.M., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 P.M., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



Shirley, with star of "The King's Thief"

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



"Our Conover girls know it's successful for every skin type—dry, normal or oily!"

says
Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover) Conover School Beauty Director

Pat Heyer, Smith College sophomore, is planning an interior decorating career. Says Pat: "It's just good business to figure that the decorative-looking decorator gets the job! So I went to Conover's, where I learned their method of complexion care: a twice-daily beauty-wash with Cashmere Bouquet soap. I just cream that gentle, fragrant lather over my face with my

fingertips. It leaves my skin feeling so much smoother and softer . . . with that radiant look!"



Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S.

"Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion with make-up keyed to your skin tones. For pale skins, a pink or creamy powder; ruddy skins take beige or light tan; while olive complexions look lovely in sun-tan."

Candy



Robins and Roses..

are just around the corner . . .
at the Cutex counter!

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Why Pay More? Tests prove new Cutex Chip-pruf nail polish, with Enamelon, wears best . . . absolutely defies chipping!



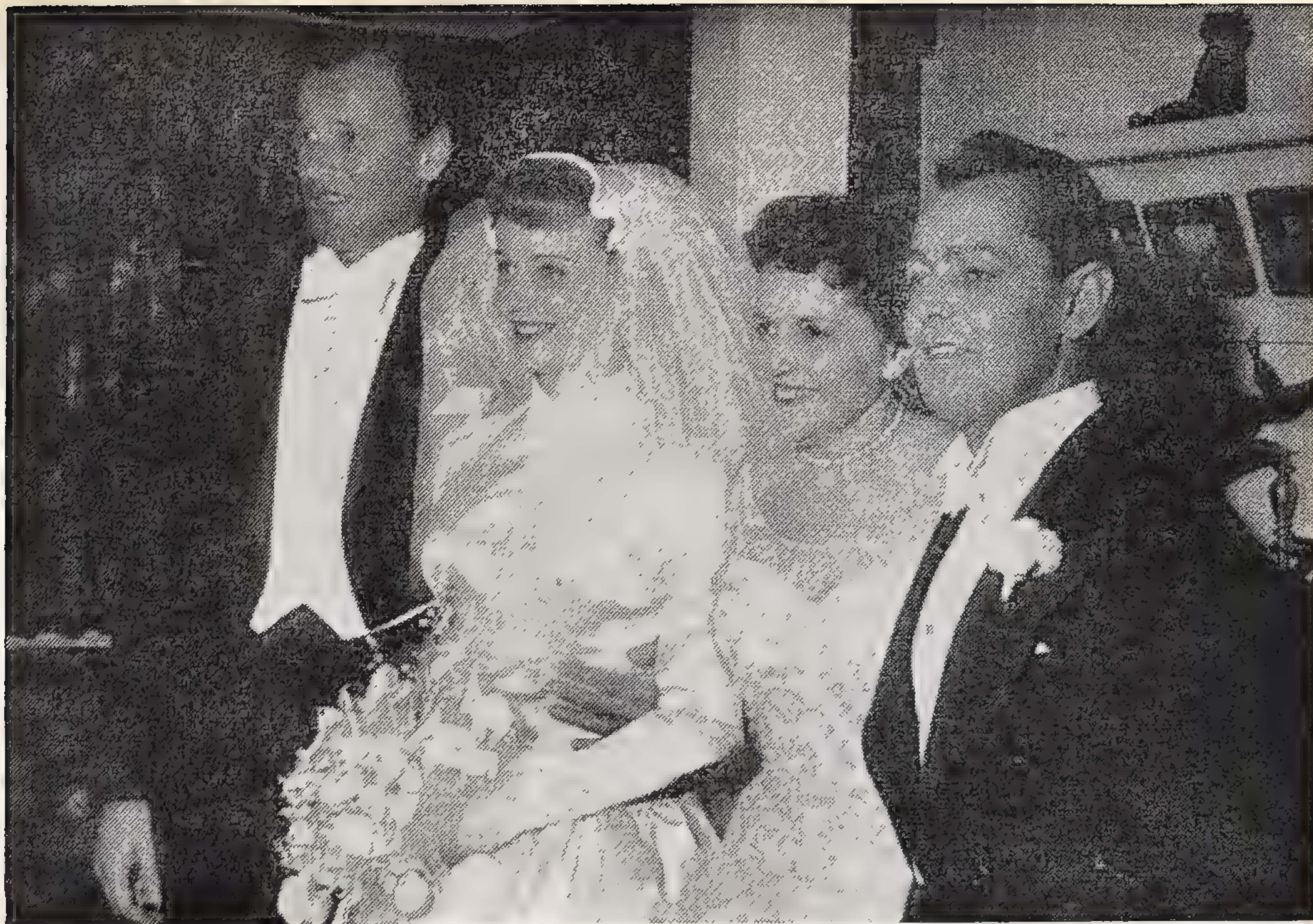
The Most Kissable Lips Wear Cutex Lipstick! So long-lasting, it stays on hours longer—after eating, smoking, even kissing. Much creamier, too, because Cutex Lipstick contains pure, SUPER LANOLIN. Keeps lips always soft as a rose!

Cutex model wears STRIKE ME PINK lipstick with ROSE PEARL polish.

CUTEX

BY EDITH GWYNN

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE



A warm family affair was the beautiful wedding of Carol Lee Ladd to Dick Anderson

THERE WAS A paucity of preems this month but plenty of parties, large and small, plus some very special events, private and public. Of course the most special event was the gorgeous wedding, reception and buffet supper-dance at the Alan Ladds' for daughter Carol Lee when she wed Richard Anderson. Over five hundred guests thronged the enormous tent erected on the Ladds' spacious lawns. It was a striped tent with transparent sides of lucite, and its interior was bedecked with millions of white flowers—so was the buffet “a few miles long.” As a matter of fact, the entire wedding motif was white—including the bridesmaids' dresses of white shantung affeta. These were tight-bodiced, full-skirted short formals. Carol Lee's bridal gown was a lovely thing of white Italian satin—a “period type” with long sleeves ending in seed-pearl studded points over her wrists. The train of the gown was formed from its own full skirt. Carol Lee wore a finger-tip length veil—flowing from her tiny hat of seed pearls. And she carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Dorothy sisters of Carol, Cary Grant (who “discovered” Dick Anderson for movies) was among the ushers, and Dick's brother, Bob Anderson, was best man. With Alan Ladd, Jr., as ringbearer and Carol Lee's sister, Alana, as maid of honor, this was truly a glamorous “family affair.”

Did we tell you about the lovely midnight supper-dance given by producer Bill Perlberg at Chasen's? Jane Wyman was there with her manager Herb Brenner, and one of her best friends, Nancy Sinatra, was at the soiree with Jane's ex, Freddie Farger. And they were *not* seated at the same table in the usual Hollywood “friendly fashion!” Lori Nelson was with Guy Madison's brother, Wayne Mallory, and

she looked real nice, in a simple black evening gown. Donna Reed was in a stunning black strapless. Bing Crosby with Mona Freeman was “chaperoning” son Dennis and his date, Caroline Wilson. Mona was in fluffy white. Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall. Gloria DeHaven with Dewey Martin (they started up quite a romance that night), the Jack Palances, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the Jimmy Stewarts, Fred MacMurray and June Haver, the Bob Cummings were others I saw at this small ball. And Greer Garson with ever-lovin' Buddy Fogelson. This party inspired Greer to give one of her own a few nights later, in honor of the new wing—mostly of Italian pink marble—just added to her Brentwood home.

Sohelpus! It's been years—and probably will be years again before Tinseltown witnesses an opening night such as greeted Sammy Davis, Jr., when he bowed into Ciro's for his first entertainment chore since losing an eye in an auto smash. It was the kind of a gala most visitors to Hollywood (and millions of others) dream about—with scores of stars there giving Sammy a standing ovation for his great talents and courage. It was sooooo exciting! Judy Garland, Sid Luft, Humphrey Bogart, June Allyson and Dick Powell were tabled together (Judy and June both in short black crepe dresses). So were Jeff Chandler, Sammy's chum, with Betty Abbott, Liberace, the Ricardo Montalban, Hugh O'Brian, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Ben Cooper, John Smith, the Gary Coopers, Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess (who seldom night-club), Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac and Clark Gable with Kay Spreckels. Things got so hectic at one point, that proprietor H. Hover had to call cops to control crowds outside! And most of these famous folk came back night after night to hear Sammy and applaud.



Very grown-up and dating now, Anna Maria Alberghetti dances with Ben Cooper at Ciro's



Gloria DeHaven had heads turning when she showed up at Chasen's with Dewey Martin



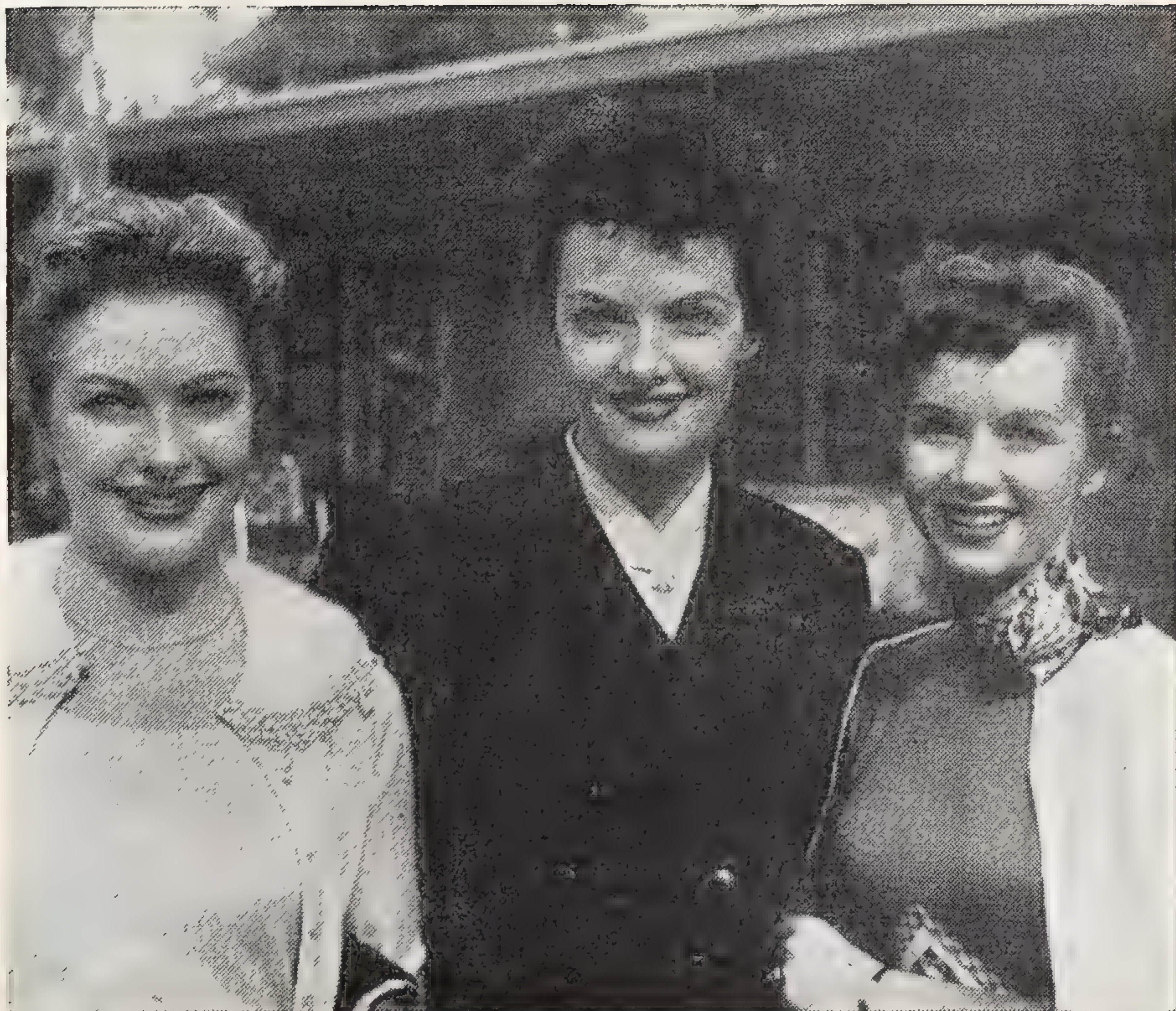
A rare night out for Jeff Chandler. He and Betty Abbott attend Sammy Davis' opening

INSIDE STUFF



Gossip of Hollywood

The new Marilyn Monroe not only attended three parties in one week—she proved to be the life of the party!



Lori, here with Jane Russell, Debbie, at "Underwater" premiere, has a new boy friend. His initials are "B. F."

When Kim Novak became a star she didn't get any glamour ideas—still lives at Studio Club for girls only

Greg Peck, bearded for "Moby Dick," won't talk, but his favorite date is still 22-year-old Veronique Passani



Love in Bloom: An enchanting ice skater on tour in Europe is the reason behind Tab Hunter's impulsive dash across the Atlantic. Just before he left Hollywood, however, he dated a young beauty named Margaret O'Brien. Yup, she's the one and only, now eighteen and old enough to have quite a crush on handsome Tab. . . . While Tab and Lori Nelson remain good friends, she only has eyes for Bob Francis these days. Lori's agent, former actor Dick Clayton, introduced them and that's why it was so easy for Bob to get Lori's phone number the following morning! . . . And while we're still with Lori, she asked Debbie Reynolds to "chaperone" her to the underwater premiere of "Underwater" in Florida. Then Eddie Fisher wanted to see his best girl in New York, so he treated

Lori to the trip and she "chaperoned" Debbie to the big city, where they toured like tourists. A good time was had by all of them.

Little Women: When she rocked Hollywood by forming her own "Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc.," the former calendar cutie also notified her agents she was dispensing with their services. The same week the same agency also received a letter of dismissal from Terry Moore. Having just succeeded in renewing her contract at 20th for a reported \$1000 a week, they bewilderedly called Terry and wanted to know *why*.

"Because," she floored them, "my *astrologer* told me it was a good time to make a change!" No more questions were asked!

According to Cal: Close friends of Edmund Purdom insist he's a charming chap whose unorthodox behavior is the direct result of strong influence and wrong advice. As everyone knows, Edmund's heart rules his head where Linda Christian is concerned. She was bored by Hollywood long before she separated from Tyrone Power and she's always yearned to be a great star. So add up the score! What with Linda transferring her own frustrations, it's highly possible that Edmund becomes his own worst enemy!

Shooting Stars: Oh, how they love June Allyson at Warner Bros! In the midst of making "The McConnell Story" with Alan Ladd, she walked on the set and there, waiting, was a brand-new de luxe dressing

Continued

INSIDE STUFF

continued



The plot thickens: There's a new ending to "Young at Heart" because of Frankie's firm refusal to pass out of the picture!

Kay Spreckels flashed more than a smile when she met Clark Cable on his return from Hong Kong. But—the diamond's her own, she says!



room. It was equipped with everything—including plumbing and a TV set! . . . And Clark Gable is so happy at 20th making "Soldier of Fortune," he's giving magazine interviews for the first time in ten years. . . . Over at Paramount Danny Kaye's up to his elbows in midgets! The little people on the "Court Jester" set are so devoted to the comedian, he has to watch his step because they follow him everywhere. . . . Rock Hudson is just plain crazy about working with Jane Wyman,

this time in "All That Heaven Allows." But if he has his way, easy-going Rock won't be making another picture with Anne Baxter. Set witnesses on "One Desire" report Annie was too dominant and aggressive for Rock's friendly, peace-loving disposition.

In Case You Care: Jeff Chandler never sends out holiday greetings until the 3rd of February. "Makes it more special this way," grins the big fellow. And not so incidentally, Jeff wrote the title songs for



The lady "Ain't Misbehavin'" but she sure has changed! Ever since Piper Laurie sang in the film, she's been bitten by the be-bop bug

his own "Foxfire" and "Six Bridges to Cross." . . . Jane Russell, Jeff's co-star in "Foxfire," finally signed that contract with producer Howard Hughes. For six films to be made in five years, she'll be paid \$1000 a week over a 20-year period. "By that time," cracks the super-stacked star, "I'll be ready to play Ma Kettle!" . . . Grace Kelly's marriage to Oleg Cassini may never take place. But she's already selected the gown she'll wear next June when kid sister Lizanne marries former pigskin parader Don Le Vine. . . . Race Gentry sets a sterling example for our younger set. The popular fellow never goes to night clubs, saves half his salary and recently traded in his imported car on an old jalopy, making a down payment on a lot with the money left over for the future.

Stork Club: They really start 'em out young in Hollywood! For her first birthday, Virginia Mayo's little Mary Catherine had her party at elegant Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. . . . Howard Keel, who hopes his third baby will be his first son, changed his mind about naming him. Now Howie wants to call him Gunnar, which is Swedish—and how! . . . That explosive sound emanated from the general direction of Audie Murphy. A rival studio wanted to use James Shannon Murphy in a picture, but Audie has definite plans for his son's future. Becoming a "ham" *isn't* on the agenda!

Switcheroo: Pier Angeli's mama didn't go for her beautiful daughter's romance with Kirk Douglas and there were scenes aplenty. But it's quite a different story with new son-in-law Vic Damone. Mama cooks his favorite dishes and hopes twin

Continued

Puts Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



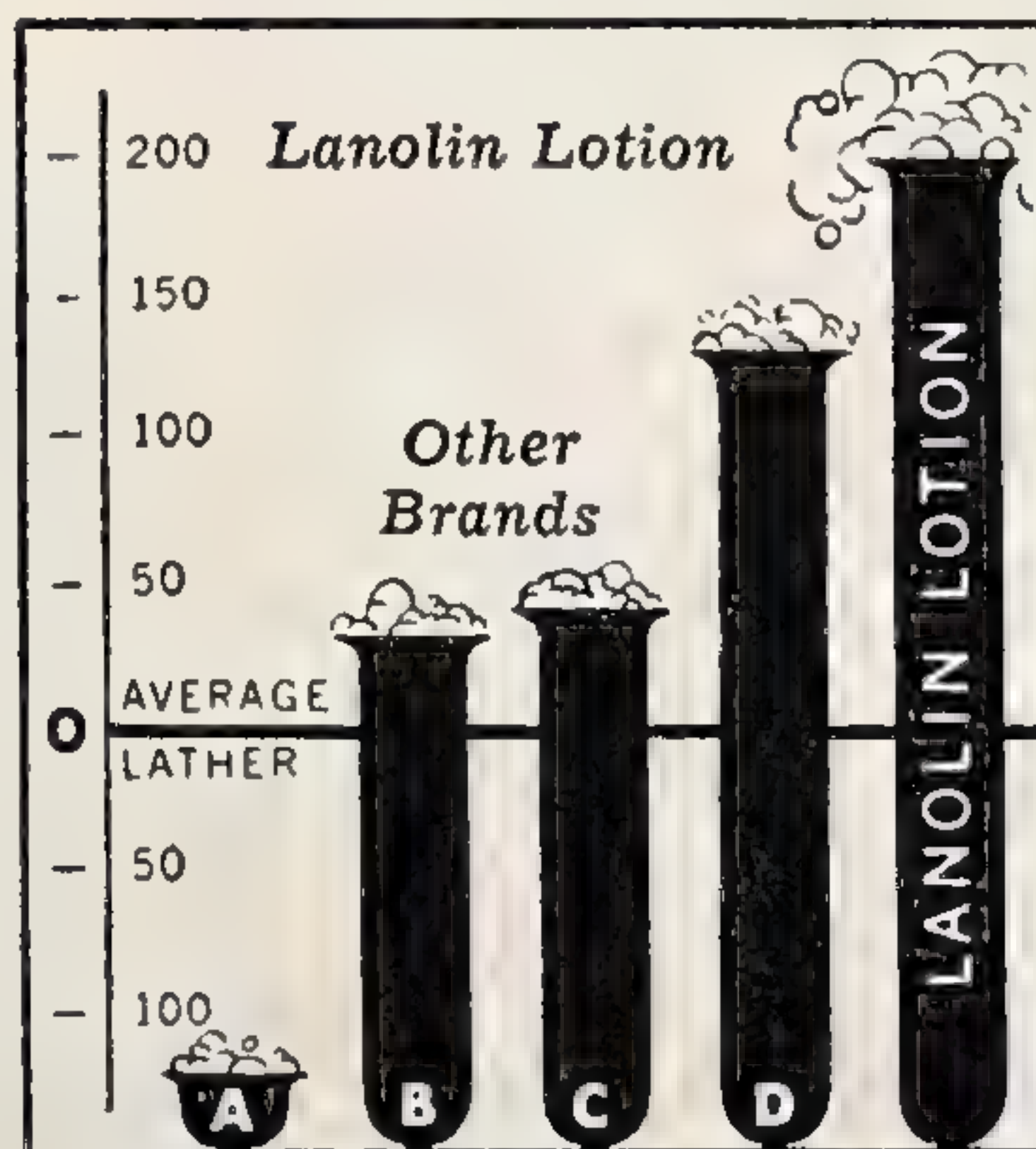
Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for *your hair*. For even problem hair — hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only *feels* twice as rich—it actually *is* twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

***PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO
OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam Test.

Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has *any* shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy *lanolin* lather—lather that actually **POLISHES** hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone — but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's *twice* the lanolin in it! It *can't* dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back

deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone... the natural softness. Treat *your* hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or \$1. On sale everywhere!

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing *built-in* water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the *hardest* water!



ASK YOUR DOCTOR or DRUGGIST

END THAT "Certain Time" Odor Problem

with "ENNDS" containing Darotol®

That absorbs odors within the body—before they start!

Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

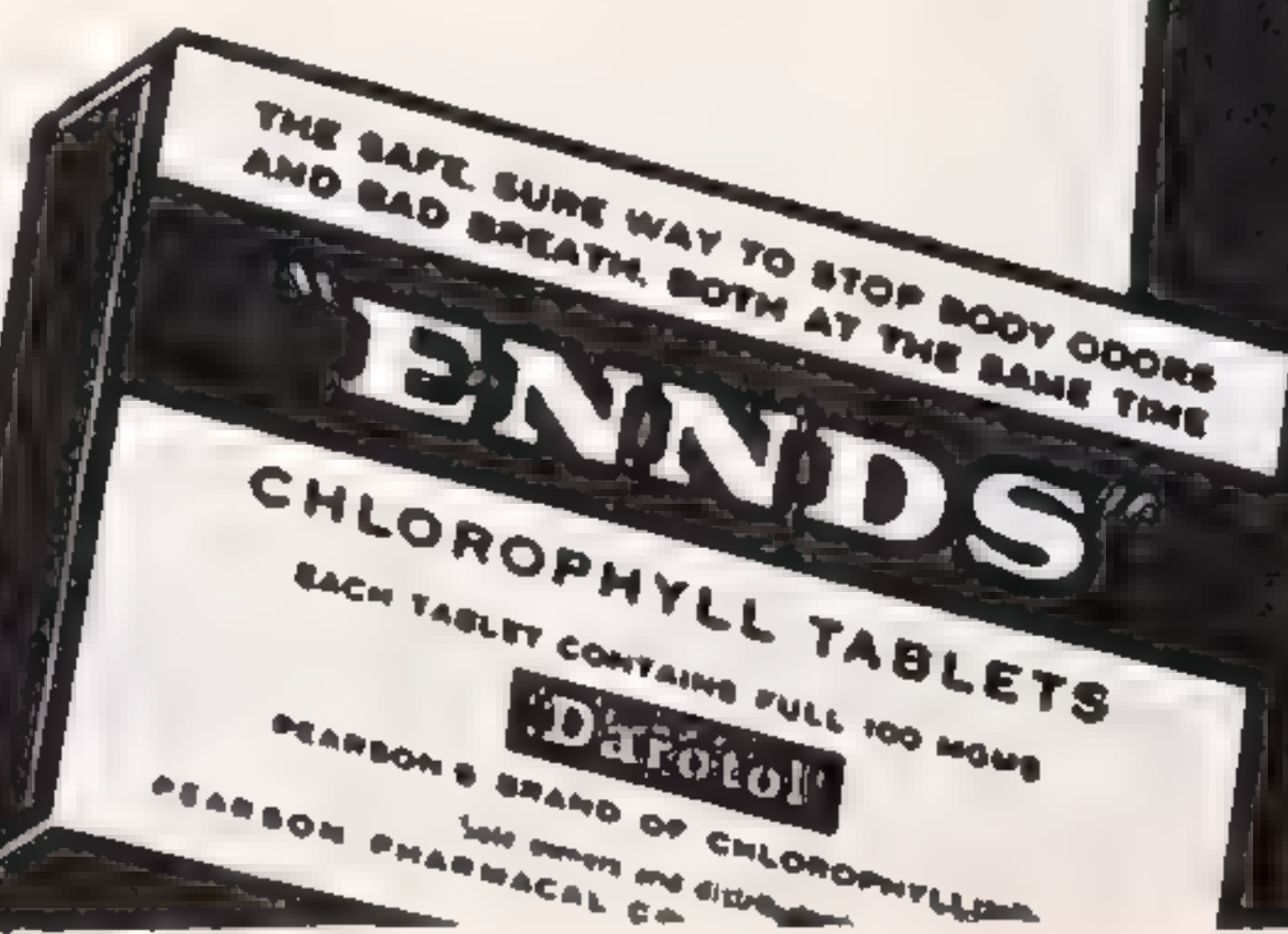
Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors *within* the body. This substance—DAROTOL—is found only in "ENNDS" tablets.

DAROTOL works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

The regular use of "ENNDS", not only ends the worry over "certain time" odor, but also purifies and sweetens the breath—keeping it that way for hours.

For the assurance of personal daintiness every day of the year, no woman should be without "ENNDS". Ask for "ENNDS" at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS", Dept. TS-C, P.O. Box 25, Long Island City 1, New York.



sister Marisa Pavan will be as lucky when she marries. . . And Jeff Hunter's mother-in-law is devoted to her son-in-law, too. Even though Barbara Rush is separated from Jeff, her mother talks to him daily and refuses to take sides in their marital melee.

Gifties: If we must ask a silly question—how'd you like to be married to Rory Calhoun? Lita Baron, who is and likes it very much, came home to find a new Cadillac sitting in their driveway. Her handsome husband even had it wrapped in cellophane! . . . Doris Day already owns a Caddy, but she's slightly hysterical over that new English bicycle Marty Melcher gave her. It's equipped with a horn which Do-Do says—"sounds like Aldo Ray!" . . . And while we're cooking with gasoline, Debbie Reynolds informed M-G-M she was dyeing her hair fire-engine red to match that Thunderbird Eddie Fisher gave her. The studio was in a state of shock until they discovered it was a Reynolds rib!

Brush Off: Elizabeth Taylor became very restless while she waited for the new baby. So Michael Wilding brought home oil paints and brushes to get her interested in a new hobby. It was a neat trick except—now Mike has to pose for Liz, too! . . . And Rock Hudson may (or may not!) become a second Rembrandt. Twice a week he rushes home where a group gathers and they all paint with a passion. Craig Hill started out with a still life of an apple. But ambitious Rock is merely painting a portrait of Pope Pius XII!

Great Expectations: One night Bill Holden picked up a novel called "A Many Splendored Thing." He couldn't put it down and then he was up at dawn cabling Audrey Hepburn about the great story. Audrey read the book and cabled back that she'd love to make it into a picture with Bill. Both are at

Paramount, so the excited actor bombarded the studio to buy it. Alas, somebody goofed and 20th snatched up the coveted property. Bill's being borrowed, but Jennifer Jones gets the role disappointed Audrey wanted so badly.

Rags to Riches: Typical of the town, when James Dean made his smash success in "East of Eden," his personal publicists announced he had bought himself a Cadillac and leased a swanky Sunset Strip apartment. The truth is, Jimmy still rides a motorcycle and he's living in an inexpensive little apartment over a private garage. . . . And bombastic blond Kim Novak, who became a star when she quietly stole "Phffft" from Judy Holliday, is still living at the Studio Club for girls only. A prominent furrier offered to sell Kim a mink coat on the cheerful credit plan, but the wise little woman preferred to invest her money in dramatic lessons. Ambitious starlets please note!

Foreign Intrigue: Now that Grégory Peck's divorced, the European press refers to Veronique Passani as his fiancée. But Greg refuses to admit it, even when the handsome couple spent the weekend sightseeing in Madrid. . . . Audrey Hepburn told the London press she wants a baby, "the sooner the better." And from an inside source, little Audrey's business associates wish Mel Ferrer wouldn't be quite so "interested" in his wife's career.

Sweet Note: Guess who's dying to make a musical? Our good friend Alan Ladd, no less. And did you know he's so gone on pop music, Laddie takes a portable phonograph with him. . . . And it had to happen to Piper Laurie. Since singing three songs in "Ain't Misbehavin'" she's so bitten by the be-bop bug, she's readying an act for Las Vegas. "There's just one tiny little hitch," laughs the redhead, "they haven't asked me yet!"



A studio surprise for June Allyson when she made "The McConnell Story" with Alan Ladd

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the first girdle to give you

That French Look

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**NEW
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High Style
GIRDLE

1. Oo-la-la . . . that lean, lithe French look! Thanks to miracle latex outside that slims sleekly from waist to thigh—like magic!

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3. C'est magnifique! A new non-roll top you'll adore. All this—for an amazingly low \$5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's *only* girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming *latex* outside, cloud-soft *fabric* inside—and a new *non-roll* top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . *no matter what your size!* Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex[®] High Style Girdle in the SLIM tube . . . **\$5.95**
Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and foreign patents pending †Trademark

**New Playtex,
Living† Bra***

The model in the photograph has on this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves—you will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! Only \$3.95

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR

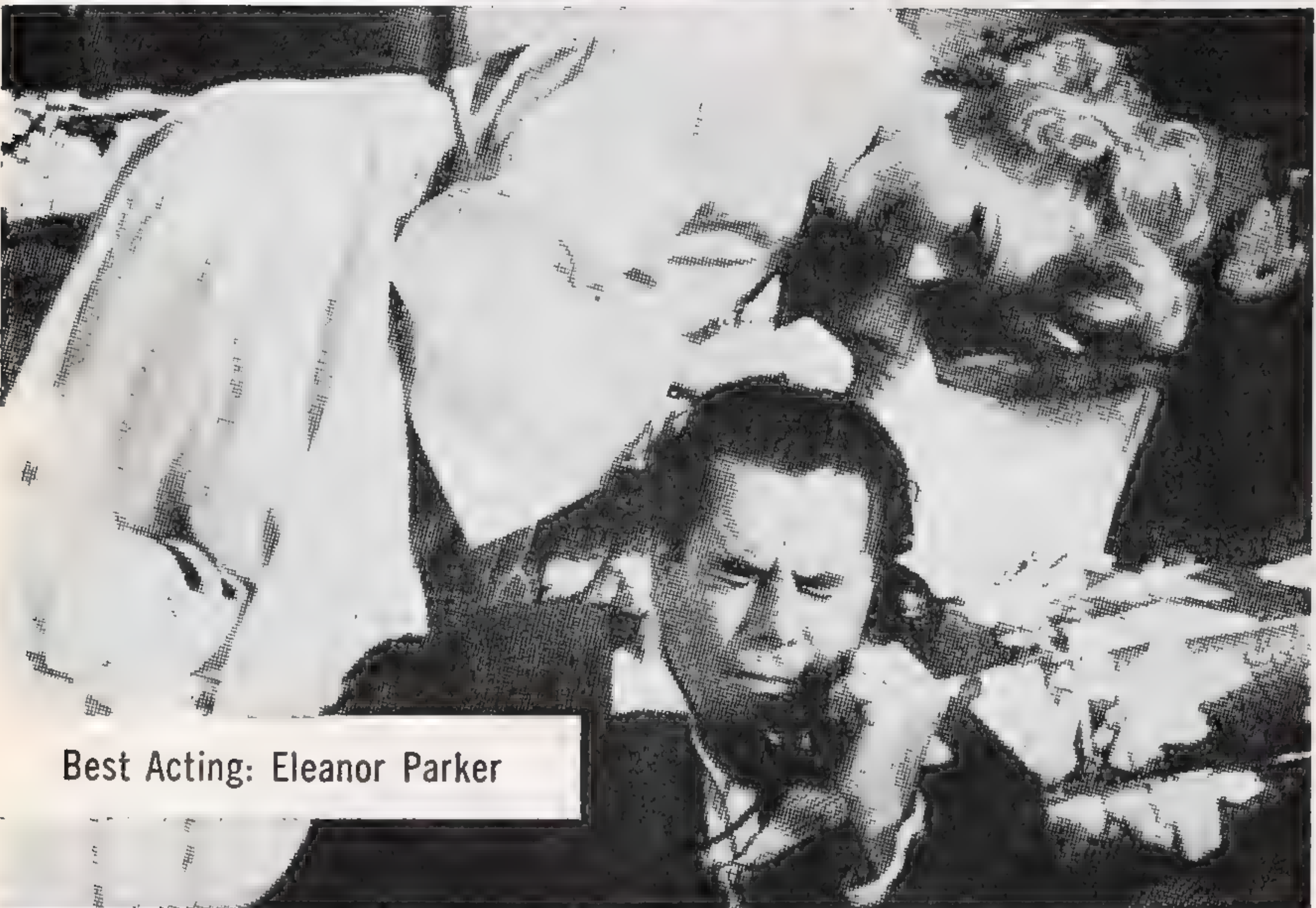


The Long Gray Line COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ Like "The Quiet Man," director John Ford's new film shines with honest, irresistible sentimentality. In this case his affections include West Point as well as the Irish. Tyrone Power does an appealing job as the young greenhorn who becomes a US Army enlisted man serving at the military academy. And he's equally believable as he retraces the true story of Sgt. Marty Maher, a beloved counselor of the cadets for fifty years. Once again, Maureen O'Hara is an enchanting colleen, a serving girl who becomes Ty's wife. Betsy Palmer, a likable newcomer, plays a close friend, who is widowed in World War I, then must watch her cadet son (Robert Francis) leave the Point to go off to World War II. It's a movie that rouses both laughter and tears, touching both personal and patriotic feelings.

FAMILY

The shy Maureen serves Ty with tea—but no encouragement.



Best Acting: Eleanor Parker

Interrupted Melody M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

★★★★ With Eleanor Parker as the opera star Marjorie Lawrence and Glenn Ford as her husband, this imposing musical begins with a standard though convincing account of a rise to fame. Then it turns into an emotional drama of great intensity. In sequences that take the heroine from a remote Australian ranch to the operatic stage, Eleanor is completely winning, putting enough force and fire into her work to be a plausible diva. In her romance with Glenn, a young doctor just starting practice, her career proves an obstacle. But after their marriage, her career is suddenly halted by a crippling attack of polio. Gripped by despair, she is returned to psychological health only through her husband's stubborn devotion. For singing scenes, smooth dubbing gives Eleanor Miss Lawrence's own magnificent voice.

FAMILY

Eleanor's attentions keep Glenn's mind off his phone calls.



Best Acting: Richard Burton

Prince of Players 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

★★★ An authoritative lead performance by Richard Burton gives shape to the film biography of Edwin Booth. The great 19th century actor is seen first as a boy, accompanying his drunken but talented father (Raymond Massey) on stage tours around the U.S. This hard experience helps take the grown-up Edwin to success—but he fears that he has inherited mental instability as well as genius. As the gentle actress who shares his troubled life, Maggie M. Namara looks surprisingly at home in her sedate costumes and coiffures. John Derek has the difficult role of brother John Wilkes Booth, who brings tragedy upon the family and the nation. Though Burton is excellent in Shakespearean scenes, some might have been cut to allow more scope for the fascinating pictures of the last century's theatre world.

FAMILY

As Richard's bride, Maggie soothes the unease in his mind.



Only Bobbi is especially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Laura" hairstyle. No nightly settings.

Soft, natural right from the start... that's the "Bobbi Swirl" hairstyle after a Bobbi. Bobbi is so easy... no help is needed.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent always gives you carefree curls as in this "Secret Date" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, romantic hairstyles like this "Sapphire" hairdo. And the curl stays in—in any weather. Always soft and natural.

Want a softly feminine hairdo?

That is the only kind a Bobbi knows how to give.

It's the special pin-curl permanent—
never tight, never fussy.

All Bobbi girls have soft, carefree curls, because a Bobbi can't—simply can't—give you tight, fussy curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your waves last week after week. Curls and waves are where you want them. Bobbi is the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hair styles.

Just pin-curl your hair in your favorite style. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away you have soft, natural, flattering curls.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. Why don't you try Bobbi, too?



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.

MOVIES

Continued from page 20

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR



Hit the Deck

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

★★★ Bubbling over with popular song classics and popular players, this lively comedy relates the adventures of three Navy men on shore leave in San Francisco. Russ Tamblyn (in his most rewarding role) is smitten with Debbie Reynolds, singer-dancer in a revue. But he neglects romance for a misguided attempt to save his sister (Jane Powell) from a wolfish stage star (Gene Raymond). After this violent rescue mission, Russ and pals Vic Damone and Tony Martin have to dodge the Shore Patrol. Tony has love troubles, too. Ann Miller thinks a six-year engagement is much too long. While wooing Janie, Vic helps along the courtship of his widowed mother (comely singer Kay Armen) and a florist (J. Carroll Naish). Except near the finish, the tangled plot doesn't slow down the gay tempo.

FAMILY

Vic and Janie, Russ and Debbie are together at the final



The Racers

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

★★★ Against varied and beautiful European background this drama about the dangerous sport of auto-racing casts Kirk Douglas as a thoroughgoing heel for most of the way. An obscure Italian driver, he forges to the top of the racing world with no regard for his own or other drivers' safety. Though Bella Darvi forsakes the ballet to go with him from city to city, the picture's almost over before it occurs to him to propose marriage. His general change of character isn't clearly explained, but the film still carries a punch. There's sheer visual excitement in the dizzying shots of speeding swerving cars. Solid support is lent by Gilbert Roland as a devil-may-care driver, Cesar Romero as a steady veteran, Katy Jurado as Romero's courageous wife, Lee J. Cobb as the drivers' boss.

ADULT

The sight of death sickens Katy and Bella; Kirk's toughness



Captain Lightfoot

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

★★★ Here's some more handsome scenery, this time including Rock Hudson. Shot in Ireland, the picture is an engaging swashbuckler about that country's struggle against its English masters in the early 19th century. Rock's a yokel who bungles a patriotically intended robbery and finds the law on his trail. He's rescued by Jeff Morrow, secret leader of the rebels. Impressed by Rock's daring, Jeff drafts him as a lieutenant, gives him fine clothes so he, too, may play the well-to-do gentleman when he isn't harrying the English. Rock falls in love with Jeff's spirited daughter (Barbara Rush), who lives with her father's sweetheart (Kathleen Ryan). But romance plays second fiddle to adventure. With no subtleties of plot or character, the movie is refreshingly light in manner, designed simply for enjoyment.

FAMILY

As Barbara listens, Rock and Jeff Morrow make risky plans



Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

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 and cotton batiste... from 2.00.



MOVIES

Jupiter's Darling

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Ancient Rome makes a logical background for a sprawling, lavish musical and this Esther Williams-Howard Keel vehicle takes full advantage of the possibilities. It's played strictly for laughs, with Esther as the unenthusiastic-betrothed dictator George Sanders and Howard Keel as Hannibal, the Carthaginian general who wants to add Rome to his list of conquests. When Esther tries to persuade the warrior to spare her city, love raises its lovely head. Marge and Gower Champion are also on hand, as slaves, and the two dances they do make you wish for more. The picture as a whole is less light-footed, but always good-natured. **FAMILY**

Chief Crazy Horse

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ One of the great stories of American history comes to the screen, presenting Victor Mature as the Sioux leader whose valor and shrewdness in battle almost repelled the advancing white men. Much of the film was shot in the Sioux' old home, the weirdly rolling Black Hills of Dakota. Suzan Ball, striking as ever, returns to movies as Mature's wife, and John Lund is a white trader who understands the Indians' grievances. The picture isn't handled with any notable distinction, but the power of the theme and the beauty of the backgrounds carry through. **FAMILY**

Day of Triumph

CENTURY FILM, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Movies about Biblical times have usually been presented as spectacles, but this account of the last three years in the life of Christ has a quiet simplicity that brings you close to its people. Jesus is portrayed with gentleness and authority by Robert Wilson. Though the picture's whole approach is reverent, some moviegoers may be uneasy about the modernization of Biblical language and the introduction of fictional characters. Lee Cobb plays one of these, an Israeli patriot who wants to free his country from the Romans by force. Judas (James Griffith) is represented as a power-hungry member of this underground movement who becomes a disciple only because he hopes to persuade Jesus to be the figurehead in the planned revolt. Joanne Dru's performance as Mary Magdalene is appropriately subdued, yet emotional, and Lowell Gilmore is a believable Pilate, shrewd and shifty politician. **FAMILY**

Battle Taxi

U-I

✓✓✓ In a modest but thoroughly absorbing story of the war in Korea, the helicopters and their gallant pilots come forward to claim the spotlight. Sterling Hayden is the stern but warmhearted commander of an air-rescue group. His problem child is Arthur Franz, a onetime jet pilot who persists in flying his "chopper" as if it were a combat plane. With the help of Marshall Thompson, another pilot, Hayden finally persuades Franz

continued

at the unarmed 'copter can play a vital role in modern war. The narrative moves ahead straightforwardly, so you root for heroes all the way.

FAMILY

The Wages of Fear

FILMSONOR

✓ After a slow start, this French film with dialogue in both French and English suddenly knits together to become a marvel of sheer suspense. In a Central American oil town, derelicts of various nationalities volunteer to drive trucks on a supremely dangerous mission. Nitroglycerine is needed to stop an oil-well fire, and they must get the deadly load over 100 miles of rough roads, where one jolt might wipe out both truck and drivers. French idol Yves Montand is the reckless young hero; Charles Vanel is excellent as his aging partner, a suave crook.

ADULT

Smoke Signal

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓ Hostile Indians and a yet more savage river, winding between canyon walls, keep excitement high throughout this Western. Dana Andrews, an Army officer who left his post and went to live with the Indians, is arrested by the Army as a traitor, though he's bound on a peace mission. On the hazardous trip to the nearest fort, his wilderness skill proves invaluable. William Talman is the leader of the group; Rex Reason, a vengeful officer; Piper Laurie, Rex's fiancée—eventually disillusioned. Utah and Arizona provided the river scenes.

FAMILY

New York Confidential

WARNERS

✓ In a vigorous, blood-spattered crime thriller, Broderick Crawford heads that familiar organization The Syndicate. As its chief triggerman, Richard Conte is a quietly efficient type—who's apparently supposed to be the hero, in spite of all the characters he rubs out. Anne Bancroft looks attractive and does a persuasive acting job as Crawford's gently reared daughter, turning neurotic by her disgust at his way of life. There's a dead-pan humor in the gangsters' businesslike operations and pretensions to respectability. But the over-all picture of the far-flung syndicate has an air of fantasy rather than realism.

ADULT

Long John Silver

DCA; CINEMASCOPE
EASTMAN COLOR

✓ Seen a few years ago in "Treasure Island" as fiction's most famous buccaneer, Robert Newton does an encore in this sequel. Hiding out in a Caribbean tavern run by a buxom lady-friend (Connie Gilchrist), Newton again runs into his youthful acquaintance Jim Hawkins (Kit Taylor). Seems there's still more treasure on the fabled island, and another expedition gets under way. For most of its considerable length, the film is less a sequel than a pale carbon copy of the classic original. But it's pleasant to look at, with the Australian coast doubling for Caribbean isles.

FAMILY

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hair spray that holds your wave
softly . . . naturally!**



Helene Curtis spray net

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From morning to night, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET holds your hair in place, regardless of wind or humidity . . . sets your pin curls for hurry-up hair-do's . . . keeps wisps and stragglers right in line. And it does it more softly than you ever dreamed possible, thanks to exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion.

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Want a good group project this spring?

- ☐ An off-beat treat ☐ Bird watching ☐ A Maypole party

Posies 'n' candy are dandy—but ask the crowd: how about planning something *extra*, this Mother's Day? A really off-beat treat for their moms? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it

—this fun way of thanking them for being “the most,” pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days*? Yes. She helped you choose *Kotex** for softness, safety you can trust... the complete *absorbency* you need.



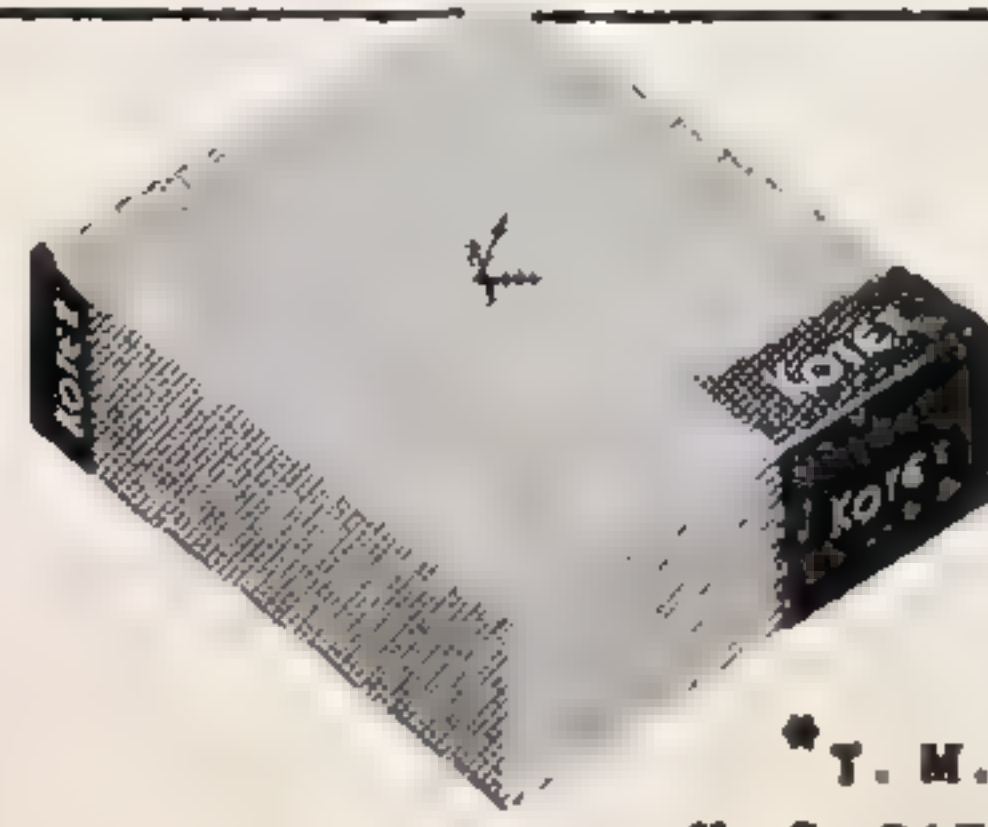
At first glance, would you say she's a—

- ☐ Gold digger ☐ Mixed up kid
☐ Shrinking violet

She may be a razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with *Kotex*, no “wrong side” mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.

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P.S. When “that” day arrives for the first time, will you be prepared? Send today for the new *free* booklet “You're a Young Lady Now”! Written for girls 9 to 12, it tells all you need to know, *before-hand*. Easy-reading. Button-bright! Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1245, Chicago 54, Illinois.



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Can you shorten a lofty neck with—

- ☐ Drop earrings ☐ A poodle haircut
☐ V necklines

Does *your* neck make you feel “tree top tall?” Dodge the earrings, hairdo, V necks mentioned above (all are wrong—to keep you guessing)! Wear button earbobs; tresses medium long. And chokers, turtle necklines—they're for you! Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why *Kotex* provides 3 sizes. Try Regular, Junior, Super; each has chafe-free softness; holds its shape.

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BATTLE TAXI—U.A. Directed by Herbert I. Strock: *Capt. Russ Edwards*, Sterling Hayden; *Lieut. Pete Stacy*, Arthur Franz; *2nd Lieut. Tim Vernon*, Marshall Thompson; *S/Sgt. Slaty Klein*, Leo Neenan; *Lt. Col. Stoneham*, Jay Barney; *Wounded G.*, John Goddard; *Lieut. Joe Kirk*, Robert Sherman; *Lieut. Marty Staple*, Joel Marston; *M/Sgt. Joe Muddock*, John Dennis; *Blue Boy Three-Gene*, Dan Hutchinson; *Lazy Joker Two*, Andy Andrews; *Lieut. Smiley Jackson*, Vance Skarsted; *Medic Capt. Larsen*, Michael Colgan; *Co-Pilot Harry*, Capt. Vincent McGovern.

CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U.I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Michael Martin*, Rock Hudson; *Aga Doherty*, Barbara Rush; *Capt. Thunderbolt (John Doherty)*, Jeff Morrow; *Lady Ann More*, Kathleen Ryan; *Mahoney*, Finlay Currie; *Regis*, Dennis O'Dea; *Capt. Hood*, Geoffrey Toone; *Tim Keenan*, Shay O'Gorman; *Claggett*, Robert Bernal; *Sir George Bracey*, Nigel Fitzgerald; *Lord Clonmel*, Chris Casson; *High Steerard*, Kenneth MacDonald; *Tuer O'Brian*, James Devlin.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U.I. Directed by George Sherman: *Crazy Horse*, Victor Mature; *Black Shave*, Suzan Ball; *Major Twist*, John Lund; *Little B.*, Ray Danton; *Flying Hawk*, Keith Larsen; *General Crook*, James Millican; *Lt. Cartwright*, Dav Janssen; *Spotted Tail*, Robert Warwick; *Worm*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Conquering Bear and Red Cloud*, Morris Ankrum; *Old Man Afraid*, Stuart Randall; *Je Mantz*, Robert Simon; *Caleb Mantz*, James Westfield; *Aaron Cartwright*, Donald Randolph; *Maj. Carlisle*, Dennis Weaver; *Sgt. Guthrie*, John Peter

DAY OF TRIUMPH—Century Films. Directed by Irving Pichel: *Zadok*, Lee J. Cobb; *The Christ*, Robert Wilson; *Caiaphas*, Ralph Freud; *Peter*, Ty McVey; *Andrew*, Touch Connors; *Cloas*, Toni Gerry; *Mary Magdalene*, Joanne Dru; *Judas*, James Griffith; *Annas*, Everett Glass; *Pilate*, Lowell Gilmore; *Barabas*, Anthony Warde; *Nikator*, Peter Witney.

HIT THE DECK—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Susan Smith*, Jane Powell; *Bill Clark*, USN; *Tony Martin*, Tony Martin; *Carol Price*, Debbie Reynolds; *A. Smith*, USN, Walter Pidgeon; *Rico Ferrari*, USN, Vic Damone; *Wendell Craig*, Gene Raymond; *Ginger*, Ann Miller; *Danny Smith*, USN, Russ Tamblyn; *Mrs. Ferrari*, Kay Armen; *Lt. Jackson*, USN, Richard Anderson; *3rd Shore Patrol*, Jimmy Thomson; *Mr. Peroni*, J. Carrol Naish.

INTERRUPTED MELODY—M-G-M. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt: *Tom King*, Glenn Ford; *Marjorie Lawrence*, Eleanor Parker; *Cyril Lawrence*, Roger Moore; *Bill Lawrence*, Cecil Kellaway.

JUPITER'S DARLING—M-G-M. Directed by George Sidney: *Amytis*, Esther Williams; *Hannibal*, Howard Keel; *Meta*, Marge Champion; *Variety*, Gower Champion; *Fabius Maximus*, George Sanders; *Horatio*, Richard Haydn; *Mago*, William Demarest; *Fabia*, Norma Varden; *Scipio*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Carthalo*, Henry Corden; *Maharbal*, Michael Ansara; *Widow Titus*, Martha Wentworth; *Principal swimming statue*, John Olszewski; The Swimming Cheru courtesy of Lissa Bengtson.

LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Columbia. Directed by John Ford: *Marty Maher*, Tyrone Power; *Ma O'Donnell*, Maureen O'Hara; *James Sundstrom*, J. Robert Francis; *Old Martin*, Donald Crisp; *Capt. Herman J. Koehler*, Ward Bond; *Kitty Carter*, Betty Palmer; *Charles Dotson*, Phil Carey; *Red Sundstrom*, William Leslie; *Dwight Eisenhower*, Harry Carey

; Cherub Overton, Patrick Wayne; Dinny Maher, an McClory; Corp. Rudolph Heinz, Peter Graves; pt. John Pershing, Milburn Stone; Mrs. Koehler, in O'Brien Moore; Mike Shannon, Walter D. lers; Major Thomas, Willis Bouche; McDonald, n Barclay; Jim O'Carberry, Martin Milner; hitey Larson, Chuck Courtney.

ONG JOHN SILVER—DCA. Directed by Bryon askin: Long John Silver, Robert Newton; Purity nker, Connie Gilchrist; Jim Hawkins, Kit Taylor; endoza, Lloyd Berrell; Patch, Grant Taylor; Israel nds, Rodney Taylor; Billy Bowlegs, Henry Gil- t; Governor Strong, Harvey Adams; Lady Strong, ariel Steinbeck; Old Stingley, John Brunskill; Big ic, Harry Hambleton; Trip Fenner, Eric Reiman.

EW YORK CONFIDENTIAL—Warners. Directed Russell Rouse: Lupo, Broderick Crawford; Daga- nian, J. Carrol Naish; Nick Magellan, Richard nte; Achille, Onslow Stevens; Kathy, Anne Ban- oft; Kincaid, Tom Powers; Franklin, Steven Geray; ama Lupo, Celia Lovsky; Iris, Marilyn Maxwell; mak, Carl Milletaire; Williamson, William Forrest.

RINCE OF PLAYERS—20th. Directed by Philip anne: Edwin Booth, Richard Burton; Mary Dev- , Maggie McNamara; John Wilkes Booth, John rek; Junius Brutus Booth, Raymond Massey; Dave escott, Charles Bickford; Asia, Elizabeth Sellars; ie Queen, Eva Le Gallienne; Edwin Booth (age 10), ristopher Cook; English Doctor, Dayton Lummis; ertes, Paul Stader; John Booth (age 12), Louis exander; Old Ben, William Walker; Theatre Man- er, Jack Raine; Theatre Assistant, Charles Cane; raham Lincoln, Stanley Hall; Mrs. Lincoln, Sarah dden; English Nurse, Ruth Clifford; Bernardo, an Hayes; Francisco, Paul Frees; Horatio, Ben ight; Young Lady, Melinda Markey; Mrs. Mont- esington, Eleanor Audley; Polonius, Percival Viv- a; Doorman, George Dunn; Nurse, Ruth Warren; octor, Richard Cutting; Colonel, Lane Chandler; ajor Rathbone, Steve Darrell; Stage Doorman, eorge Melford; Trenchard, Tom Fadden; Barten- r, Henry Kulky; Catesby, Olan Soule.

ACERS, THE—20th. Directed by Henry Hatha- ay: Gino, Kirk Douglas; Nicole, Bella Darvi; Dell ro, Gilbert Roland; Carlos, Cesar Romero; Maglio, ee J. Cobb; Maria, Katy Jurado; Piero, Charles oldner; Michel Caron, John Hudson; Count Salem, eorge Dolenz; Toni, Agnes Laury; Dr. Tabor, John engraf; Pilar, Richard Allan; Baron, George ivot; Chata, Francesca de Scaffa; Dehlgreen, Nor- rt Schiller; Fiori, Mel Welles; Rousillon, Gene 'Arcy; Dell 'Oro's Mechanic, Mike Dengate; Gatti, eter Brocco; Race Official, Stephen Bekassy; Red aired Girl, June McCall; Luigi, Frank Yaconelli; nka, Ina Anders; Nurse, Gladys Holland; Dr. eger, Ben Wright; Interne, James Barrett; Teen- ie Mechanic, Chris Randall; Premier Ballerina, nna Cheselka; Dr. Bocci, Joe Vitale; Doorman, alvador Baguez; Race Official, Eddie Le Baron; ashier, Peter Norman; Race Announcer, Carleton ounge.

MOKE SIGNAL—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: ret Halliday, Dana Andrews; Laura Evans, Piper aurie; Lt. Ford, Rex Reason; Captain Harper, Wil- am Talman; Rogers, Gordon Jones; Miles, Milburn tone; Garode, Douglas Spencer; Livingston, Wil- am Schallert; Porter, Bill Phipps; Daly, Bob ilkie; Delche, Pat Hogan; Ute Prisoner, Peter Coe.

PAGES OF FEAR, THE—Filmsonor. Directed by I. G. Clouzot: Mario, Yves Montand; Jo, Charles anel; Bimba, Peter Van Eyck; Luigi, Folco Lulli; inda, Vera Clouzot; O'Brien, William Tubbs; Chief f "Boss" Camps, Centa; Hernandez, Mario Moreno; merloff, Jo Dest.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY



Vic's singing Pier lullabies these days

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

ABOUT THE WAY the stork's been booked solid by famous Hollywood filmites, what with Pier Angeli still looking beautiful in her lovely trousseau finery and at the same time announcing plans that the Vic Damones are expecting a stork visitor . . . About how Janie Powell and Pat Nerney, hardly wore off that just-married look when they started sporting a parental glow. Janie's expecting in July . . . Some other visits from Sir Stork will be made at the Guy Madisons' and the Bob Taylors'.

About the signs Dorothy Mature has been showing that she might like a reconciliation try if only Vic were more willing . . . And the revival of those rumors that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio are seeing eye-to-eye since their excursion to Boston . . . The unhappy news that cute Maggie McNamara and writer-husband David Swift are no longer willing to make it a go . . . And the troubles Rita Gam is having in holding her eight-year marriage to stage and tv producer Sidney Lumet together because of career separations . . . The happy smile on Jack Webb's face these days, put there by new Mrs. Webb.

About the way men have taken a new interest in fashion, what with Liberace and his brocade jackets and Edmund Purdom and his 18th century snuff box and now Van Johnson, who's sporting a pair of black velvet dinner slippers with red leather lining and gold braid monograms, no less!

✓✓✓ AMERICANO, THE—RKO, Eastman Color: Lively Western. Texas rancher Glenn Ford delivers prize bulls to Brazil, gets into a range war, with Frank Lovejoy and Ursula Thiess on opposing sides. Vivid location shots. (F) March

✓✓✓ BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In an offbeat mystery, Spencer Tracy finds a small Western town is covering up a past crime, at Robert Ryan's command. With Anne Francis. (F) March

✓✓✓ BATTLE CRY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Aldo Ray and Tab Hunter are among young Marine recruits being trained for World War II by Van Heflin. Emphasis is on love stories, notably Aldo's and Nancy Olson's, Tab's and Mona Freeman's. (A) March

✓✓✓ BLACK TUESDAY—U.A.: Edward G. Robinson, Peter Graves break out of the death house in a violent thriller. (F) March

✓✓✓ BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Simple, well-acted story of carrier-based jets over Korea. William Holden's a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a 'copter pilot. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ CARMEN JONES—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

✓✓✓ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

✓✓✓ DEEP IN MY HEART—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Jose Ferrer as composer Sigmund Romberg in a rich, all-star musical biography. Doe Avedon is his wife; Merle Oberon, his collaborator; Helen Traubel, a friend. (F) February

✓✓✓ DESTINY—U-I, Technicolor: Brisk, humorous horse opera. Peaceable Audie Murphy cleans up a corrupt frontier town. Lori Nelson's a nice girl; Mari Blanchard, a siren. (F) February

✓✓✓ DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: Funny, rambling, irreverent tale of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British-made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ FAR COUNTRY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Vigorous, skillfully made Western. In old-time Alaska, hard-bitten James Stewart is stranded in a town terrorized by hoodlums. Corinne Calvet's a tomboy; Ruth Roman, an adventuress. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ GREEN FIRE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Robust, good-natured adventure movie, about a search for emeralds in Colombia. Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas are bickering partners; Grace Kelly, a proud heroine. (F) February

✓✓✓ PHFFFT—Columbia: Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon expertly portray a divorced pair who grimly try to lead gay single lives. Slight but smoothly done farce. (A) January

✓✓✓ PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Action, gentle romance, vivid war scenes combine in a story set in Burma, but shot in Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, finds healing in a Burmese girl's love. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ ROMEO AND JULIET—U.A.: Beautiful absorbing English version of Shakespeare's play shot in Italy. Youthful Susan Shentall, Lauren Harvey are lovers parted by a feud. (F) January

✓✓✓ SIGN OF THE PAGAN—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Spectacle, intrigue and war in the fifth century. As Attila the Hun, Jack Palance plots to attack the Roman Empire; officer Jeff Chandler, to defend it. (F) February

✓✓✓ SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Pageant of the Roman Empire, with handsome sets. Sculptor Paul Newman weds a Christian girl (Pier Angeli), remains infatuated with Virginia Mayo, assistant to power-mad magician (Jack Palance). (F) March

✓✓✓ SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I: Rapid fire cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop George Nader tries to reform Tony Curtis, juvenile delinquent who becomes a master crook. (A) March

✓✓✓ SO THIS IS PARIS—U-I, Technicolor: Cheerful, youthful tune-film. Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Paul Gilbert are sailors seeking romance on shore leave. Gloria DeHaven gets them into plan to help French war orphans. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ STAR IS BORN, A—Warners; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Judy Garland and James Mason are excellent as a rising film star and her alcoholic husband. Dazzling music-drama. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Big musical about a family of vaudevillians; parents Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey, kids Mimi Gaynor, Johnnie Ray and Donald O'Connor (who falls for singer Marilyn Monroe). (F) March

✓✓✓ THREE RING CIRCUS—Wallis, Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis create a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale of the big top. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA—Disney; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Splendid, exciting science-fiction adventure. Brooding James Mason captains a 19th century submarine, captures Kirk Douglas and others. (F) March

✓✓✓ UNCHAINED—Warners: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elizabeth Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

✓✓✓ UNDERWATER! —RKO; SuperScope, Technicolor: Humorous, excitement-filled treasure hunt tale. Jane Russell, husband Richard Egan, pal Gilbert Roland borrow Lori Nelson's yacht to seek a galleon sunk in the Caribbean. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ VERA CRUZ—U.A.; SuperScope, Technicolor: Lusty, lighthearted melodrama of Mexican fight to shake off French rule. Gentlemanly Gene Cooper, scoundrelly Burt Lancaster hire out their guns. Filmed on location. (F) March

✓✓✓ VIOLENT MEN, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Grim range-war tale. Edward G. Robinson's a cattle baron; Barbara Stanwyck, his faithless wife; Dianne Foster, their daughter; Glenn Ford, a rancher. (F) February

✓✓✓ YOUNG AT HEART—Warners, WarnerColor: Leisurely musical romance. At first in love with Gig Young, Doris Day weds Frank Sinatra, a self-pitying musician. (F) March

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**Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...**



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jane Wyman. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!

Jane Wyman

co-starring in **"LUCY GALLANT"**

A Paramount Picture

in VistaVision.

Color by Technicolor.



for a Spring romance...



wear the romantic fragrance... MIDNIGHT by TUSSY

CHARM...

him with the scent of Midnight Dusting Powder! Super-fine, with a luxury puff. \$1.25.

DRAMATIZE...

your glamour with the Midnight Glamour Set. Cologne plus Hand and Body Lotion. \$1.

DISCOVER...

the delights of a Midnight Bubble Bath! 16 envelopes of frothy fragrance...only \$1.

CHOOSE...

color and fragrance of matching drama! Midnight Lipstick-Perfume Combination. \$1.

ices plus tax

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

Fan letter to Guy Madison from a nine-year-old Chicago girl:

"I'd like to have you spend the month of August at my house. You'll have to leave on September 1, though, because I've asked Clark Gable for the month of September."

After reading the medic best-seller, "Not as a Stranger," Edgar Bergen says he's preparing four new TV shows: You Bet Your Liver, Four Scar Playhouse, The Novocain Mutiny and This Is Your Knife.

A jivester, insists Peter Arnell, has his glasses made by a *boptical* company.

A starlet told a friend she had played secretaries in twenty films.

"Good at shorthand?" queried the friend.

"No," said the starlet, "short lines."

A character rushed up to a Hollywood couple celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and gushed: "How wonderful. You were made for one another. I'm sure there were no thoughts of divorce in all those twenty-five years."

"No," said the husband. "But on many occasions, I assure you, there were thoughts of murder."

Jack Benny about his golf:

"I'm not so good. I lost the ball on a green once."

The difference between a psychotic and a neurotic is making the studio rounds. The psychotic believes two and two are five. The neurotic knows two and two are four but it makes him nervous.

Overheard at Lucy's: "I'm forming a new club, Sobers Anonymous. It's for people who want to fall off the wagon."

Overheard at Ciro's: "She came up the hard way—just talent."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke says he knows an actress who is working in two pictures at once—her first and her last.

Talking about a notoriously vain actress, a catty doll said:

"Vain? She even refuses to take her mirror's word for it."

Chester Morris' first movie after five years of TV acting, "Unchained," was on location at the California Institution for Men at Chino. Wearing dungarees and T-shirt, Morris was sitting at a table in the picnic area where families visit inmates of the prison.

He noted a buzzing at a nearby table and overheard a lady's loud whisper, "Isn't that Chester Morris?" Told she was right, the lady said:

"So Morris is in *here*. No wonder we haven't seen him in pictures lately."

Description of a Hollywood wolf: A fine fellow once you get to *no* him.

Overheard: "She's a golddigger—you know, a doll who *mines* her own business."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station



PIPER LAURIE
co-starring in
Universal-International's
"SMOKE SIGNAL"
Print by Technicolor

magnificent!

rosée

the gloriously

simulated

new pearl

by *Deltah*

its very special

beauty, a

delicate faintly

pink glow

like the

finest

cultured pearls

Rosée chokers and necklaces

with adjustable rhinestone clasps

Single Strand \$5.50 Double Strand \$8.50 Triple Strand \$11.50



YOUR JEWELER WILL SHOW YOU *Rosée* CHOKERS AND NECKLACES
ESPECIALLY CREATED FOR THE "HOLLYWOOD FASHION GROUP"



HELLER TARA INC., 411 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PINK

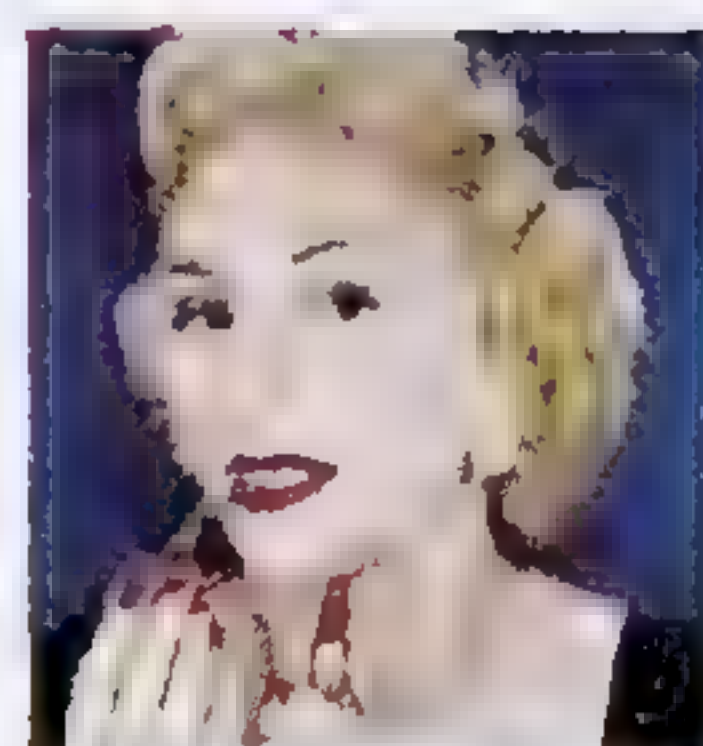
A

BOO

A playful pink . . . but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—*Pink-A-Boo* stays on *you*, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax

cashmere



**Conover girls pick
Cashmere Bouquet**

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than \$2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

Candy Jones

bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



*It's fun
to be thin*

says
Terry Moore

**Go on that diet, says
Terry, and you'll not
only have a slimmer
figure—but a brand
new lease on life!**

I'm a girl who likes to eat heartily—out of sheer love of good food. And I've always been very active. But there comes a time in every young girl's life when she finds she's managed to consume more calories than her body has been able to burn. My time arrived. One evening I looked into the mirror and made a decision. "My figure could stand some streamlining," I sighed. "A couple dozen pounds worth, I think."

The statement startled my mother. "Five pounds will do nicely," she said. "Your father and I will tolerate no

Continued

It's fun to be thin Continued

malnutrition cases around this house."

"But I'd like to be able to sort of slither around," I teased. "Sophisticated siren-like."

"We'll tolerate no sophisticated sirens either," she declared. "Just several pounds less of Terry Moore, if you're really serious about slimming down."

I was. A few pounds make a big difference with me. And I've found that this is true of any motion-picture actress. Keeping in trim is a must in this profession as the camera records each extra ounce and discerning fans with their eyes upon the CinemaScope screen are quick to note overweight.

I'd been off-screen for a number of months and had my heart set on a role in one of 20th's finest new productions, "Daddy Long Legs." Naturally I wanted to be in perfect shape so I would be ready if I were lucky enough to get the role.

So after a conference with my doc-

Terry Moore is next in "Daddy Long Legs"



tor, I set out to lose eight pounds (and I might add—got the part and joined Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron in the cast).

If you've ever tried dieting—and what girl hasn't?—you'll know there's work involved. Work and will power. But the rewards (*Continued on page 82*)



As you slim, you begin to take more pride in everything about yourself—clothes, hair-do, even your fingernails



Weight problem is an individual matter. I wanted to lose twelve pounds, but my doctor thought eight was better for me

To be effective, exercises should be done regularly. Some of my best pounding was done while talking on the phone!



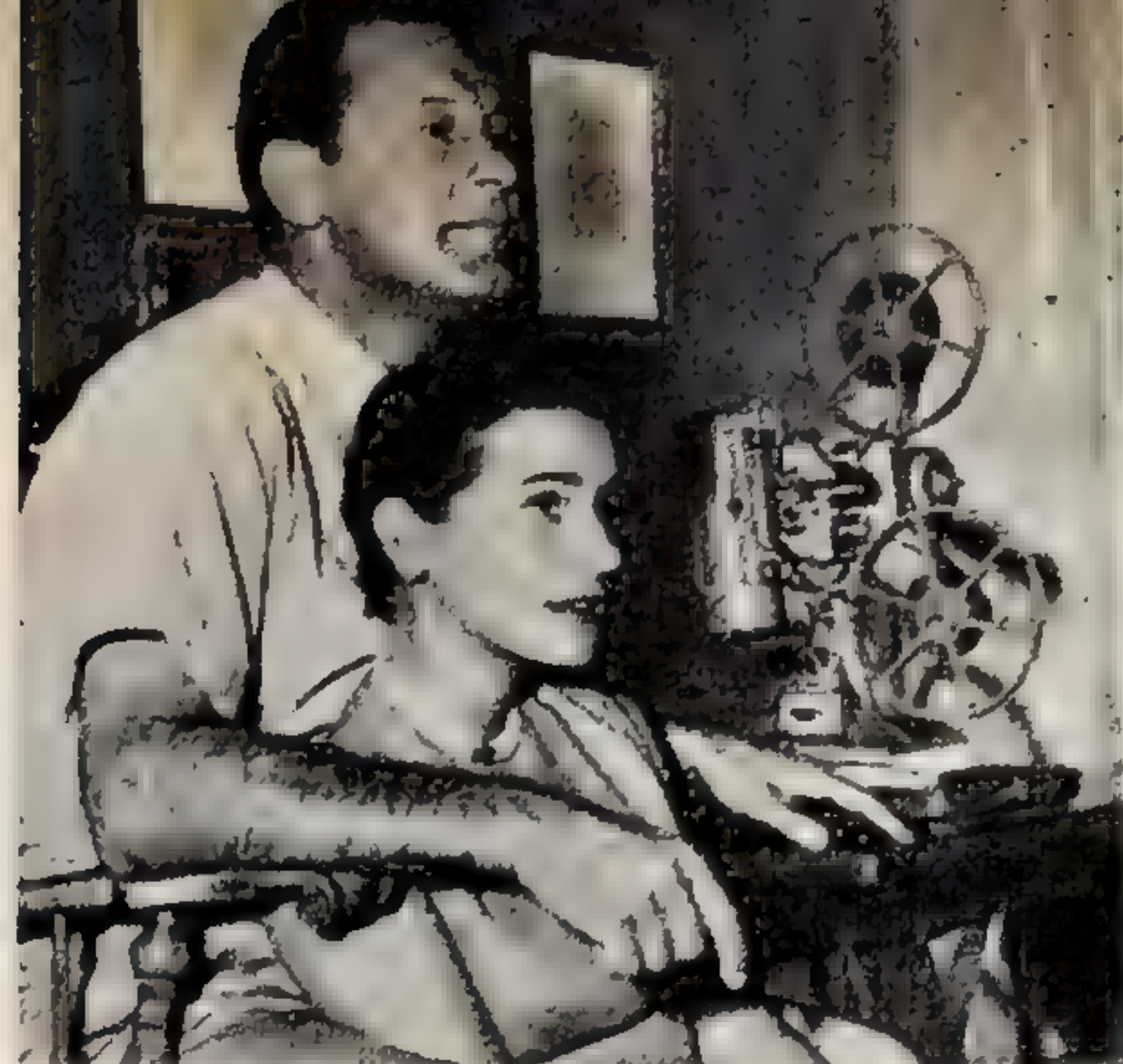
A glass of skimmed milk or an apple may not sound terribly helpful, appetite-wise, but they make dieting easier



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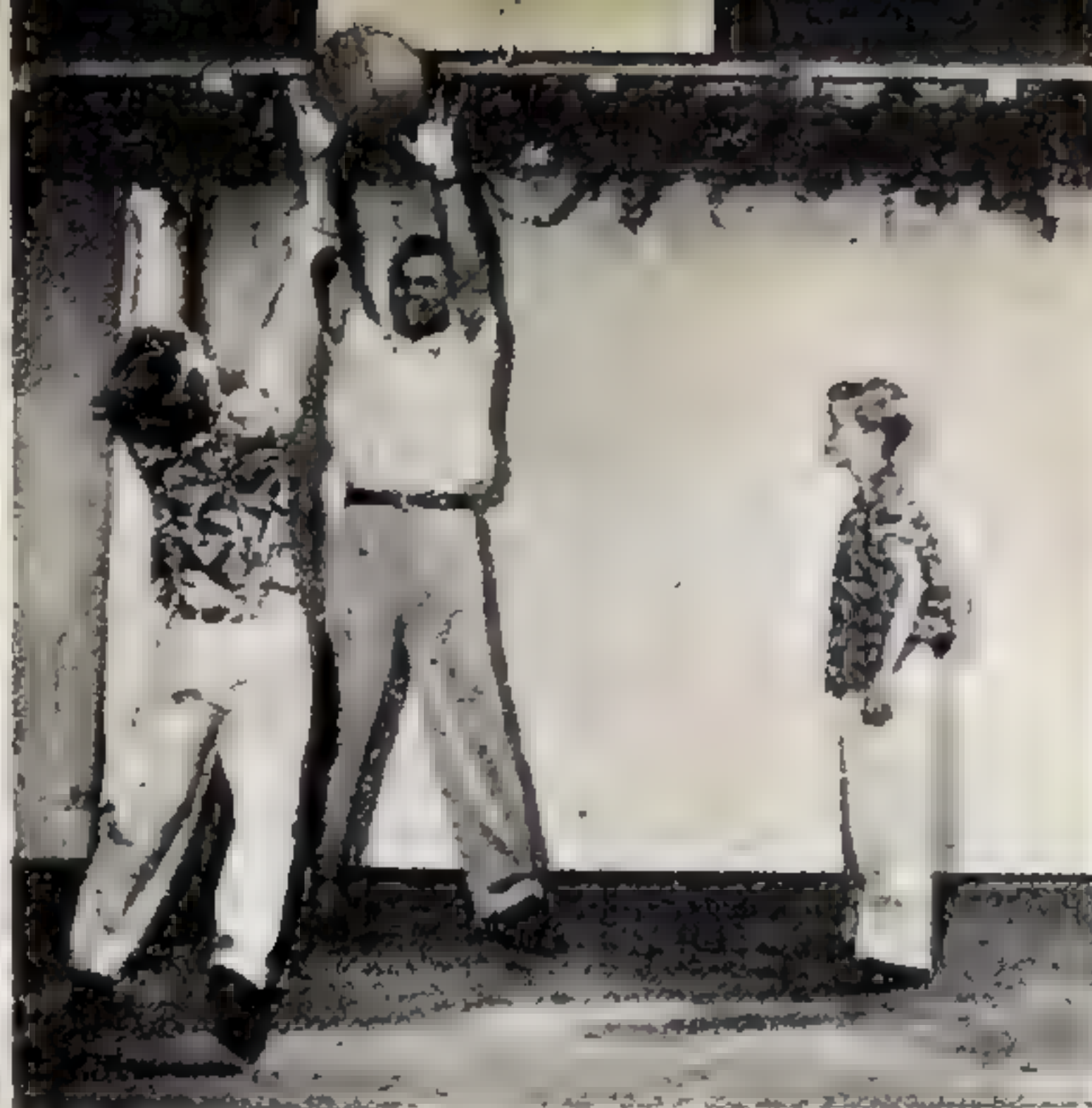
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Ardis is Bill's best movie critic — works with him on scripts



With his Oscar. "Popularity," he insists, "is due to good films"



If he makes a Western his stock will go up with sons West, Scott!



A Cadillac now—but for years a secondhand car



He also has a mad passion for musical bones, drums!



When he's going to travel he reads everything about the place



Connoisseur, epicure, gourmet, he likes hamburger with sour cream



Things happen to Bill, as Ardis knows, after fourteen hectic years

*He's tops in any role,
but oh, what a character
Bill Holden is when
he's just being himself!*

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● Bill Holden has so often been called colorless, unromantic, stuffy, dull or bad copy that the public has begun to wonder: "Who and what is Golden Boy Holden? Can the color, vitality and deep sensitivity he shows on the screen be just good acting? Is he a machine turning on emotions, humor and personality only for the benefit of the camera?" The answer is *uh-uh*—not on your CinémaScope tintype!

It takes a combination of *Sherlock Holmes* and *Sgt. Joe Friday* to tear through the facade that Bill has built around his family and himself. He answers questions honestly—but incompletely, telling only superficial facts about himself. He states his reasons frankly: "What the public expects is sometimes what the actor considers an invasion of privacy. I owe my success to guys like Billy Wilder [the producer-director], who polished 'Sunset Boulevard' and 'Stalag 17' like jewels and then got the best out of me. Popularity is (Continued on page 109)



With Grace Kelly on "Bridges at Toko-Ri" set. "I'm not the guy-next-door-type," says Bill. "The guy could be a jerk!"



AVERAGE SCORE:
TERRIFIC!



Virginia Mayo is in "The Silver Chalice"

Virginia Mayo We'd say this is really getting a bead on a man! Anyway, it's a pretty way to rope him in. Of course, Ginny will discard some of her collection—mustn't overdo your lines, ladies

Marla English Here's a pretty piece of whimsy that should add sparkle to any girl's conversation—matching sweater and phone. Naturally, it must be seen to be appreciated. That's the idea!

May Wynn He'll be happy to have you wear the pants—like these! It's that feminine touch a man likes—the patches we mean. Make 'em gay. He won't quit admiring you on the job

May Wynn is in "The Violent Men"

BEAUX

Marla's last is "Shield for Murder"; Sweater and phone



CATCHERS

Accessories won't hold a man—
but they'll catch his eye
and make him linger long enough
to get to know you!

the 400 Shop • Colleen's in "The Purple Mask"; Umbrella and coat by Amelia Gray • Taina is in "The Glass Slipper"; Cape by Luisa Spagnoli



Colleen Miller Expect showers of compliments when you step out in this rainy-day ensemble. Posies on a parasol to match the color of your coat—if they don't get him, he's really all wet!

Taina Elg A sure-fire way to start a blaze—romantically—is Taina's fireman red cape. But here's the provocative part. It's angora—as soft and cuddly as a kitten. Hear that man purr!

Virginia Leith A convertible cap that's both hat and scarf makes a pretty frame for your face, brings out that pixie look men love. So let the wind blow—you're warm. And he's getting warmer!

Virginia Leith is in "White Feather"



SENTIMENTAL REBEL



Not for Jeff the torn shirt, un-combed hair of the obvious rebel—his revolt is quieter



Because it's disturbing to drop in during the week, he now sees his girls Sundays



Jeff, here with Julie Adams, resents romantic coupling, he says—"because of Marje!"

A maze of contradictions is Jeff Chandler, who refuses to conform then lets his sentiment show in a way he doesn't realize

BY
WYNN ROBERTS

● Jeff Chandler is a rebel, not an obvious rebel like Marlon Brando or Monty Clift or that new and very talented wild man Jimmy Dean. Not for Chandler the sloppy shirt, the uncombed hair or a noisy motorcycle. His rebellion is quieter.

For example, take his living in his studio dressing room. It's a big luxurious dressing room. But for a man with his income and position it seems as ridiculous for him to live there as it would be for the head of a great corporation to sleep in his office. That is, until you examine the situation more closely.

Living at the studio, Jeff is completely safe from the lenses of prowling cameramen, the ears of listening columnists. He's no hermit. But as nearly as he can manage it, he means to have romance on his own terms—which are not the terms of hitting the (Continued on page 85)

Jeff Chandler
is in "Foxfire"



THE JIG'S UP,



Maggie, who hates to be called cute, is happier about role in "Prince of Players"

**Those Irish eyes
aren't smiling at
the ballyhoo and
publicity. But let's
face it, Miss McNamara—
you can't get away
from it all**

● One evening last October, a tiny, black-haired, small-framed young girl shyly plunged into the furred and jeweled opening-night crowd inside the lobby of the new Huntington Hartford Theatre and surreptitiously made her way down the aisle to her seat. Slumping into the seat, she immediately buried her head into the program and impatiently scanned the cast credits, seemingly unaware of the glamour and lavishness of the evening and equally unaware of her own importance. The girl was Maggie McNamara, and this marked her first appearance at a Hollywood social event.

It took both Helen Hayes, who was starring that evening in "What Every Woman Knows," and Elia Kazan to bring Maggie out this night, for on all visits to Hollywood, Maggie McNamara lived (*Continued on page 98*)

MAGGIE!



Maggie hid in projection room when "Moon Is Blue" was premiered, vanished when "Three Coins in a Fountain" opened!



BY
ERNST JACOBI



The Calhouns: Rory's in "The Looters"



Lita's birthday "Leo." Rory didn't forget
Below, the charm that stopped Lita's show



Left,—only Leo had champagne hangover
Below, left—for times when they're apart
Below, right—an actor's medal for Lita



Remembrances on a bracelet,
each a golden symbol of romance,
telling the story of Lita's
and Rory's marriage

LOVE HAS CHARMS

● The bracelets are of solid gold and the links are strong. The charms upon them are also gold and the designs are intricate. However, there are only two people in the entire world who would be able to quote you their true value. One is Lita Calhoun. The other is Rory Calhoun. "You see," Lita explains, "they're much more than decoration pieces. Each charm has a special meaning."

"They tell the story of our marriage," Rory adds.

Lita smiles as he says it—the smile of a woman in love. "These charms represent our happy times and our sad times," she goes on. "Some of the incidents have little meaning to anyone but Rory and me. But they're the little remembrances that help make a marriage a lifelong romance, that constantly renew the feeling of closeness between a husband and wife.

"We're sentimental, Rory and I. We've never taken our marital vows lightly. We've never forgotten them. When the first few weeks of our marriage passed, we didn't consider the honeymoon over, that we were settling down to taking one another for granted.

"After six years, I still receive the same consideration from Rory and he from me. Till this day he hurries to open doors for me. Even at home, he seats me at the table before he sits down and on mornings when my eyes have trouble opening, he'll say very softly, 'Go ahead and sleep. I'll get my own breakfast.'

"Little things, perhaps, but far from insignificant. In every way I know he's saying, 'You come first!'

Continued

BY
BEVERLY
OTT



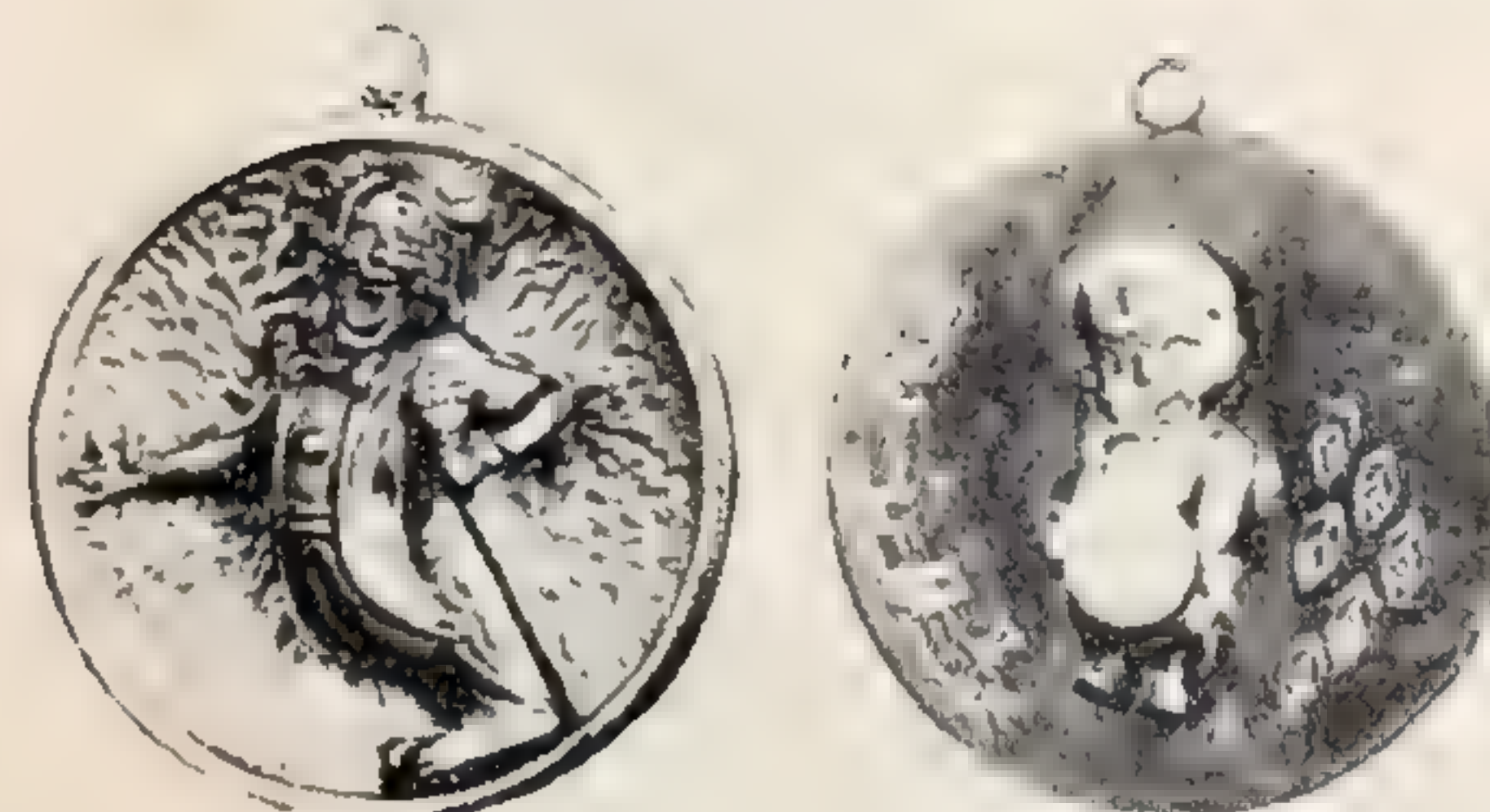
Left—reminder of Lita's first bullfight

Right—to keep her safe on plane trips

Right—comfort in the midst of sorrow

Below, left—Rory lost his "stage" fright

Below, right—reminder of baby they lost



LOVE HAS CHARMS *Continued*

Golden Souvenirs



The reason Rory was late for first date



Reminder — to search for poodle Lita wanted



Friend gave her Susie — Rory gave the charm



Tree of Life — for unity and love, forever



"Remember this one?" The memories go back more than six years

"And I feel the same way about Rory," says Lita. And the all-important charms? Sometimes the Calhouns sit by the fire in the evening and Lita finds herself fingering the golden memories on her wrist. "Remember this one?" she'll ask.

"I'll say I do," he grins. "The first . . ."

The first charm brings a laugh, for strangely enough the Calhouns' charmed life began with the tiny, dark-haired Isabelita Castro impatiently glaring at a clock. Her Spanish temper was aroused and headed for the



By action or words, the Calhouns tell each other, "You come first"

ceiling with a great big whoosh. "Well!" she said.

"Well, what?" inquired her mother.

"Well, if that's the kind of a man he is—the sort who makes a date and doesn't bother to call when he's late . . ."

"Why see him again?" suggested her brother, who is a great one for keeping a straight face when jesting. "There are lots of other men on this earth."

"Not like Rory. . . ." She stopped—the defense had slipped out through her annoyance—and she began to

smile, with the rest of her family, who knew exactly what she thought of the tall ex-forest ranger.

When the doorbell rang, all but Lita discreetly disappeared into the kitchen, claiming a sudden longing for many cups of coffee. Rory had arrived, with apologies. "I'm sorry," he said. "We worked late. Then I had a stop to make. . . ."

"You might have phoned," Lita pointed out.

"But you might have asked me where I was and what I was doing," Rory told her. (*Continued on page 87*)



Rita Gam is in "Magic Fire"

*There we were, sharing two rooms with laughs.
Forgetting to put the laundry out, going on a
mad diet of prunes! Who would have known
then what was going to happen to . . .*

THAT GIRL KELLY AND ME

By Rita Gam

● "Why exactly," a friend asked me, "are you and Grace Kelly friends? What, besides your work, do you have in common?"

"Oh," I said, off the top of my head, "rocks."

Then I went on to explain that when Grace was in central Africa a couple of years ago on location with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Mogambo," in which she starred with Clark Gable and Ava Gardner, I was in North Africa on location with "Saadia" for the same studio, and unbeknown to each other we both brought home trunks full of the incredible-looking stones, veined with amethyst, that cover the African fields. M-G-M paid a fortune in freight charges for the "rocks" which now ornament our apartments, but we

couldn't resist carting home these beautiful stones.

Rocks are not the only things, of course—firm though they may be—that serve as a foundation for our friendship. Careerwise, we have the same interests, many of the same problems, the same drive and we are trying to make, I think, the same kind of life.

We both have extreme cases of wanderlust. Grace was unhappy when she couldn't go to Japan on location with Paramount's "Bridges at Toko-Ri," but was solaced to some extent when Bill Holden, who did go, brought her back some stones! She was so happy, on the other hand, when M-G-M's "Green Fire," in which she co-stars with Stewart Granger, took her to South America (*Continued on page 101*)



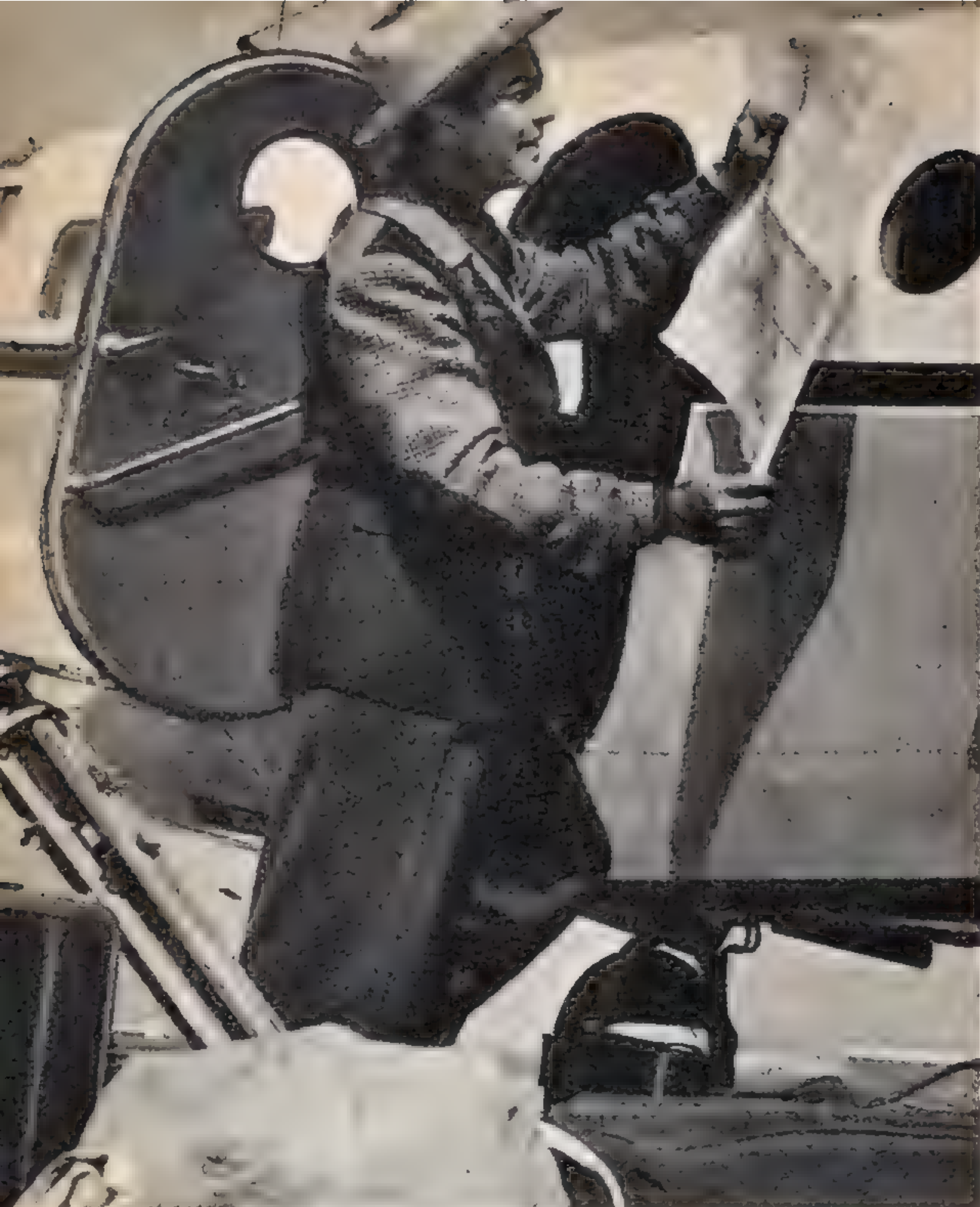
Grace has wanderlust, is happy when her films take her to other lands. Left, with Bill Holden in "Bridges at Toko-Ri," above, with Bing Crosby in "Country Girl." Right, with Cary Grant in "To Catch a Thief," far right, with Stewart Granger in "Green Fire"





"Grace is the most home-and-family-loving person I know." Above, at premiere with brother Jack, father John B. Kelly

"Because she doesn't go in for exhibitionism, people say she's cold. She isn't cold—her feelings are deep, not for show"



Ursula loves flying, is learning to shoot, to go hunting with Bob



Now when Bob goes on those fishing trips, his wife will go along



When Ursula worked late, Bob surprised her by cooking dinner

*It was only a gypsy's prediction.
It could only happen
in fiction. Yet there it was
on Bob's cuff links—the sign
that marked him her man!*

THEIR DATE WITH DESTINY

● "The father-to-be is literally walking on clouds," said Ursula Thiess Taylor. Then she smiled, in a way you almost never see a Hollywood girl smile, her dark green eyes touched with a gentle, adoring humor, warming as an open fire on a cold, rainy night.

As a matter of fact, her smile was welcome on the lowering winter afternoon when we were talking. We were sitting in the little house which Ursula had rented almost two years ago when she learned it was the type of small mod-

ern house that Bob Taylor preferred.

Now, like the solid embodiment of romance come true, only a few blocks away a rambling, very modern farmhouse was going up, the home of the new Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor.

The color came up into her cheeks. "Isn't it a lovely place?" she asked.

I agreed it was. I could not help remembering a year back when Ursula found her first little house. Not many people in Hollywood knew her then, this tall, incredibly beautiful, delicately

reserved girl. But I was lucky enough to have met her, being a friend of her closest friends, the Ernest Hallers.

She was aglow with love even then. Not that she mentioned it. She is never much given to talk, anyway, though she is a prodigious reader, a lover of music, a gourmet. But anyone who has ever known devotion would have known at a glance that she was in love.

When she rented the little house on her tiny RKO salary, it meant she had to give up (Continued on page 96)



CHANGEABLE LADY



Eleanor met third husband Paul Clemens when he painted her portrait. "She had none of the usual, easy patter. What she said made sense"



Recently son Richard cried when she tried to kiss him, in make-up. He didn't recognize her. Other children are daughters Sharon and Susan.

Directors mistake her for somebody else, even her children are sometimes confused by Eleanor Parker, the girl nobody really knows

**BY
HYATT DOWNING**





Oil painting in dressing room is by Paul. "She was listening to arias for 'Interrupted Melody.' The pose was interesting, so I sketched her"

● Not long ago, Eleanor Parker attended a small dinner party and while entering the room passed the famous William Wyler, who had directed her in one of her most important pictures, "Detective Story." Smiling up at him, she greeted him warmly, "Hello, Willie, how are you?"

Wyler gave her a startled who-are-you? look, nodded coolly and turned away.

Ten minutes later, after evidently having made inquiries, he was back, contrite and chagrined. "What have you done to yourself, Eleanor?" he begged. "I didn't know you!"

"Just a different hair-do," she laughed. "But don't let it bother you. It happens all the time."

In 1951, while making "Scaramouche," Eleanor

walked onto the set one day wearing a red wig. "Oh, look at the swell foreign dish!" one of the members of the cast exclaimed. "She'd be wonderful for the lead in this picture. I bet she's got a terrific accent."

Again in a make-up test for the role of *Madame Butterfly* in her current picture, "Interrupted Melody," not a single member of the cast recognized her.

"I don't think I have a particularly distinctive face," she said. "Girls with high cheek bones, or full-lipped, expressive mouths or even a strongly defined nose are more likely to be remembered or recognized at a casual meeting. I've normally brownish-red hair, but just let them change its color for a new picture and I become a stranger to my closest friends. One day I was sitting in Chasen's, waiting (Continued on page 107)

Eleanor Parker is currently in "Many Rivers to Cross"

DUKE - PRINCE

*I first met him on the telephone—an introduction
that took me to Mexico and into an adventure
that was to be the beginning of my friendship
with John Wayne • BY ROBERT STACK*



Mexicans and Duke are "simpatico"—but Bob, above with John, wasn't so sure the bulls were when he took to the ring to test for "Bullfighter and the Lady"



John Wayne is in "The Conqueror" and "The Sea Chase." Bob Stack is in "The House of Bamboo"



● The first time I spoke to John Wayne, I didn't know whom I was talking to—and didn't care. It was 5:30 A.M. when the telephone rang and some very funny comedian asked if I wanted to go to Mexico City for a week.

"Oh, sure," I said and hung up.

Six hours later I discovered that the "very funny comedian" had been John Wayne. That was when Duke knocked at the door and asked why in blazes I wasn't ready. I said something about a missing sock, closed the bedroom door, emptied half a dresser drawer into a suitcase and was on my way to Mexico.

Wayne, director Budd Boetticher and two men from the location crew were on their way to scout locations for "The Bullfighter and the Lady." This was Duke's first production. He wasn't going to play in it himself so I spent the ride thinking up several dozen good reasons why I should get the part of the Brooklyn boy turned bullfighter.

(Continued on page 104)

AMONG

MEN





Brando's madness had the studio press hunting in pet shops!

Marlon Brando is in "Désirée" and "Guys and Dolls"; Doris Day, in "Young at Heart"; Jan Sterling, in "Women's Prison"; Paul Douglas, in "Green Fire"; Ann Miller, in "Hit the Deck"; Jane Powell, in "Hit the Deck"

FUNNY, WHAT APRIL FOOLS WILL DO



Fifty fruit cakes molded—Mom smoldered because of this Day's dreaming!



Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas: The low rent fooled this pair of April fools



Friends never know what to expect when Ann Miller pops into the conversation!



Proving the unexpected can always be expected—of anyone who's born in April!



Jane Powell and Pat Nerney: The bride got lost on her wedding day

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Aries' children have great vitality and physical energy and a great love of independence. I wasn't surprised to discover that Doris Day is an Aries child, but I was as surprised as Doris to learn that she was born on the same April day—the third—as Marlon Brando. At first, second and third glance, Doris and Marlon seem to have nothing in common, although they've both achieved the dubious honor of collecting sour apples from the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Doris, however, seems to be a serious down-to-earth young woman, without any pixie-ishness in her soul. As for Marlon, I sometimes wonder if he even has a soul; he puts such a high picket fence around it.

But the stars don't lie—in the heavens, I mean—for they say that Aries should beware of carrying

their spirit of independence too far—into egocentricity—or attempting to be original and ending up only being novel. Words of wisdom for Marlon? Maybe. And certainly it's true—the planet that gave the light of Day to Doris and Brando gave them an equal measure of harum-scarum April foolishness—and forgetfulness.

Like when Doris put fifty fruit-and-nut cakes in the back of her car to deliver as Christmas gifts. This is a perennial Yuletide gift from her mother to their friends. Three months later, they were driving to church on Easter, when her mother, to make conversation more than anything else, said casually, "It's funny, Doris, but no one told me they liked my Christmas cake this year. I waited for someone to call, but no one has." The blond turned red,

Continued



*Celeste Holm had fun with a banquet scene
—and the rest of the cast had indigestion*

*Gregory Peck: His dinner got cold while he
got hot playing an April prank on his boy.*

Gregory Peck is in "The Purple Plain" and "Moby Dick"; Spencer Tracy, in "Bad Day at Black Rock"; Clark Gable, in "Soldier of Fortune"; Debbie Reynolds, in "Hit the Deck"



FUNNY, WHAT APRIL FOOLS WILL DO

Continued

struck her head and screamed. While her bewildered mother watched, Doris stopped the car, ran to the trunk and opened up the back. Fifty very moldy fruit cakes stared reproachfully up at her!

There was the time, too, when Doris was driving with her husband Marty Melcher, and he was talking very seriously about her career. She was staring out of the window and in the middle of some facts and figures on boxoffice grosses, Doris dreamily said, "Yes, but what color are we going to have for the dining-room draperies?" No wonder her mother calls her Miss Priscilla Pre-occupied.

Everyone has heard about Mr. Brando's famous raccoon. When Marlon

was in Chicago to promote one of his pictures, the local exhibitors and studio press agents begged and begged him to tell them what they could do to make his stay more pleasant.

"You really want to help me?" Marlon asked.

"Oh yes, oh yes," they told him.

"There's only one thing I want," said the "different" actor.

"Name it and it's yours," they chorused.

"Get a mate for my raccoon," Brando requested.

I'm not surprised at all that Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling—she was born April 3; he, April 11—are so congenial. They both have the same crazy sense of humor. When someone asked

Jan recently, "Does Paul have any hobbies?" she replied, "He certainly does. Getting married. I'm his fifth, you know."

The stars say Jan and Paul are typical Aries who bubble over with so much life and energy that it's often difficult to curb them and hold them within the limits of safety or common sense. Now take their house. Shortly after Paul and Jan married, they called me very excitedly to tell of the new home they had rented. "There are seventeen rooms," said Paul.

"The swimming pool is half a mile long," added Jan.

"But how much is it?" said the very practical I.

"That's the best part of it," said



Clark Gable lost his footing and gained a crown as a result of a Spencer Tracy gag

Debbie Reynolds' impish prank had Russ Tamblyn combing her poodle out of his hair

Paul. "We're getting it for nothing—practically."

Three months later, Jan and Paul were munching miserably at Chasen's. "How's the new house?" I asked brightly.

"It isn't," replied Jan morosely.

"You see," said Paul, "the rent was cheap, but we needed ten servants to run the place and they cost us \$2,000 a month."

"That was bad enough," interrupted Jan. "But there were so many rooms that whenever I wanted to talk to Paul I had to send out a search party."

Janie Powell, too, was born in April—the 1st—and has a sense of humor with a touch of April Fool zaniness all mixed up with (Continued on page 79)





Bob, with family cook, left, was loved but never coddled, had to work for things he wanted. Matching money he earned proved to be costly for Dad!

Bob Wagner is in "White Feather"



With parents, on "Broken Lance" set. Bob is gayer, more relaxed and fun-loving when he's with his family, has always preferred being with people older than himself. Below, with Spencer Tracy



The Starting Point

Two people influenced Bob Wagner, gave him strength for the years ahead. Because of them life will never defeat him

● Today, Bob Wagner is a man in his own right, the hottest young male star on the 20th Century-Fox roster and an idol of a million teenagers. His studio has invested fortunes in his pictures; his fan mail averages thousands of letters each week. He is a success, a Big Name, a power at the boxoffice.

To understand Bob's success, you must return to the place he calls home. Not to the small two-bedroom apartment that the studio only recently got for him, but to his parents' home in La Jolla. And to understand Bob you must also meet his parents.

"One thing I've noticed about Bob," remarked a close friend at his studio, "is how much more at home he feels when his father and mother are around. He seems gayer, more relaxed, more fun-loving. I remember once, when we were on location in Arizona for 'Broken Lance,' Bob got word that his father and mother were coming down to spend a week. Until they arrived he was like a race horse champing at the bit. I said something about how eager he must be to see his folks again. 'Well,' Bob dissembled, lest I see how deeply he felt, 'Dad just got a new Cadillac, and I'm sort of anxious (Continued on page 90)

BY MAXINE BLOCK







Monroe, the model. Small parts in movies followed. Then, "All About Eve," changed her appearance—and her career



In Hollywood she found a staunch friend, Sidney Skolsky. "A lonely little girl," he said, "wanting people to like her"



She shunned night clubs for night school. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," earned her a place in Grauman's famed cement court



blind date—and Marilyn had found her man. Marriage to Joe DiMaggio opened door to secure, happy life she craved



But the door slammed shut. And Monroe was alone again. Joe and Marilyn were divorced. Only her career remained



But her career soared. And when "Seven Year Itch," above, was finished, Hollywood paid tribute to its brightest star

Ten years of Monroe

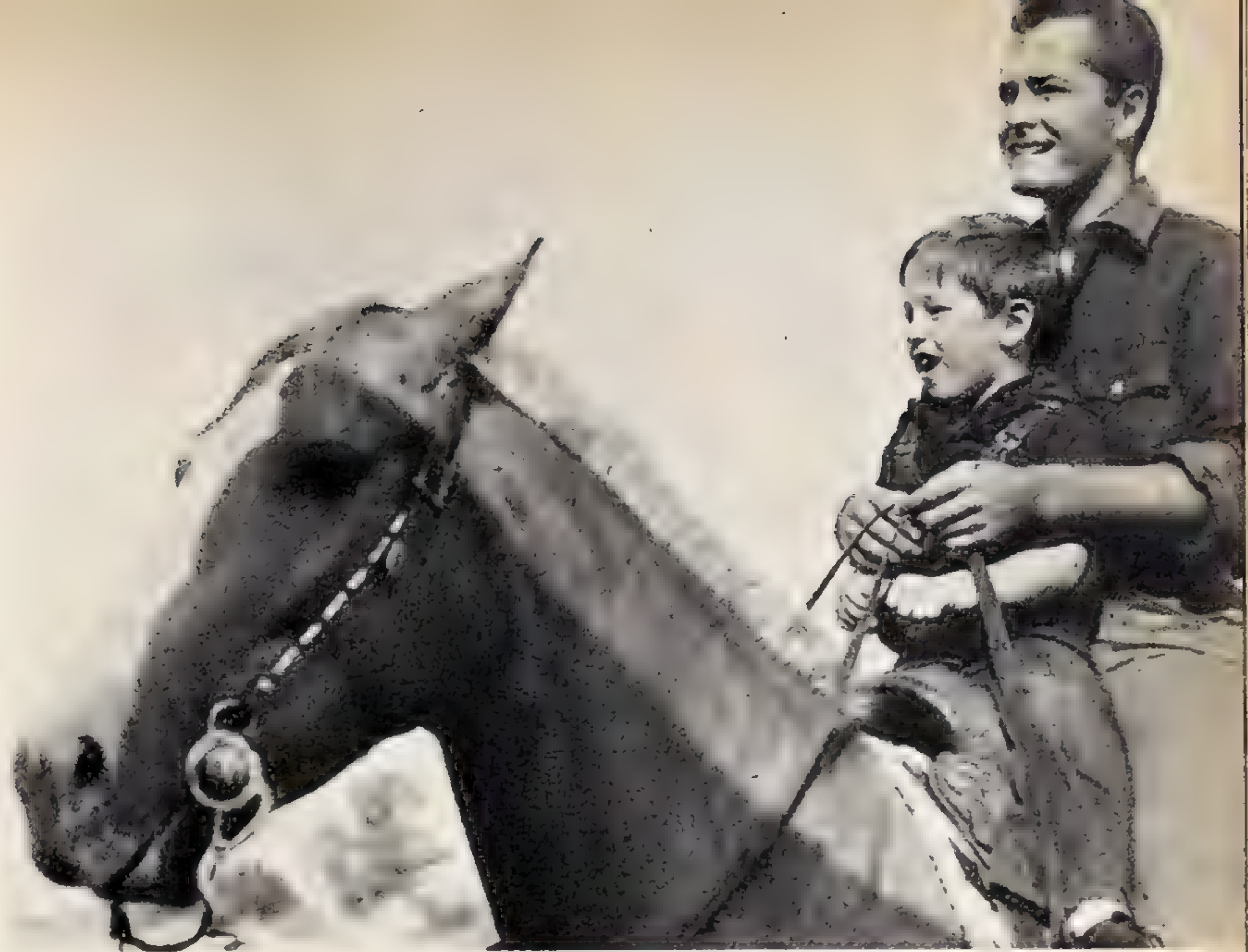


At a party, Marilyn announces there'll be a new Monroe, plans to produce own films, do dramatic roles. Above, with Clifton Webb



JOHN DEREK

John Derek is in "Prince of Players" and "Run for Cover"

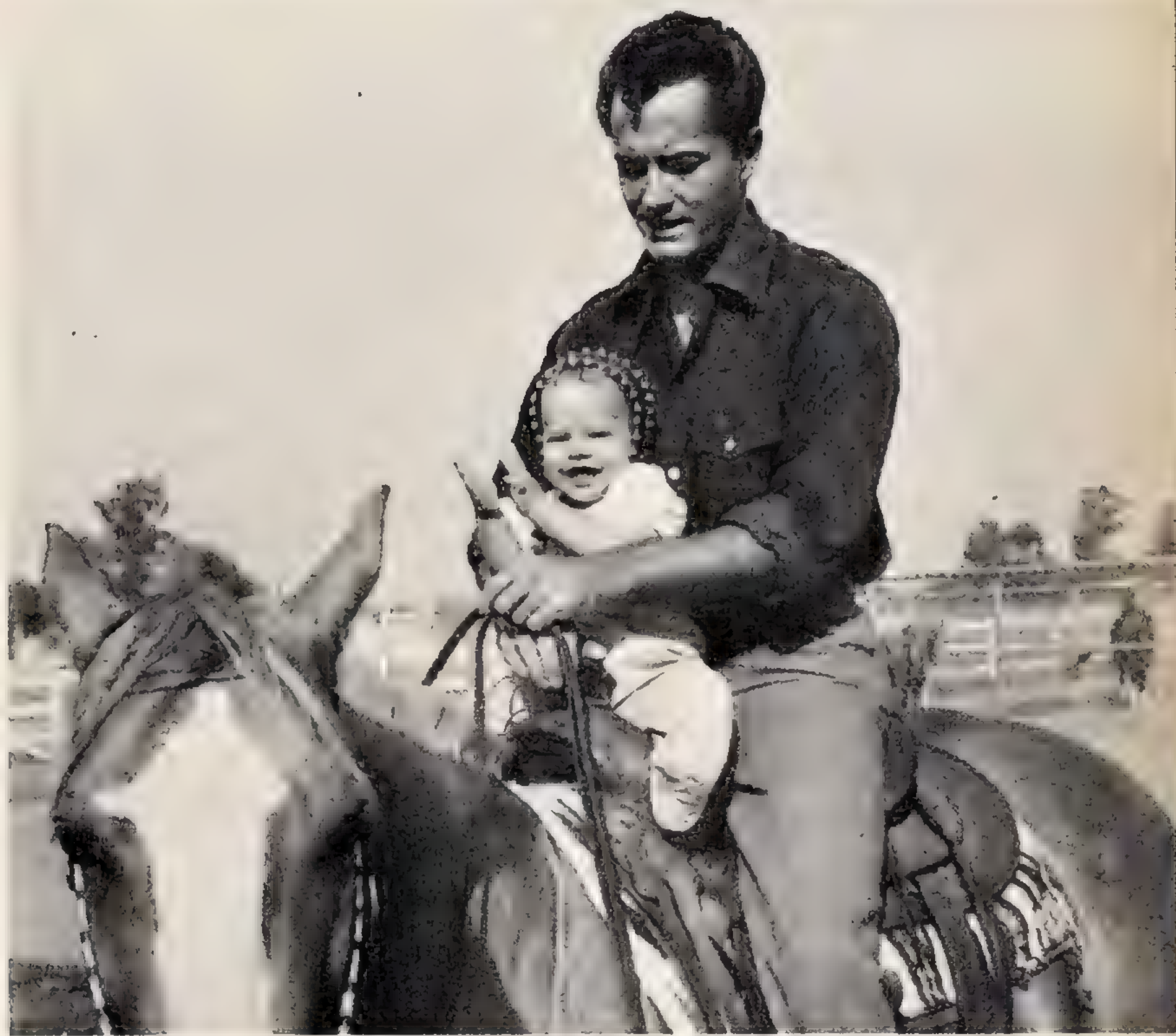


Today, John and Pati Derek know that what they have together—their rambling redwood ranch house in Encino, their son Russ and small daughter Sean—are worth all the fears and heartaches and sacrifices of the last six years

The Big Gamble

*So much in love, they
fought. So much in tune,
they had courage to
fight against all odds for
the future they needed*

BY
MAXINE ARNOLD



● Don't tell John Derek the best things in life are free. And don't tell his wife Pati either. The best things in life, they know today, you pay for. And the price can come very high. And you may pay with your heart.

You pay in dreams, still unfulfilled—which may never be fulfilled. You pay in tears—more tears than it seems possible for you to cry. In dollars—and the worry about dollars that won't quite stretch around. You pay in words—fighting words—that can never quite be taken back. You pay in freedom. And in fear—watching a little boy's face as the color comes and goes again and again.

Today John Derek, the handsome dashing motion-picture actor who lives in the deeper San Fernando Valley, turns a deaf ear to

Continued

The Big Gamble

Continued

adventure and limits his travels to trips to the hardware store.

Today pretty and talented Pati Behrs Derek is content to forego the spotlight and the sweet sound of applause and live the life she and John have learned to value together. They both know that it's worth sacrificing for, and fighting for and—whatever the handicaps—worth hanging onto.

As John says meaningfully, "When you've seen your kid die—and live again—and die and live, you look at him. And you see him. Really see him. You don't take him for granted. Not one day. Not one hour. You take a close look—tomorrow he may not be there. Other married couples go to a window and say, 'Isn't he cute'—and count to see if his toes are all there. But they don't really see him. When you're holding him and he turns dark blue and starts to choke—you see him. He may not be around the next time. It gives you a better appreciation of what you have. And, believe me, you take a good long look . . ."

Pati and John really cherish their children and their home. And why not? Pati was a refugee from war—always on the run. John as a boy was caught between parents—and between military schools. Too many military schools. When, like John, you've never had a solid steady home to depend on, you take a good close look at the rambling ranch house in Encino you finally call your own.

And when you've never belonged to anybody, you love the closeness and belonging of marriage. If your name is Pati, you take a good look at this restless adventurer, this mad impractical man who is your husband and who, despite his infuriating moments, loves you very, very much. If you are John—and you have been lonely too many of your twenty-eight years—you look at this pretty, pert, practical and equally infuriating little package—whose warmth and spirit and fire and loyalty and love matches your own. A girl who will never let you be lonely again. You look at each other. Really look, and you know what you've found finally—together. And you know no matter how stormy the weather you'll hang on.

They're Hollywood's strongest, and frequently stormiest love story—John and Pati Derek. And theirs is a story that began with a gamble.

Outside that chapel in Las Vegas six years ago, the "strip" glittered and beckoned. Wary-eyed croupiers called the last throw and turned the next card.

Inside the chapel two beautiful people with dreams diluted by disillusionment were gambling for higher stakes. The rest of their lives together. Against odds greater than even they could know.

They couldn't know then, promising to take each other for better and for worse, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health, they would be challenged all the way, that they would have an overwhelming lot of happiness and along with it tribulations, too.

Even if they had known, together they would still have defied Fate to turn her next challenging card. Challenge, in whatever form, had long been, to each of them, both friend and enemy.

Each was born to a plush heritage. The bride with the piquant face and doe-brown eyes was a Georgian princess whose family was forced to flee to Turkey when their estates were taken over by the Communists. As a child she worked in pictures in France. At thirteen she was dancing in a French cafe. Her twinkling feet were star-bound with the ballet. When 20th Century-Fox discovered her and sent her to Hollywood, Pati Behrs was determined to make a name and an identity for herself in this new land. Then she met a handsome lad whose heritage and determination in many ways matched her own. Nor was war a stranger to him. A paratrooper just back from combat duty in the Philippines—and from occupying Japan following the atom bomb—he was sober beyond his twenty-one years.

Derek Harris was born into a kingdom of celluloid. The plush Hollywood of the 24-carat scrapbooks and white Russian wolfhounds strolling Sunset Boulevard. His mother, a beautiful actress of the silent screen; his father, a promoter-producer-actor. He grew up alternately in luxury and comparative poverty. Home was a cottage or a mansion in the Riviera Estates. One year he might have a thoroughbred horse of his own and a chauffeur to drive him to school. Another year, the mansion and horse were gone. But most important, his family was gone. He began growing up at the age of five, when a child's safe warm world collapsed around him. His parents separated and a sensitive emotional kid was torn between the two.

As he grew older, Derek's dream, like Pati's, was to make a name and an identity for himself which would last. Hollywood was his home town. Its blazing marquees and lights arcing the skies were as familiar to him as the streetlight on the corner of any small-town square. But he grew up expecting no magic from the make-believe. He'd seen too many hopeful citizens come and go. Nor had he known any roots here. Nor security. He was ever on the run, until one day when he opened a door on the studio lot and met a lovely girl in a green corduroy suit. A girl both enchanting and earthy. A girl of character and decision. No frills, no fuss, no giggles. A girl who turned down his first proposal—until they knew each other better—then when another seemed too long forthcoming said frankly, "I think it's time to ask me again."

John Derek became a star overnight in "Knock on Any Door," and this opened the door to their future, to marriage, a family, and the first real home either he or his wife had ever known. But they had long ago learned, John and Pati, that in this life you open your own doors. And they continued their search for security hand in hand.

During the six full years since, Fate's thrown her whole book at them. Challenge and situations have faced them which would have defeated two less in love or less strong.

Theirs have been the constant clashes of two strong wills and trigger-temperaments, of two who have finally made an identity and are dedicated to preserving that identity. Almost overnight John was the screen heartbreaker and a popular

boxoffice star. Almost overnight a lovely girl, who was also star-bound, was dredged in domesticity. Half of Pati's identity merged with John's.

These have been frustrating years. John. He had a feverish dedication to the actor he felt he could be. There was Pati's illness during her first pregnancy months when she was confined to bed. John, all thumbs, helped keep the household running. There were bills. And more bills. As he says, "Money means nothing to me."

There was the near-tragedy of their first-born. The strain they've shared months and years helping their boy find his way onto life. Of sleeping, eating, living with one eye ever upon him, lest he still be away.

There was the year and a half when John didn't work before the cameras. Then John's decision to freelance realized a life's worst timing—with little money in the bank and another baby on the way.

"I'd beefed so much about getting out from the studio, I couldn't say, 'Let's fellows, let's wait just a little longer now,'" John says.

But theirs is a marriage with muscles. Life has never been lukewarm for either of them. Nor would they like it lukewarm. On occasion their marriage has been a survival of the fightingest. But strength to each demand. Weakness neither could stomach or understand. They match—word for word, spirit for spirit, and heart to heart.

Theirs, too, is a shared honesty of emotion which each preserves conscientiously.

A writer arrived at the new DeSoto hacienda recently to do a tender and tranquil story on the John Dereks. He found them in the midst of a domestic impasse. Their baby, Sean, was crying in rebellion against the two-o'clock nap. John was hammering and playing carpenter. The traffic was thick with other carpenters, also painters and plumbers. John had invited Pati to "furnish the house yourself, then." To arrive at any decision, he said, was better than no decision at all. Although whose decision was still in doubt. They sat there, weary and wary. Pati in a yellow sweater, blue jeans and tennis shoes was curled up in one corner of the room. John, with his feet crossed and shirttail out for comfort, in another. He eyed vigilantly the space in front of the copper fireplace where a disputed chest table would go or not go. John had designed a spectacular four-foot glass table with the wagon wheel of an old prize schooner for the base. Pati argued that when the children fell over the table the metal base would be harder than wood.

"But it's not a sharp edge, it's a rounded edge. Besides, we can't pad the whole house!"

"You can cover the wheel with rawhide."

"Rawhide! That's just as hard. And we didn't use rawhide on wagon wheels at that time."

More silence. Finally the writer gave up a question. "About their romance—how did they fall in love?"

"She didn't giggle. That was the first time all the girls were giggling. Now she giggles." John glared (Continued on page 33)

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

CALIFORNIA-CREATED SUNSHINE FASHIONS—

from the workrooms of famous designers, now cross-country

favorites and each a winner of the coveted

Photoplay Star Fashion Award



Ursula Thiess is starring in RKO's "The Americano" • Look for another exciting new RKO Technicolor production, "The Conqueror"

MEMO TO OUR READERS:

The first of a series of new fashions distinguished by the fresh styling and sun-drenched colors of our golden West. Ursula Thiess' playable separates feature a tucked front blouse, \$7.95, mated by its wide self belt to a skirt massed with unpressed pleats, \$10.95. Both 7-15, in Silkalene, a lustrous and sudsable cotton-nylon blend. These, in sunny colors, by Junior Miss of California



All fashion photographs in this section by Christa



Photoplay
STAR AWARD FASHION



Photoplay
STAR AWARD FASHION

See these clothes at your favorite theatre in PHOTOPLAY's special fashion film made by RKO, producers of "The Conqueror"

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE

Worn, left, by Lisa for fun in the sun—California Cobblers' Strip Toes, freedom-loving thong sandals in glove-soft delectable colored leathers. \$4.95

Ali Baba, a gay print-lined shoe with a touch of the East in its curlicue-peaked vamp. Light, flexible colored leathers. California Cobblers. \$7.95

For
Where to Buy these fashions
turn to page 82



Photoplay
STAR AWARD FASHION



Photoplay
STAR AWARD FASHION

Far left, Lisa Montel lives in fashions that reflect the creative spirit of our fun-loving Pacific coast. These separates by Saba of California have the flavor of the South Seas in richly colored Balinese print cotton pants with an, oh, so sleek look. Wrap-around twist waist is finished with little golden bells. Under \$8. Balinese shirt has mandarin collar, easy shoulder and sleeve. In the pink, yellow, or blue of the print. About \$6. Both 7-15

Photographed in its natural California habitat, and near the designer's drawing board, Lisa wears, left, the lovely crease-resistant Balinese print cotton fashioned into a dress with bias bodice draping exotically over one shoulder. Four-yard sweep skirt of unpressed pleats is cinched by wide self belt. In same sumptuous South Sea colors. Sizes 7-15. By Saba of California. About \$12.95. Look for Lisa in RKO's "Escape to Burma"

FASHIONS

Fashion verve from the roaring 20's, California Cobblers' Flapper shoe, a flattering soft leather flat with fly-weight sole, removable strap. \$8.95

Continued



Rose Marie Reid

JEWELS OF THE SEA

FANCY YOURSELF A MERMAID. IMAGINE YOURSELF A SPRITE... THEN COME MATCH YOUR MOOD TO "MARDI GRAS"! ITS INNER WORKINGS REALLY RE-SHAPE YOU... SMOOTHING AND LIFTING, CAMOUFLAGING WHERE YOU NEED IT MOST! AND THROUGH THE WONDERS OF WARSHFAST. AN OUTER MIRACLE TOO! COLORS WITH LASTING RADIANCE, FAST TO SALT, FRESH OR CHLORINATED WATER, AND SUPERBLY RESISTANT TO THE SUN! ASK FOR "MARDI GRAS." 19.95. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU. WRITE: ROSE MARIE REID, DEPT. PA, LOS ANGELES 45, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE FASHIONS

Barbara Darrow, rising young starlet of RKO Studios, producers of the stirring new film, "The Conqueror"



For
Where to Buy these fashions
turn to page 82

Glamorous Barbara Darrow in a favorite sunny fashion. Bright striped cotton jersey Boater shirt, all ease and long on flair. S, M, L. \$2.98

Brief lantern leg shorts are indestructible cotton gabardine, with adjustable fly and zippered back. White and a galactic color. 10-16. \$2.98. Both by Carolyn

Continued

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your dream shoe
come true*



LESLIE CARON
co-starring with
MICHAEL WILDING in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
color production of
"THE GLASS SLIPPER"

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SHOE CREATIONS

Like a fairy tale come true . . . Connie's
exciting styling at such a little price.
Designed for extra flattery, detailed
and crafted to look as if they cost
lots more, they're yours in a gay
array of bright Spring colors. Only

6⁹⁵ and **7⁹⁵**



WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE FASHION

continued

Lori Nelson wears the very 1955 long torso look, sailtone bodice accented with low crushed belt and pleated striped dimity skirt. Navy or turquoise. 8-16, 9-17. Jeannette Alexander. \$22.95. Lori's in RKO's "Underwater!" Below, Mala Powers of U-I's "The Yellow Mountain," shines in separates with a Midas touch. Sleek cotton pants are all-over scrolled in gold or silver. \$13. Same glitter trims pastel shirt. \$11. 10-16. By Georgia Kay

Continued



you're
up
with the
stars
in

Junior Miss
of California

Your dream come true! A California casual truly designed for your petite junior figure! You'll feel all "head in the clouds" in this tall-looking button shirt gadabout. Easy to rinse out as your nylons—in Silkaline, a blend of pima cotton and nylon with a lasting sheen. Yummy colors: turquoise, pink, orange sherbet and coffee. Sizes 5 to 15. down-to-earth price... just \$16.95

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LET LOVABLE SUPPORT YOU!

Take 'Action'... it will spoil you, my pet, for any other bra. Scads of Lastex, stretching every which way...in the band, sides, back, even under the straps... give you a lively life of ease. And stitched cups subtly define your new, higher, rounder, Lovable look! Pamper yourself...take 'Action', \$2.50.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

'ACTION'

2⁵⁰





Ursula Thiess, famous star of RKO, producers of "The Conqueror," new film in Technicolor

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE FASHIONS

continued

The straight and narrow look, a hit in Paris, has been adapted by our talented California designers in suits like this, left. A casual, relaxed silhouette, it features a supple, easy jacket with flat breast pockets and a banded bottom for hipline slimness. Fabric is a divine tweedy-textured block plaid in a blend of linen and cotton, Navy, gray, pecan. 8-18. Under \$50. Tailored in California by Rosenblum

The height of fashion in a suit reflecting the charm of the spring 1955 season. Mala Powers, right, wears the molded silhouette sparked with hand-cut rhinestone buttons. The fine ribbed worsted in skipper blue is highlighted by a red and white wing lapel insert design and white-touched diagonally placed pockets. Sizes 8-18, especially cut for the diminutive figure. By Lilli Annette of California. Under \$70



Continued

for the FRENCH look with the AMERICAN accent...

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(but yes!)

BUT YES! the new look is all the rage... and don't wait, rush... to see Hollywood-Maxwell's answer to it! Here is the high-bosom, softly rounded look in a bra that gives you an added lift, new comfort with a lace topped $\frac{3}{4}$ cup that's underscored with supple padded wire. It's another fashion scoop for Hollywood-Maxwell, the wonderful wizard of bras, maker of those famous Whirlpool bras! White nylon, 3.95. A B C cups.



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BARBARA DARROW
STARS WITH R.K.O. Studios
PRODUCERS OF
'THE CONQUEROR'

*Follow
the Sun
with*

Saba

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*Exotic as the Jewels of a Khan...Cool and lovely
as the melody of Gamelan Bells...The **BALINESE** Group by Saba!*

Junior Playclothes of sanforized, vat-dyed,
combed cotton. Ours alone the exotic print...
the pulsating colors of the Far East.

Right: Full Skirt — Halter Top.

Left: Fitted Shorts — Camisole Top.

Not Shown: One-shoulder Dress — Balinese Pants

All prints in combinations of Sapphire —
Turquoise — Amethyst; Citrine — Topaz — Jade;
Rose quartz — Carnelian — Amethyst;
combined with solid colors of Sunset Pink,
Sky Blue, and Citron Yellow.
Sizes 7-15. At Better Stores Everywhere.

Write for name of Saba Store in your locality.

**CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE
FASHIONS** *continued*



California to a "T" and ready to sweep the country, a delightfully fresh new balloon print cotton in carnival colors, worn, left, by Mala Powers. Contrast rickrack trims the flattering scooped neck and full flared skirt, its waistline pared to a minimum by velveteen belt. Under \$15. Above,



the beloved shirtwaist dress, all the rage and worn by Ursula Thiess in silkened cotton and nylon blend. Tailored to perfection with push-up sleeves, convertible collar, and bouffant skirt with its own petticoat. Mauve, blue, champagne. Under \$18-18, 7-15. Both by California G

PHOTOPLAY *Star Fashion Award* **STYLES**

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Beautiful Dream Step Shoes are the choice of the stars. Dramatically styled for every occasion... in gleaming leathers and supple suedes... Dream Step Shoes and Dream Step Teens add fashion excitement to your every step. You'll love their thrifty price, too!

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DENISE DARCEL
starring in
"VERA CRUZ"

SuperScope, Color by Technicolor
Released thru United Artists
A Hecht-Lancaster Production



For
Where to Buy these fashions
turn to page 82



Rain it will, but like Mala Powers, look your most glamorous in a coat 'n' hood of light Krene plastic. Silk-screened cloud design on skirt twinkles with rhinestone stars. The corded hemline insures a standout look. Clear, red, blue: California Slikerette. \$10.95. Her boots, Rain Dears by Lucky.

Continued

Mala Powers is in "Seven Bad Men" by RKO, producers of exciting film, "The Conqueror"



"You mean this bra adds without pads?"

We mean fabulous Tres Secrete lets Mother Nature herself improve upon your bosom. For with inflatable Tres Secrete, you use *glamorous air* to achieve the bosom curve you've always dreamed of having. No more fit-or-don't-fit padded bras. Tres Secrete comes pre-inflated and ready to wear, but you can adjust it to your own figure . . . and to different fractions of fullness for different dresses, sweaters and blouses.

Easy to adjust? Like breathing! No fuss, no gadgets. And only Tres Secrete gives you the softly-rounded, young, high bosom that's so current and Parisian. Just see what a light, lovely thing it is to wear. You'll feel at ease with the world . . . knowing no one could guess the secret of this most natural of bras!

Adjustable Tres Secrete is available in pretty nylon or cotton styles from 2.95. For the store nearest you, selling Tres Secrete, just drop us a line. At the same time ask for your FREE copy of Babs Smith's wonderfully informative booklet, "What's Missing In Your Life?" Write to Dept. P-4, La Resista Corset Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



Tres Secrete
(the very secret bra)

CALIFORNIA

SUNSHINE

FASHIONS

continued



Look for lovely Barbara Darrow in new films by RKO, makers of "The Conqueror"



California swimwear shines from lake to pool cross-country, and one reason why is Rose Marie Reid's "Bubbling Over," above, in elasticized bengaline, polka-dotted within an inch of its life. Barbara Darrow wears the figure-hugging swimsuit with contrast bra insert. Flange bra adds or detracts, whichever you need. Brown, deep pink, navy, aqua with white. 9-15. \$19.95

For the best figure you ever dreamed of, a shirred-back sheath in crease-resistant cotton broadcloth worn, left, by Barbara. "Mad Mittens" conversation fun print is rampant with mittens and gloves. Contrast-piped flange trims a contour bra. Detachable straps. Lilac with lime, royal with green. 9-15. By Rose Marie Reid. \$11.95. Barbara's waterproof Swimcap of the Stars by Playtex

For

Where to Buy these fashions
turn to page 82

Fashion starts with the shape beneath, and here's an undercover fashion that insures an up-to-the-minute silhouette. Heavenly long-line strapless bra with foam rubber booster padding in the stitched cups for a new high bosom. Nylon elastic panels, gentle boning mold the long slim line. Detachable garters. White or black lined nylon lace. 32-38, B-C cups. Hollywood-Maxwell. \$12.50



Funny, What April Fools Will Do

(Continued from page 59)

propriety. Janie thought the policeman was playing a joke when he stopped her car on the way to the church to marry Nerney and said, "You're speeding." Janie smiled her sweetest smile and told the officer, "I'm on my way to be married." The policeman looked at her licenses—riding and driver's—smiled just as sweetly and handed her a ticket. But Janie knew it as a joke when the best man, who was supposed to pick her up and take her to the church, went without Jane and when the frantic groom asked, "Where's Janie?" the man groaned, "Oh, I forgot about her." And it was Jane's turn to forget when she left the lonely matching coat for her sister Helen Rose-designed wedding dress at home. Janie remembered the coat at the reception and insisted on going back for it, then wore the coat for the rest of the evening!

Howard was showering in April when Howard bawled his first song on earth. Howard tells me he hates all forms of practical jokes. But it was different when Howard started life as a struggling short-order cook. He flipped flapjacks into customers' mouths with the greatest of ease. Of course he could have slipped on a flap—as he had—gained to the boss. Today, he still retains a bit of the old whimsy. How about naming his two children with a K for Kaiya and Kristine. But he wants to break the daisy chain and get a boy next time (in the spring tra la).

The first ambition of the Aries is to be a professional competitor, his object is the material gain so much as the

He's always one step ahead of everyone else; has the first word, often last, too, in any argument and frequently wins by sheer vim and vigor. Aries, Debbie Reynolds made her appearance on earth on April 1st, and her friends will confirm, Debbie is the air and delight of all who know her. I never know what she will say. I was when Russ Tamblyn asked if she could borrow the comb he could borrow.

"Over there," said Debbie. "Bring it back, Rusty said, 'Thanks for the comb, Debbie.' " "Not at all," said Deb. "That's the one for my French poodle."

Once Kelly does the next best thing to an April child. She rooms with one, Gam, when they are both in Hollywood.

And what fun these femmes have. They answer the phone, each pranks the other, pretends to be the other, makes appointments, cancels dates and makes for a madness all down the line. Rita confessed to me that she used to be of telephones. She'd always get tied when offered a job. Not now. Rita makes big entrances at parties, then is bored and is the first to leave. She is to learn to drive a car. Hates work, but doesn't love orchids. And she is all forms of outdoor sports. I'm sure what she means, but Rita who mostly in the East, claims that Hollywood has given her a split personality. Serious and ardent in all they undertake at the stars say about April's children. They cannot go into anything halfheartedly and, therefore, if they once depose upon a cause—social, political, religious—they'll work for that cause with vim and vigor of their energetic spirits. Sounds like Bill Holden, doesn't it? Bill was born April the 17th. I remember last year when Bill won the Oscar at the age of 17. There was a party for Chasen's later. He was embarrassed to flaunt his Oscar so his wife, Marshall, who wasn't, carried it

under her fur coat. Later when Bill and Brenda drove happily home in their brand-new Cadillac and Bill could show his ecstaticism, he whirled into his driveway on a one finger turn and smashed that beautiful car on a square, very square, cement post.

Gregory Peck chalks up thirty-nine years on the fifth of April. This charming sprite in male clothing betrays a terrific sense of humor with his eyes. But he's been too busy nowadays for foolish pranks. And he has been so rushed in the past two years—filming in Rome, Ceylon and Britain—that even the children he loves best in the world haven't seen too much of him. But they remember that no matter how tired he was when he came home from the studio, he was never too exhausted to get on all fours and make like a bear and play with them.

It's said that when an Aries child becomes addicted to a particular habit, he'll throw all his energy into satisfying this whim. Maybe this is the reason why Spencer Tracy is called King of the Gags and Prince of Procrastination. This prime character, born April 5, makes five thousand reservations for every trip. He hates the bother of packing and changes his mind about leaving town a thousand times. So all steamship and airline companies know that 999 times out of a thousand, Mr. Tracy will cancel.

It was Spence who pinned the "King" tag on Clark Gable. One of the big pools named Clark, "Monarch of the Movies." The next time Gable went to his dressing room, he fell over a huge crown labeled King—a gift from his best friend, Mr. Tracy.

During the filming of "Broken Lance," Spencer kidded a lot with young Robert Wagner who worshipped him. They were discussing a role and Robert said, "Gee, I'd like to do that, but I'm too young." "Listen kid," said Spence, "by the time we get through this film, you'll be too old."

And during a scene on location, director Eddie Dmytryk asked Spencer to ride over the hill into camera range. "That's a steep hill," complained Spencer.

"Don't you think you can do it?" the director jeered.

"I'll give it a try," said Tracy hesitantly, adding, "but it's a very tricky ride." The cameras rolled and the horse appeared over the hill, but the saddle was empty! Dmytryk went white with fright. He was afraid to think of what had happened to his star, let alone the delay in production. That is—until he saw Tracy coming over the hill, bent over with laughter. That's what I call a scary joke—even for an April fooler.

For those April foolers born after the 20th of the month, their star sign is Taurus and they're reputed to be amicable and kind, strong and determined and great lovers of food—rich, heavy food. Perhaps this had something to do with Celeste Holm's joke while working in "Carnival in Rio." The first scene called for a banquet setting with real food. Heavy food. Celeste, who was born April 29, deliberately blew her lines so that everyone at the groaning board really groaned, trying to get the food down, take after take. Another food funny on the zany Celeste. She was eating spaghetti at an outdoor restaurant in the Farmers' Market. A stranger at the next table was also eating the same delectable dish. When Celeste had cleaned her own plate, she calmly leaned across to the next table and swiped a forkful of spaghetti from the very startled luncheon. And more to do with food. When Celeste flies, passengers can't believe their eyes when she joins the stew-



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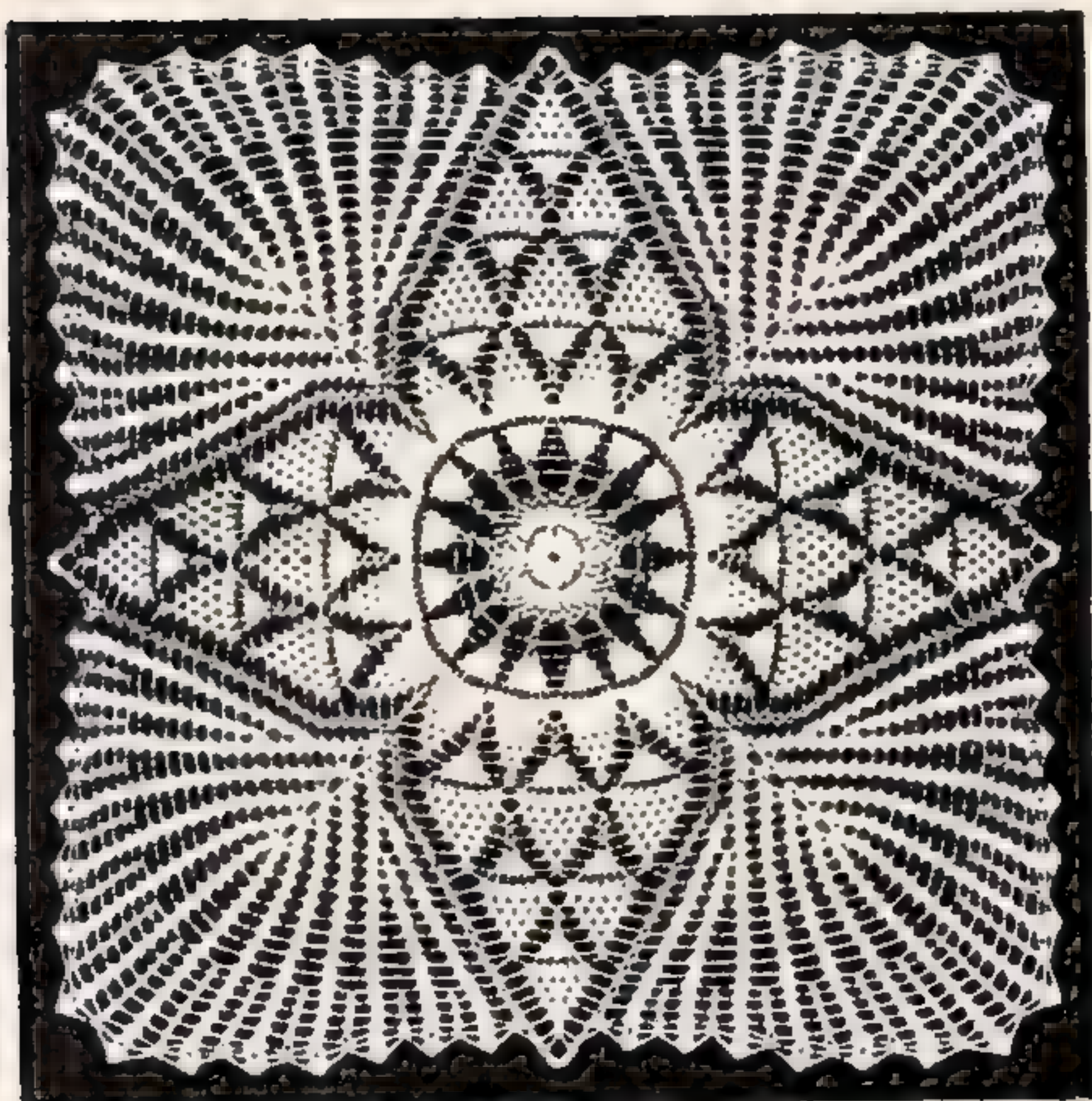
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NEEDLE NEWS



764



754

58 INCHES



7213

7213—Match a new handbag to a dress. Make several—this tote-bag is a jiffy style. Pop everything into it. Directions for two sizes, larger 10 x 12 inches.

7061—Pop daughter into this adorable shoulder-tie sundress. Sewing, easy—embroidery, a cinch. Children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer. State size.

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS
IN BLUE, GREEN, BROWN



7130

7130—Iron-on peacocks in combination of bright blue, ocean green and brown. No embroidery. Transfer of six washable designs: two 7 1/4 x 3; four 4 1/4 x 7 inches.

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754—Inspired by priceless tablecloths one hundred years old! This heirloom beauty combines simple-to-memorize stitches in a dramatic design. Tablecloth, 58 inches square in heavy cotton.



7061
SIZES
2-10

ardess to serve lunch or dinner. convivial flyer asked her, "Has any ever told you you're the spitting image of Celeste Holm?" "I'm not only her image, I'm her," replied Holm.

Ann Miller, who's one of them April fools, describes people who are born April as full of energy and fast thinkers. But she says they are not as gay as people think. It's just that they put up a funny front. I'd describe Ann as a very bubbly personality and very amusing. She usually says the first thing that pops into mind. I'm reminded of when she was visiting wounded G.I.'s in a hospital. As she left them, beamed the message "Cheer up, better luck next time." when someone was discussing Fred Astaire's sister Adele, who married the Duke of Devonshire, Ann was that Adele lived in the very ancient more Castle in Ireland. "When did you buy it?" she asked innocently.

There was, too, that party Ann gave to celebrate the engagement of Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds. Eddie was in New York, but that didn't stop Annie. She rigged up a dummy to look like Eddie and pinned this note to his lapel—"It was a rough trip honey, but I made it."

Corinne Calvet comes under the sign of Taurus, having been born the 30th of April. And like a true Taurian, Corinne has a deep sense of loyalty and a stubborn with-it attitude. Most Taurians are strong and determined and will set up a goal for themselves, working with patience and persistence until they make a success of it.

Take, for instance, Corinne's persistence. When the Chicago Chamber of Commerce bet the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce that a block of ice would melt faster in Chicago than in L.A., Corinne went into action and, because we had one of those unusually cold days, sat on the ice to melt it, so saving the honor of her adopted city.

Bette Davis is an example of Aries, the qualities of individualism and independence which can make a creative genius for the mind is keen when it is well disciplined. She also has the Aries ability to dominate those around, with a fine courageous spirit that's confident and the strength of strength.

Bette was born forty-seven years ago April 5, 1908. And in Bette all the best characteristics burst through at seams. In the first place this gal really lies about her age. And in a way that's almost enough evidence to believe she's almost insane. She's as unpredictable as the weather of her natal month. Lusty, gusty, eats like a stevedore, like one sometimes. But when you expect it—just like an April shower Bette can be the Greatest Lady you ever saw outside of a Gainsborough portrait.

How about your April chums? Are they sedate or scintillating, and as a group, different from the rest of us Virgos, Capricorns and what have you's? Personally, I'm a Virgo, but right now I feel like an April flower that's about to bloom in May. Even writing about them is contagious.

THE END



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There are periods of 1 to 3 hours each day when your skin is "not itself," skin doctors say. This is right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural protectors of the

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Read what these women do to prevent these serious skin problems—

After each washing, "re-balance" your skin

You yourself have noticed the more *obvious* signs of this "un-balance" after washing your face:

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What do leading skin specialists advise? Should you *avoid* washing your face? "Not at all," they say. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . ."

Noted beauties, among them the Duchess of Sutherland, follow each face washing with a light Pond's Cold Creaming. This takes less than 7 seconds—yet Pond's "re-balances" your skin within 1 minute, at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It promptly restores skin elasticity. Combats dryness. Keeps pore-openings cleared. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

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Most-famous beauty formula in the world—never duplicated, never equalled. More women use Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.



The Duchess of Sutherland

—photographed against the turreted grandeur of Dunrobin Castle. Here the Duchess and her husband, the 5th Duke and 12th Baronet of Sutherland, entertain during grouse season. By the North Sea in the Scottish Highlands, the Castle is very formal, with magnificent fountains and gardens.

The Duchess has the exquisite complexion for which British women are famous. Like so many beautiful women who use Pond's Cold Cream to "re-balance" their skin after washing, to deep-cleanse at bedtime—the Duchess *relies* on Pond's. She says, "No beauty care leaves my skin as smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream."

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These fashions will also be featured in a short subject to be released by RKO Studios, producers of the new motion picture, "The Conqueror"

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Each manufacturer is identified here with a special Code Number as listed in box below. Use that number to check stores that carry his merchandise in your shopping area.

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California Slikerette.....	4
Dove Skin Undies.....	5
Saba Dresses.....	6
Hollywood-Maxwell Bras.....	7
Jr. Miss of California.....	8
Jeannette Alexander.....	9
La Resista Bras.....	10
Lovable Bras.....	11
Rain Dears.....	12
Rosenblum Suits.....	13
Connie Shoes.....	14

Lilli Annette Suits, Rose Marie Reid Swimsuits, Georgia Kay Dresses and Maidenform Bras available at leading department stores coast-to-coast.
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Dream Step Shoes available at your shoe store.

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Loveman, Joseph & Loeb 1-8-12-13
Pizitz D. G. 11-12
Burger-Phillips 7-12-13
Mobile—Gayfer's 8
Hammel's D. G. 14
Montgomery—Flack's 8

ARIZONA

Phoenix—Goldring's 1-3-8
Goldwater's 8-7-13
Korrick's 3-6-10-13-14
Diamond D. G. 6-7
Tucson—Levy's 1-6-7-8
Albert Steinfeld 3-6-13
Jacome's 2-6
White House 5-6

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs—Rosenthal's 2
Little Rock—Pfeifer's 1
Gus Blass 3-7-13-14
M. M. Cohn 4-13

CALIFORNIA

Berkeley—Blackman's 8
Roos Bros. 13
Long Beach—Buffum's 3-6-7-8-13
May Co. 6
Los Angeles—
Broadway D. S. 3-4-6-7-8-10
Bullock's 2-3-4-6-8-12-13
J. W. Robinson 1-2-6-8-9-13
Desmond's 1-3
Coulter D. G. 4-6
May Co. 3-4-6-7-8-9-10-13
I. Magnin 1-9-13
Oakland—
H. C. Capwell 3-5-6-7-8-13
I. Magnin 13
Kahn's 3-8
Goldman's 6-8
Pasadena—Bullock's 6-7-8-13
Field's 3-8
I. Magnin 8-13
De Luxe Shop 2
Sacramento—Eastern 8
Hale's 6-8-12
Roos Bros. 13
Weinstock, Lubin 3-5-7-12-13
Village Shoe 2
Lewin's 3-4
San Francisco—
The Emporium 2-3-6-7-10-13
Hale's 3-6-8-10
Roos Bros. 3-6-8-13
Macy's 3-4-6-8-13
Livingston's 3-8
The White House 3-6-8-13
San Jose—Hale's 8

COLORADO

Denver—Daniels & Fisher 8-13
Denver D. G. 8-13
May Co. 1-7-8-10-13
Neusteter's 7-13
Amter's 3

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—D. M. Read 7-8-12
Howland's 5-10-13
Hartford—Sage-Allen 1-10-12
Brown-Thomson 10
G. Fox 3-5-10-13

DELAWARE

Wilmington—Kennard-Pyle 1-2
Crosby & Hill 13
Schulman's Bootery 2

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Julius Garfinkel 2-8-9
S. Kann 8-10-11-12
Woodward & Lothrop 2-3-8-10-11-12-13
Lansburgh's 7-11-12
Hecht Co. 3-5-10-12-13
Jelleff's 7-10-12-13
Raleigh Haberdasher 13
Franklin Simon 2

FLORIDA

Jacksonville—Furchgott's 7-14
Cohen Bros. 2-10
Miami—Burdine's 3-4-6-8-10-13
Franklin Simon 2
Byron's 1
Hartley's 6-7
Tampa—Haber's 8
Maas Bros. 6-7-8-10-13
O. Falk's 10

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Davison-Paxon 1-2-5-6-8-10-11
Rich's 4-5-7-8-10-11
J. P. Allen 1-2-3-6-7-13
Franklin Simon 2
Savannah—Levy's 6-10
Lady Jane Shoes 2

ILLINOIS

Chicago—
Carson, Pirie Scott 1-3-6-8-10-12-13
Marshall Field 3-5-7-8-9-12-13
Mandel Bros. 1-8-12

Chas. A. Stevens 1-2-3-6-8-12
The Fair 1-6-12
Goldblatt's 5-11

INDIANA

Ft. Wayne—Frank D. G. 8
Wolf-Dessauer 1-2-3-4-6-8
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres 5-6-8-10-11-12
Wm. H. Block Co. 3-6-7-8-12-13
H. P. Wasson 1

IOWA

Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co. 13
Davenport—Posner's 11
Des Moines—Wolf's 8
Yunker's 5-6-12-13-14
Martin's 10
Sioux City—Yunker-Davidson 8-13-14
T. S. Martin 12

KANSAS

Kansas City—Macy's 8
The Leader 13
Topeka—Pelletier's 11-14
Crosby Bros. 13
Wichita—Geo. Innes 1-13
Buck's 3-14
Thurston's 2

KENTUCKY

Lexington—Purcell's 10
Wolf Wile 13
Louisville—Stewart D. G. 3-8
Kaufman's 1
Bon-Ton 11
Selman's 6-7-14
Durand's 10

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge—
Dalton Co. 3-4-6-8-12-13-14
House of Fashion 3-7-8
New Orleans—
D. H. Holmes 2-3-4-7-8-10-11-13
Maison Blanche 7-8-13
Godchaux's 2-7-9
Marks Isaacs 14

MAINE

Portland—
Porteous, Mitchell & Braun 5-11-12

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Hutzler's 8-13
May Co. 2-8-12-13
Hochschild, Kohn 1-3-10-12
Brager Eisenberg 11-12

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—
Jordan Marsh 4-6-7-8-10-11-12-13
Filene's 1-4-5-6-11
Gilchrist's 12
Franklin Simon 2

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Ernst Kern 12
Crowley, Milner 8-12
Demery's 6-8
Himelhoch's 3-6-8-13
J. L. Hudson 6-8-11-12
Klein's 8-12
Winkelman's 1
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer's 6-7-11-12
Wurzburg's 6-12

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis—Dayton Co. 6-8-10-11-12-13
Donaldson's 6-8-11-14
Powers D. G. 7-8-11
St. Paul—Golden Rule 8-10-11-12
Schuneman's 7-8-14
The Emporium 10
Field-Schlick 13

MISSOURI

Kansas City—Harzfeld's 3-6-7-8-13
Emery, Bird, Thayer D. G. 7-12
Kline's 7-8-14
Macy's 6-7-11
Chasoff's 3-13
Levy-Wolf 2

St. Louis

Famous & Barr 4-5-6-8-11-12-13
Kline's 8-14
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney 3-6-7-8
Stix, Baer & Fuller 3-4-7-8-12-13
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NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Miller and Paine 1-13
Gold's 10-14
Hovland Swanson 13
Omaha—Philips Dept. Store 11
J. L. Brandeis 3-4-5-6-8-10
Herzberg's 4-6
The Aquila 13

NEW JERSEY

Elizabeth—Goerke's 4-7-8-12-13
Levy's 5
Newark—Bamberger's 1-3-5-6-8-12-13
Kresge's 12

NEW YORK

Brooklyn—May's 4
Namm Loeser's 12

Abraham & Straus 3-8-10-12
Martin's 8
Buffalo—Wm. Hengerer 3-8-11
Berger's 8-13
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson 10-11-13
J. N. Adams 5-10-12-14
New York City—Bloomdale's 6-8-12
Franklin Simon 2-8
Gimbel's 4-8-12
Lord & Taylor 8-9
B. Altman 4-6-12-13
Arnold Constable 7-13
De Pinna 4
Stern's 1-3-8-12-13
Saks 5th Avenue 6-7-8
Saks 34th St. 1-8-12
Best & Co. 10-12
Rochester—E. W. Edwards 12
McCurdy's 5-8-12
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr 5-11-12-13
Syracuse—Flah & Co. 13
Addis Co. 8-13
Dey Bros. 8-10-12-13
E. W. Edwards 6-12

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville—Jr. Miss 8
Ivey's 3-7
Charlotte—Belk's 1-3-6-13
Ivey's 10
Raleigh—Hudson-Belk's 10-12
Ivey-Taylor 2-12
Winston Salem—Stanley's 2

OHIO

Akron—M. O'Neill 1-5-8-12
Polsky's 1-8-12-13
Cincinnati—Rollman's 8-10
Mabley & Carew 5-7-14
H. & S. Pogue 8-11-12
Shillito's 3-6-7-8-11-13
Cleveland—Higbee's 1-8-12-13
May Co. 4-7-8-10
Sterling-Lindner-Davis 1-8-12-13
Wm. Taylor 10-12
Halle's 5-6-7-12-13
Franklin Simon 2
Columbus—F. & R. Lazarus 3-8-11-12-13
Boston Store 11
Morehouse-Martens 6-12-13
Dayton—Elder & Johnson 3-8-12
Rike-Kumler 3-7-10-11-13
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch 1-10-12
Lamson's 12-14

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—Halliburton's 3-8-10-11
J. A. Brown 1-12-14
Kerr's 7-12-13
Tulsa—Brown, Dunkin D. G. 1-8-12-14
Froug's 8-10
Vanderveer's 7-10
Seidenbach's 2

OREGON

Portland—Lipman-Wolfe 3-6-8-12-14
Olds, Wortman & King 3-6-7-8-13
Meier & Frank 3-6-10-12
Charles F. Berg 7-13
Bedell's 3-6
Chas. Berg 3-6

PENNSYLVANIA

Erie—Erie D. G. 1
Allentown—Hess Bros. 1-12
H. Leh 12
Wetherhold & Metzger 2
Philadelphia—Blauener's 8-11-14
Strawbridge & Clothier 1-4-10-12
Bonwit Teller 3-7-8
Gimbel's 4-8-13
Wanamaker's 1-8-12
Deweese's 3-10-12-13
Franklin Simon 2
Pittsburgh—Frank & Seder 8-11
Gimbel's 1-8
Horne's 1-4-6-10-12-13
Kaufmann's 1-4-5-10-11-12-13

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston—Schiff's 2
Condon's 6
Columbia—Davison-Paxon 10
Belk's 13
H. Averill 2
Greenville—Belk-Simpson 13
Meyers-Arnold 13
Ivey's 2-7
Patterson's 6

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—Loveman's 1-3-8-12
Miller's 3-4-8
Memphis—Lowenstein's 1-13
Goldsmith's 7-8-10-13-14
Franklin Simon 2
Hecht's 6
Nashville—Castner-Knott 2-5
Fox Apparel 8
Harvey's 1-12-13
Cain-Sloan 12

TEXAS

Dallas—Volk Bros. 1-9
A. Harris 6-8
Ring & Brewer 2
Neiman-Marcus 3-6-7-8-13
Sanger Bros. 1-5-7-8-11-13
Titcher-Goettinger 7-8-10

Fort Worth

The Fair 6-7
Meacham's 7-8
Mehl's 2
Houston—Battelstein's 4-8
Sakowitz's 4-6-7-8-13
Foley's 1-4-6-7-8-11
The Fashion 13
San Antonio—Frost Bros. 1-6-7-8-13
Wolff & Marx 14
Carl's 4-6-8
Joske's 1-4-6-7-8-12-13

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Auerbach's 3-4-8-13
Keith O'Brien 8
Z.C.M.I. 3-9-10-12-13
Makeoff's 13

VIRGINIA

Norfolk—Paul H. Rose 1
Smith & Welton 13
W. G. Schwartz 12
Goldman's 2
Richmond—Miller & Rhoads 3-7-8-13
Thalheimer's 13

WASHINGTON

Seattle—Nordstrom's 2
Bon Marche 6-8-12-13
Rhodes of Seattle 3-4-7-13
Spokane—Bon Marche 3-6-8-10
The Crescent 13
Tacoma—Rhodes Bros. 2-3-6-13
Walla Walla—Bon Marche 6-7-8
Gardner Co. 8
Yakima—Bon Marche 6-8

WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston—Coyle & Richardson 1-13
Stone & Thomas 2-12-13
Huntington—Anderson, Newcomb 13
Wheeling—Stone & Thomas 5-13

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—Gimbel's 1-8-10-12-13
Schuster's 5-8-11-12
Boston Store 3

It's Fun to Be Thin

(Continued from page 35)

are worth it and the advantages of being slim are many. For one, a slender figure gives you a much smarter appearance. You can feel the difference in you—and a difference in others. The very first comment you receive on your new figure seems to make all those days of calorie-counting worthwhile. I've also noticed that a new figure leads to a new interest in other things like your clothes, your hair-do, your fingernails. Automatically, also, you find you're being neater about yourself. You also find that your clothes budget stretches farther, since a slim girl can wear far less expensive clothes than heavier sisters and look twice as chic, too.

But in addition to the psychological lift, a trim figure brings other important advantages. You are not only prettier but healthier. In fact, science has proven that excess poundage can actually shorten life. Studies made by insurance companies strongly point up that overweight people die younger.

Doctors will tell you, too, that excess overweight can be the reason behind your skin irritations, headaches, indigestion, your always-tired feeling. All good reasons for moderation in eating habits, are they?

And despite the old saying that it's easier for a stout person who's jolly and happy, too, we're told this is not true. In fact, overeating, which is the main cause of overweight, usually signifies some personal problems.

"Eating is the one thing which gives pleasure," some folks seem to believe. "Why should I stop?"

Why? indeed! Why not? I say. Why not find a way of life that will enable you to eat to live, rather than living to eat? Live it. If you're overeating, chances are that you are simply over-indulging yourself, and quite unnecessarily so.

There are other things to do in this world of ours. You're already busy? Possibly not as busy as you think. Or perhaps boredom has set in and it's time for a change in your activities. Time to look for new interests, a new hobby, a new job.

If generalizations on the pleasures of being slender aren't enough for you, set yourself a goal, a specific one which successful dieting will help you attain—trying to slim down for the beach this summer.

I'm not saying that a smaller intake of calories will bring a greater number of proposals. But who can deny that such a project would be of great help? So don't help yourself?

You're convinced? But how to begin? Sensibly is the key word. First thing, consult your family doctor, or perhaps your school doctor or nurse as to your general health. If you've discovered a diet that seems good to you, better discuss it with one of them. For a few changes may have to be made in order to make it suitable for you. Your doctor will tell you how much weight you can afford to lose safely. (Is there any reason to stress that you should follow his advice very carefully?)

A good thing to remember about weight is that it's an individual matter. Perhaps you've envied the wasplike waist of a popular girl in your English class. All right, all you say, you're both about the same height, and if you could just whittle down to her proportions everything would be dandy—you think. But this isn't true. Weight—or lack of weight—that looks good on someone else may not be best for you at all. Face up, you may never

waistline like the girl in English II. She may have a small body frame; yours may be larger; again, your doctor, knowing you, may think you'll feel lots better and look nicer with just a few more pounds. In most cases, overweight is simply a problem of too much to eat and too little exercise. The number of so-called miracle weight reducers around these days are many (you know the kind that promises, "you, too, can take off ten pounds in a week or less"). If you've been seriously considering one of them, better ask your doctor about it when you see him. For the best way of losing weight is still the old-fashioned method of less food and regular exercising. Probably ten pounds a week is much too much weight for you to lose. If you can lose from one-half to one pound a week, you're doing splendidly, for a moderate steady loss is better than a big quick one.

Never begin a diet with the idea that you're going to have to starve yourself. You don't have to. If you eat the right foods, you'll never have to suffer from a gnawing hunger pain. Leave out starchy vegetables like corn, lima beans, peas, rich desserts and sweets that provide little but calories. Never go to extremes either. Remember, the rule is "cut down, not cut out."

For instance, take that very controversial meal called breakfast. A popular belief is that if you skip breakfast, you'll begin losing weight right away. So you deprive yourself of your morning meal and then what? You either grab a quick snack on the go or find yourself grumpy, tired and irritable and wondering why you've no energy.

Breakfast is a very important meal. Your body has gone a long night without food and it's going to object to waiting until lunch for the first nourishment of the day. The body needs food such as fruit juice, cereal, the protein in eggs as well as fat to supply energy. (Just learn to eat your eggs boiled or poached; fry them or scramble them and you more than double the calorie content.) In case you've forgotten, the fuel value of food and the body's energy needs are measured in a unit called a calorie. Too many calories, they turn to fat and overweight; too little and the body must use its own fat to make up the difference and you're underweight. This is why keeping track of calories is important in dieting.

With the help of the calorie table on page 82 you'll have no difficulty in keeping track of your daily calories. You may even want to clip and post this chart in a prominent place in your bedroom or in the kitchen.

With your calorie count in mind, plan your diet day by day. It's easier, and the thrill of sticking to it each day seems to make the days go by faster. In planning your daily menus, do make sure that the foods are included in each and every day's diet: citrus juice or fruit; 1 egg; 1 slice of toast; 1 tsp. of butter or fortified margarine; at least 1/2 quart of milk; meat or poultry or fish (which may be roasted, broiled or pan-broiled) or as a substitute for meat, eggs, hard cheeses or cottage cheese; also include one-half cup of fresh fruit, or canned fruit without sugar or unsweetened frozen fruit; a small baked potato; and as much as you like of plain salad greens, radishes, green pepper, garlic, onion, celery, cucumbers, or unsweetened coffee or tea, or lemonade without sugar. To determine what proportions to eat, keep in mind the daily calorie intake recommended by your doctor, then check the calorie content to see how many calories are contained in the foods you've listed in your menu. Total up all calories and you can see whether you're staying within limits.



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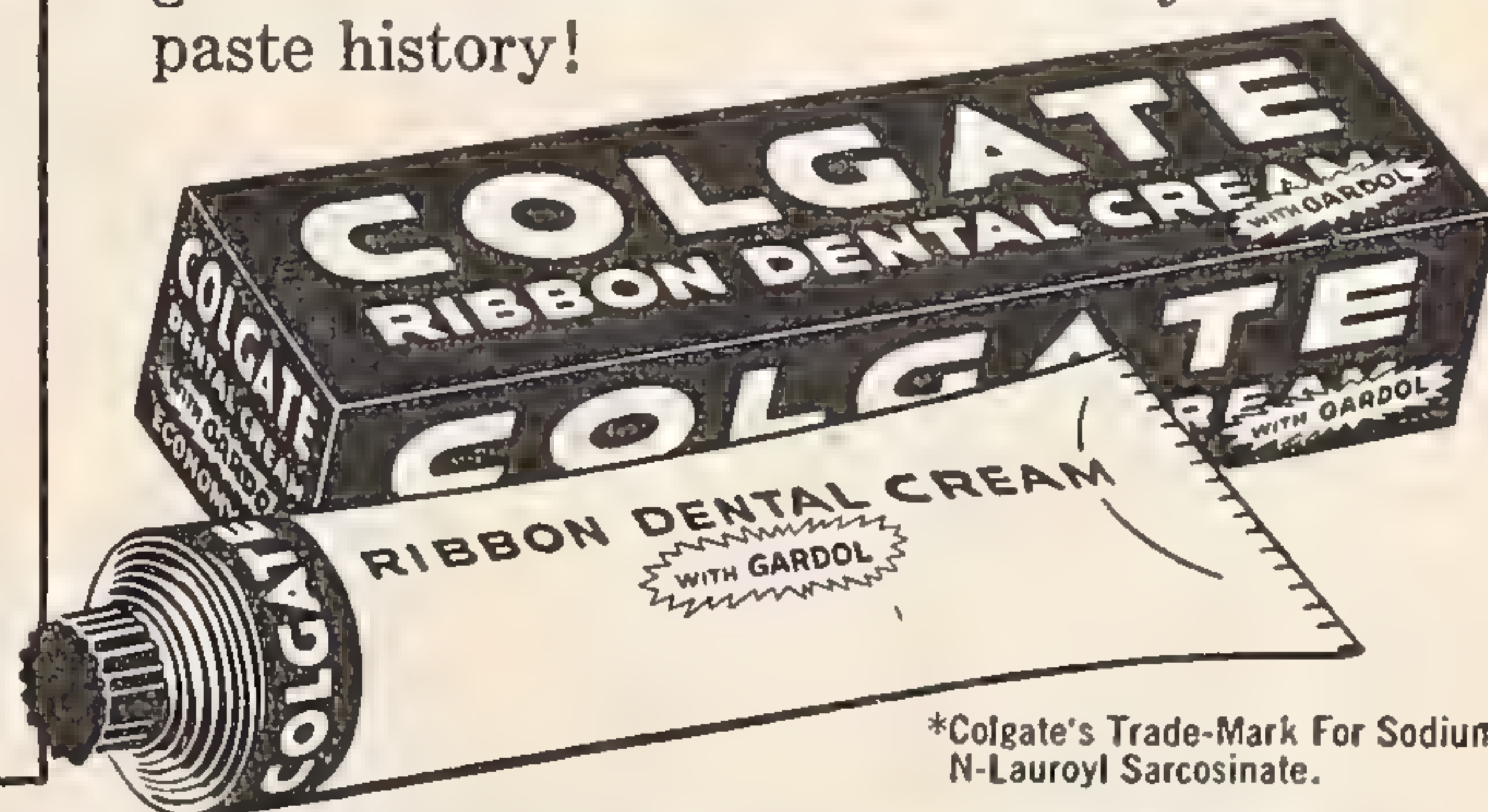


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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

Use This Calorie Table to Chart Your Daily Diet

FOOD	AMOUNT	CALORIES
CEREALS AND CEREAL PRODUCTS		
Breads—protein	1 slice (1 oz.)	75
Cereals—cooked	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. cooked (1 oz. dry)	100
Cereals—ready to serve	1 c. (1 oz.)	100
Doughnut	1 medium (2 oz.)	240
Graham crackers	1 cracker	40
Macaroni, spaghetti, rice	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. cooked (1 oz. dry)	100
Saltines	1 saltine	25
DAIRY PRODUCTS AND EGGS		
Butter	1 tablesp. ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.)	100
Buttermilk	8 oz. (1 c.)	85
Cheese—American	1" cube (0.7 oz.)	85
Cottage	5 tablesp. (1 oz.)	35
Cream	1 oz.	110
Cream—Heavy	1 tablesp.	60
Light	" "	30
Sour Heavy	" "	60
Eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	200
Ice Cream	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	200
Milk—whole	8 oz.	170
evaporated	8 oz. undiluted (1 c.)	320
FRUITS (raw or cooked without sugar)		
Apricots (5 medium fresh), bananas (1 medium), cherries (20), dates (4 medium dried), figs (3 small fresh), grapefruit ($\frac{1}{2}$ medium), grapes (1 large bunch, 7 oz.-Concord), honeydew melon ($\frac{1}{4}$ medium), pineapple (2 slices, 6 oz.), prunes (4 medium dried), raisins ($\frac{1}{4}$ c.), raspberries and strawberries (1 c.)		100
Apple, orange	1 medium	80
Apricots (6 dried, unsweetened halves), peach and pear (1 medium), plums (3 medium)		60
Lemon	1 medium	30
Tangerine	1 medium	50
Watermelon	1 slice, 6" diameter, 1" thick	110
FRUITS (cooked or canned)		
Applesauce ($\frac{3}{8}$ c.), apricots (3 medium halves and 2 tablesp. juice), peaches (2 large halves and 3 tablesp. juice), pears (3 medium halves and 3 tablesp. juice), pineapple ($\frac{1}{3}$ c. crushed or 2 medium slices), rhubarb ($\frac{1}{2}$ c.)		100
Fruit salad or cocktail	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. fruit and juice	125
Grapefruit	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	65
Strawberries	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	130
VEGETABLES (dried)		
Beans	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	100
Peas, lentils	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. before cooking	95
VEGETABLES (fresh)		
Asparagus (15 medium stalks), beets ($\frac{2}{3}$ c. diced), broccoli (1 c.), carrots (3 medium), tomatoes (1 c. cooked)		50
Beans ($\frac{1}{2}$ c. baked or lima), peas ($\frac{3}{4}$ c. green), potatoes (1 medium white), parsnips (1 medium)		100
Beans (1 c. green), squash ($\frac{1}{2}$ c. winter)		40
Beet greens and spinach (1 c.), pumpkin ($\frac{1}{2}$ c.), turnips ($\frac{3}{4}$ c. yellow)		35
Cauliflower (1 c.), tomatoes (1 medium raw), turnips ($\frac{3}{4}$ c. white)		30
Celery (1 c. diced, 6 stalks), onions (1 medium), sauerkraut ($\frac{2}{3}$ c.), squash (1 c. summer)		25
Corn—cut off cob	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	110
Cucumbers (1 medium), escarole (1 head), parsley (1 bunch)		15
Lettuce	$\frac{1}{4}$ medium head	12

FOOD	AMOUNT	CALORIES
Mushrooms		0
Radishes	5 medium	10
Yams	1 medium	155
FRESH OR CANNED JUICES (unsweetened)		
Apple cider, grapefruit juice	8 oz. (1 c.)	115
Grape juice	" "	160
Lemon juice	" "	83
Orange, pineapple juice	" "	120
Prune juice	" "	180
Tomato juice	" "	50
Vegetable juice	" "	48
MEATS, FISH, POULTRY		
Bacon	4 medium slices (1 oz.)	150
Beef—Corned	4 oz.	320
Lean Round	"	175
Lean Roast	"	185
Sirloin Steak	"	205
Chicken	4 oz. lean meat	145
Clams	9	87
Crab meat	$\frac{2}{3}$ c. (4 oz.)	92
Fish—Bluefish, Halibut	4 oz.	135
Codfish, Haddock	"	80
Herring	"	150
Salmon	1 c. canned	246
Sardines in oil	4 sardines	104
Tuna	1 c. canned	219
Whitefish	4 oz.	170
Ham—lean smoked	4 oz. parboiled and baked	175
Lamb—roast leg	4 oz.	210
chops	4 oz. (1 chop) broiled	225
Liver	4 oz.	200
Oysters	6 oysters (4 oz.)	92
Pork—chops	1 chop (4 oz.) cooked	215
roast loin	4 oz. lean meat	200
sausage	1 oz.	125
Scallops	$\frac{2}{3}$ c. (4 oz.)	84
Shrimp	8 shrimp (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.)	72
Tongue	3 oz. (5 slices)	170
Turkey	4 oz. lean meat	175
Veal—chops	1 chop (4 oz.) broiled	200
cutlet	3 oz. broiled	120
roast	4 oz.	145
MISCELLANEOUS		
Nuts	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	100
Catchup, Chili Sauce	1 tablesp.	20
Chocolate—bitter	1 square (1 oz.)	170
sweetened	1 oz.	220
Cocoa made with whole milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	100
Coconut	2 tablesp.	90
Coffee, tea without sugar and cream		0
Gelatin (plain unflavored)	1 envelope (1 oz.)	30
Honey	1 tablesp.	80
Maple syrup	1 tablesp.	65
Margarine	1 tablesp.	100
Marmalades, jams, jellies	1 tablesp.	85
Oils—olive, corn, peanut, cotton-seed, soybean	1 tablesp.	100
Salad Dressing	1 tablesp.	30
French Dressing	1 tablesp.	70
Mayonnaise	1 tablesp.	100
Sugar—granulated	1 tablesp.	50
brown	1 tablesp.	35
Soft Drinks	approximately 12 calories per oz., 8 oz. glass	90

Regular exercising is all a part of reducing—not that exercising will take off weight, but it helps by breaking down solid fat tissue; assists in building up flabby areas. Why not stop by and speak to your doctor or physical education teacher about an exercise program?

You might also be interested in the booklet, "Overweight and Underweight," which may be secured by writing to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, New York.

Another point you shouldn't overlook is getting mentally prepared. First, you must promise yourself that once you start you're going to follow through. To stop and start on a whim never shows results and secretly leaves you displeased with yourself for the lack of will power. Secondly, try to diet with a friend. It's amazing how much easier it is to pass the drugstore when you have someone with you who's so on a diet of lemonade, and it's twice as easy to do exercise when you can share the music and the groans with a dieting friend. Again, exercises should be done regularly. To let the spirit move you only once a week will do no good whatever.

As you can see, I've been convinced dieting's worth all the effort. I hope I've convinced you, too. There are over twenty-five million overweight persons in this country. If you're one of them, why not subtract one from the number. Not necessarily for statistics' sake, but for yourself. Once the deed is done, you'll have the time of your life.

THE END

Sentimental Rebel

(Continued from page 40)

headlines, or of being openly pursued, as any a glamour girl has found out to her noyance. "I can do my own hunting," the way Jeff sums up that little familiar Hollywood situation.

Jeff's always done his own summing up. Born Ira Grossel in Brooklyn, New York, some thirty-odd years ago, from the beginning Jeff had an almost violent individualism, which neither fame, fortune nor matrimonial disaster have been able to tame. While in high school, he made up his mind he was going to act. Since he had to help out in his mother's candy store after school, he couldn't take part in any of the school dramas. But upon graduating, he set out to earn the \$500 he needed for enrollment in dramatic school. It was a long struggle, and one day Jeff thought he'd found an easy way to earn the \$200 he could study commercial art, and from the money he'd earn as an artist, he could increase his weekly savings. He went off to art school; completed his course; started to work as a free-lance artist and within months was back at school—this time as an instructor.

It was through one of his art pupils, who was also studying drama at Feagin School of Dramatic Arts in New York, that Jeff was invited to one of the student plays. So impressed was he that evening that he got up early the next morning and was the first to arrive at Feagin's drama school. He had something to ask. Could he have a scholarship? He got it! After drama school and a stint in a Long and stock company, Jeff and actor-friend Bill Bryan started their own stock company in Elgin, Illinois. Although the company was a success, Jeff gave it all up to enlist in the Army after Pearl Harbor. Four years and a long spell in the Aleutians later, Jeff turned up in Hollywood, within days of shedding his first-lieutenant's uniform for civilian togs. Army dis-



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for dry, oily, normal hair

charge pay kept him eating until he landed the lead, on radio, of *Mr. Dana and Michael Shayne*, Detective. His big break came after he won the role of Eve Arden's boy friend on "Our Miss Brooks," and not too long after was signed for "Sword in the Desert." Since then, Jeff's career has in no way faltered in its steady climb to the top. Today, Jeff's only gripes are personal ones.

For instance, he actually wishes he weren't so distinctive-looking, so that he could go around more openly with the ladies of his choice. Or, at least, so he says. He claims his face has always been a difficulty to him. "It's put together like a hound dog's," he says, "making me look unhappy regardless of how I feel. Often I'm sitting alone somewhere and as close a friend as Tony Curtis will come up to me and say, 'What's the matter, Jeff?' Nothing is the matter. It's just my face, but people never believe that."

On the other hand, a brand-new white Cadillac and suits that no self-respecting tailor could possibly turn out under \$250 put on such a body as Jeff's would give him a high visibility anywhere. But he never seems to think of this, any more than he seems to realize he's being unusual in resenting his name being coupled with certain of his dates'. This resentment is not on their account or his own, but because such rumors "hurt Marje."

Marje is, of course, his ex-wife. She and Jeff were divorced a year ago after eight years that were so stormy that they had one serious parting and a reconciliation before their final separation. She has the custody of their two daughters: Jamie, who is now eight, and Dana, about to be six.

Jeff, a devoted father, calls them daily. He always talks to Marje, too. He visits them once a week, on Sunday. At the time of the divorce, he had "reasonable visitation rights," which he interpreted to mean he could drop in anytime. But he soon found that was disturbing all of them. So now he spends all day Sunday with them, and it bothers him that he can't take his girls on pony rides or to the various amusements spots around Los Angeles because when he does fans stampede him and he has to spend all his time signing autographs.

It worries him, too, that he has made his children the product of divorce. "I think that is the chief reason my own marriage went wrong," he says. "I came from divorced parents. So did Marje. That's a bad background for lasting love. I'm sorry Jamie and Dana are inheriting it."

Yet, individualistic rebel that he is, he has his freedom. He won't say whether it was he who most wanted the divorce or his wife. He insists that they both wanted it. But if that's true, then why does Marje care what he does? And why does he care if she does care?

He is naturally sentimental, though perhaps not aware of it. At a party about four years ago, Tony Curtis came rushing in, wearing the first tuxedo he had ever owned. Of course, Tony had worn tux in a picture or two, but this midnight blue number had been made to order for him and paid for with his own money.

Most young men, Jeff included, would have gone around pretending a new dinner jacket was a mere commonplace to them. But not the bounding Tony. He had to have everybody look at it, feel it, know the price of it. Watching him, Jeff murmured, "If anybody ever hurts that kid, takes that natural warmth away from him, I'll kill him myself." Of course Jeff is kidding, but his words imply a feeling which he has toward those who are of special importance to him.

"For instance, I'd hate to have a friend of mine, and I consider Tony a very good friend, find out what it is like to live alone."

Yet Jeff lives alone at the studio which at night couldn't be lonelier or spookier. But what he has for himself, the kind of life he leads means that he appreciates, all the more, what he would wish for those to whom he gives affection. The very personality traits Tony has, Jeff does not possess. He is fonder of Tony and admires him more than he does any other person—perhaps because he has none of Tony's easy outward-going warmth, none of his simple love of people.

But with all this admiration for well-rounded social life, when Jeff decided to get a house a few months back, he got it in Apple Valley, about one hundred miles from Hollywood and his friends.

But Apple Valley is no Palm Springs which is made up in equal parts of actors, writers, song pluggers and rich tourists. What's more, Palm Springs is within a reasonably easy commuting distance from Hollywood. There is a real movie-color aristocracy there. It's rich with the kind of talk you'd think Jeff would prefer, particularly now that he is getting more and more into music recording, and when he also wants to branch out into directing and producing as well as acting.

There's nobody like him in Apple Valley. What's more, the place is so distant from U-I that Jeff can seldom get there. To top it all, he just rents the house.

And a further part of his mysterious pattern is that he actually does have a Hollywood apartment. Virtually nobody has ever been in it, including Jeff. Yet he keeps it—"to be alone with myself."

Try to pin him down on that, ask him why he doesn't settle on one big house or apartment or something and he says "My needs are very small." Then in the next breath he's telling how back in his childhood he promised himself that one day he'd be making \$5,000 a week, and that he is almost at that goal right now. He also confesses that he began acting, not from any artistic urge, but because it was "the fastest way to make a buck" that he knew about. Then he reverses gears and says he wants to become a director because he can't get enough self-expression from acting.

Along with his singing and lyric writing from which he is getting a big character (and a lot of income) he's now branching out into writing, both for movies and radio. And being very good at that, too.

Which doesn't give him too much time in which to date Betty Abbott, who used to go with Rock Hudson. Is Jeff serious about Betty, whom he calls "a real nice girl," more serious than he was about Gloria DeHaven not so long ago, or Ann Sheridan once upon a time? Maybe Jeff will remarry. He says that he wants just as he says he does hope to fall in love again. But none of the girls he dates resemble one another and whenever a name is coupled with a particular girl he scowls angrily "because of Marje."

It all proves he's sensitive to other peoples' emotions, even while apparently he doesn't want to conform too much to them himself.

And all the various mediums of expression he is now indulging, like his singing, acting and writing, prove how much creative drive he has, which is one of the reasons he is so appealing on-screen.

If and when the girl comes along who can turn him from being an "aloners" into being a happy husband, then you'll really see something. But even as he is right now, you have to admit—Jeff's pretty damned wonderful!

THE END

Love Has Charms

(Continued from page 47)

"But in that case you might have asked me where I was and what I was doing," Rory told her. "And that would have spoiled everything."

"Everything like what?"

"Like the surprise," he said, reaching into his pocket and producing a small package.

He handed it to Lita and she opened it. Inside the box lay a circular charm with a heart in the center. She saw that it had been inscribed and she read the words aloud. "May we love as long as we live and live as long as we love."

"They're beautiful. The gift," said Lita. "And the thought. Both of them."

The Calhouns refrain from flaunting their sentiment. But it's there. And it's real. "You know," says Lita, "I can look at one of the charms and suddenly the memories come back. Sometimes I get lost in them for a while. Then Rory will come in from work and I find myself welcoming him as if I hadn't seen him for weeks!"

She laughs. "Take this funny little charm. See? It's Leo, the Lion, with his paw on his forehead. That stands for my first sip of champagne and the fact that I'm a Leo girl. Rory brought it to me the day after a birthday party. Crazy? Not to us."

The humor lies in the fact that neither Rory nor Lita drink, except for an occasional bit of champagne. And when Lita took her first taste of the bubbling beverage, her husband teased her. "That one swallow will give you a terrible hangover," he warned. But Leo's the one with the hangover—it's permanent and in gold.

The sentiment lies in the fact that when Lita first met Rory, he was sitting ringside at Mocambo, with an untouched magnum of champagne by his side. "I had my own orchestra at the time," Lita remembers. And we were playing there.

"I'd seen Rory before. He'd danced by the bandstand many times, with many dates, and I'd smiled and said hello, just as he smiled at all of the dancers. Then one evening he came in alone."

Rory was Diamond Jim Calhoun that night. He'd just picked up his salary check and decided, for a change, he'd splurge a little. He'd had a magnificent feast at the exclusive Bel Air Hotel—in a large booth by himself. "This booth is usually reserved for Greta Garbo," the waiter had said. "Suits me just fine," Rory had replied.

He'd thought that he, too, wanted to be alone in all this splendor, until he'd found a picture of the lovely Isabelita Castro coming back into his mind. Then he headed for the Mocambo.

He'd ordered champagne with a flourish. Perhaps she'd be impressed? She was. "I'd seen people with magnums at their tables before," she smiles. "But most of them had been gulping down the stuff. Rory was hardly touching his."

When she came off-stage, he stood up and introduced himself. "I'm Rory Calhoun," he said, "but call me Smokey."

"I'm Isabelita Castro," she said, "but call me Isabelita."

"Won't you sit down for a minute? Have a glass of champagne with me?"

She didn't drink and she never sat with guests and she had to freshen her make-up before going back on-stage. "How about just talking for a while?" he asked.

"Maybe, after the next set of numbers," he replied. And when she came off-stage again, she saw that he was waiting.

Lita's first birthday after their marriage, there was the party with champagne. Then came Leo with the aching head. And there's still another Leo, for still another

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birthday. "That was the time I thought he'd forgotten," says Lita.

"We were at the ranch in Ojai when we decided to have a small celebration. Well, Rory came in, loaded down with packages. Large ones. He'd brought me some lovely things. But I couldn't help the feeling I had . . . that he'd forgotten the most important item. After all, I told myself, you can't expect your husband always to remember. You're an idiot to be disappointed, you mustn't let him know."

She glanced up and saw that Rory was looking at her, and she saw a smile spread over his face. "There's something else," he said. "In my pocket." And there was Leo, sitting in the middle of the world, with stars all around him.

Six years . . . There's the medal of St. Joseph Copertino, which reads, "Fly with Me in Safety." There's "Our Lady of Guadalupe—Protect Us." Because one or the other was always flying somewhere—even from the very first.

The evening they met, Rory asked if he might drive Lita home. "My brother comes for me every night," she told him. Then she added, "But I might call, and if he hasn't left the house. . ."

He hadn't. And Rory took Lita home, the long way, via four drive-ins. "Let's have a hamburger," he suggested. They did.

"How about some coffee?" he said next, because he didn't want the evening to end. And they stopped at another place.

"We forgot dessert," was the thought that followed, a few blocks later.

"By all means, let's have dessert," said Lita.

When they left the third eatery, they were laughing. "Another cup of coffee?" asked Rory.

"Love one," said Lita. "But won't it keep you awake tonight?"

Then he told her. He was catching a plane at dawn. He was supposed to be in San Francisco for a personal appearance.

Finally, they reached Lita's house to find her family somewhat frantic and offering a relieved welcome. Rory and Lita and the Castros stayed up and talked the rest of the night and they drove him to the airport. "I wish I had a medal for you," were Lita's last words, "to keep you safe."

After their wedding, it was Lita's turn to fly to San Francisco for a personal appearance. Rory couldn't get away to accompany her and when he put her aboard the plane, he pressed another box into her hand. "Safe flight," he said. It was the St. Joseph Copertino medal. "Fly with Me in Safety."

Later, he visited her in San Francisco and when he left, she found "Our Lady" on her dressing table.

"Six years," says Lita. "It seems more like six days. Problems? There could have been. For instance, for a while I'd intended to give up show business completely. Everyone said that a career and a happy marriage would never go together. I'd been on the stage since I was two years old in Spain, but I decided to try to forget it all.

"Then one day I received a call that seemed irresistible. At first I refused. I was asked to reconsider. While I was talking, I glanced around and saw Rory in the doorway. Then I heard the back door close and the car drive away. When I hung up, there was no sign of Rory."

Later, much later, he returned with the medal of St. Genesius, the guiding Saint of careers. "As long as you have the business in your blood you might as well show it," he grinned. "Now go call the man and tell him you'll take the job."

"It's really all right?"

"It's really all right."

Lita has made night-club appearances

and done television stints ever since. But she has accepted no engagements that might interfere with the Calhoun marriage by keeping her away from Rory. Except once.

Their bookings got crossed. Rory was scheduled to go to Argentina to film "Wings of a Gaucho." Lita had committed herself for a night-club appearance with dancer Billy Daniels in Las Vegas and then Hollywood. Rory spent three weeks with her in Vegas before his departure for South America, leaving with her an "On Guard Angel" medal.

He was gone for three months and Lita threw herself into her work. Then came the closing night at Ciro's in Hollywood—the second and final show.

She noticed the way Billy kept peering through the curtains before their number began. "Billy, people are going to see you," she told him, thinking how unprofessional his behavior for a real professional like Daniels.

Billy looked anyway. Even while they were dancing on-stage, he seemed to be searching for someone in the audience. Lita followed his gaze. And then she saw Rory was at a ringside table. He'd come straight from the plane, beard, sport shirt and all. Lita let out a scream, stopped the show and ran over to her husband. "Speaking of unprofessional behavior," Daniels grinned later, when they were seated at the table.

"You knew," Lita accused him.

"Got a wire earlier in the evening," said. "Fine plot we had going!"

"Heard you were broke, honey," interrupted Rory. "So I rushed right back."

"Broke?" True, she hadn't become Mrs. Fort Knox, new costumes and arrangements costing what they had.

"Yep, poor kid, you worked so hard and made such a little bit of money. . ."

"I what? Now see here. . ."

"You see here," said Rory. And there was a fifty-dollar gold piece charm in his hand. "Now at least you can eat for a few days," her husband finished.

Lita laughs about it now. "Rory's a great kidder. He kids himself, too. Take the charm, for instance. It's Rory, holding on to a microphone for dear life. Funny, isn't it? But there's something serious about it, both of us. It indicates his growing assurance in the theatre world."

Rory had been on personal appearances before—but always with groups sent out by his studio. He'd never tried it alone. "But I'd like to," he said one day. "I'd like to meet the people who come to see my pictures and to thank them in some way."

To Rory, it was a big step. Being in a movie is one thing. Standing upon a stage, face to face with an audience is another. "We'll work up an act," said Lita. "Now let's see. You should sing and dance. . ."

"Me?"

"You!"

She taught him several difficult Spanish songs and she taught him to rhumba. "I have a problem," he'd say. "My feet keep getting in the way."

"Forget your feet," she'd advise.

They broke in the act in Philadelphia. Rory sang and told jokes and danced and Lita joined him for several numbers. "Those folks in the audience were so receptive," says Lita today. "They gave Rory the confidence he needed. And now I think he could tackle anything!"

The charms are for laughter, the gold times, the memories of the poodle Lita had wanted so badly, the one for which Rory had searched. "But before he found the right poodle, a friend of ours brought me Susie as a gift," says Lita.

So Rory had Susie's likeness cast in gold. "Here she is," he told Lita. And there was still another poodle. "And this is to . . ."

and you I haven't given up my particular arch!"

... The first bullfight. He'd watched her eyes light up and her excited cries of "olé!" And he'd had the event recaptured by their jeweler.

The charms are for tears. . . . For such long time, they'd wanted a baby. They'd hoped and prayed and planned and waited. And finally, when it seemed their wish could be granted, they wrapped their lives around their expected child.

In her fourth month of pregnancy, Lita came ill and lost the baby. As Rory sat beside her hospital bed, she tried to keep back the tears. "I'm sorry, darling," she told him.

"But you're all right," he said. "And there can be others, someday. . . ."

When he had to leave her, she buried her head in the pillow, and when her head reached up, it brushed against something small and hard. It was a charm. She held it fast. It was "Our Lady of Perpetual Help." And Lita knew that somehow their world would be right again.

Later, when she was well, she went on a shopping expedition. She arrived home with an armload of bundles. "I saw something today," she told Rory. "Another charm. It was a baby, holding a pearl. I thought of our baby."

Then she forgot the incident until Rory reminded her. Today the charm is on her bracelet.

The Calhouns have never been more aware of the importance of their charmed life than the evening they attended a surprise anniversary party given by the wife of an acquaintance. As it turned out, the event was very much of a surprise. Especially to their hostess's husband. He had completely forgotten the anniversary.

Rory and Lita found themselves sympathetically glancing toward their hostess. However, to their amazement, they saw no trace of disappointment or anger in her face. "I really couldn't care less," she laughed. "You see, we have a modern marriage. We don't go in for a lot of sentiment."

"I wonder if she honestly means that," said Lita quietly.

Rory reached over and took her hand and held it. "I'll take the old-fashioned way every time," he whispered. "And if I ever forget, toss the nearest lamp at me." "I'll toss every lamp in the house," Lita assured him, knowing she could afford to make the statement without the slightest risk to the furniture.

For that day she had received another charm—The Tree of Life. "It stands for health, for long life, long association, for unity and love," she says. "Forever."

THE END

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(Continued from page 60)

to drive it. Dad says it's a honey to drive."

Not that Bob's parents ever coddled him. He was loved but not spoiled. His sister, Mary Lou, four years older than Bob (she's now Mrs. Albert S. Scott, Jr., mother of three youngsters and married to a Claremont, California engineer) has never taken a public interest in Bob's career, nor has she ever visited the studio.

"Mary Lou," Bob once said wryly, "can set me back on my heels faster than anyone I know if I ever get too cocky. She never flatters me. She really tells me what she thinks when I give a bad performance. Even my six-year-old nephew once cut me down to size. I had gone over to Claremont to bring the kids some presents. No sooner did I step into the house when my nephew floored me by saying, 'Mom took me to see your movie. And you know something, Uncle R. J., you're a ham!'"

It was Bob's mother, gentle-faced, quiet and deeply religious (she is a follower of Unity) who explained how Bob Wagner first became R. J. "Mr. Wagner was always Bob to me and our friends. When our son came along and was named after his father, there was no thought of calling him Junior. Almost automatically he became R. J., and that's what he's been ever since, at home, at school and in our family."

Even Wagner himself, calling a friend on the phone, will say, "This is R. J." It is almost never Bob with anyone he knows well.

Bob's father, Robert J. Wagner, Sr., is about sixty—a bluff, hearty, self-made man who came up the hard way as a paint salesman in Detroit. When angered, he can roar like a wounded bull. Some of Wagner, Sr.'s explosive temper came down to his son, but R. J., like his old man, gets over his anger quickly. "I was never afraid of my parents," Bob will tell you today. "When I was a kid and they had friends over in the evening, I wasn't shushed away. They let me stay up as long as I liked, within reason. And the worst punishment they ever did or could give me was a disappointed look."

And the elder Wagner, whom his son calls "The Dude" or "Junior," out of love and affection, says, "We always gave R. J. his head and backed him up in whatever he did. When you treat a boy like a man, that's what he becomes."

A studio production man recalls an interesting sidelight on Mr. Wagner's attitude towards his son's career. It was on the day that R. J. and Richard Widmark had their slashing, bloody battle on a mountain ledge for one of the key scenes in "Broken Lance." Bob's parents were there watching the scene being shot. This was a tough, bruising, realistic fight among the granite boulders of the mountain, and both Widmark and Wagner suffered lacerations from their struggle. Mrs. Wagner watched the scene for a few moments, then turned and walked away, white-faced and visibly disturbed. Her husband stayed on, grimly taking it all in.

When one portion of the fight was over and the cameras were being readied for the next take, the production man turned to Mr. Wagner. "It's a sort of rough business, isn't it?"

"I know," Mr. Wagner said, quietly, "but life is rough, too. R. J. has to learn how to take it."

What makes the elder Wagner proudest of his son's achievement is the new and more respectful attitude towards R. J. among Mr. Wagner's associates in the steel business. "To them, R. J. was just a kid who was in the movies for a lark," recalled Mr. Wagner. "They remembered

him as a bright, smiling youngster who called, soliciting their orders during the time he was with me in the business. When he got into pictures they said very little, knowing I wasn't too happy about my son's new career. Then, one day, a couple of weeks ago, I stopped in to see a customer. The first thing he did was tell me he had just seen 'Broken Lance.' 'Say,' he said, 'that boy of yours is darn good! He's really come through, hasn't he?'"

"Well," Mr. Wagner went on proudly, "that was one of the greatest things that happened to me."

It has always angered R. J. to pick up a magazine and find himself described in an article as the son of a "millionaire steel tycoon." "How silly can you get?" asks Bob. "My father is far from a millionaire."

The elder Wagner is just as vehement. "I'm a long, long way from anything like that," he snorts. "Sure, I've made a few bucks, but I've worked for it. It didn't come to me on a silver platter. R. J. didn't get it the easy way, either. He sold papers, washed dishes, shined airplanes and took care of horses to get money for the things he wanted. That was because, long ago, I had made a deal with him. Every dollar he earned, I'd match. It turned out to be a pretty costly arrangement for me. R. J. is a hustler. He kept a little black notebook and jotted down every dime he made."

Yet it's Bob's mother, who was a private secretary in Detroit before her marriage, who feels most keenly any criticism leveled against her son. She delights in R. J.'s success, like any proud mother, but she cannot understand some of the things that go with it. "Even in La Jolla (a little seacoast town about 125 miles from Hollywood) we get phone calls for R. J. from youngsters all over the country," she revealed. "And fan letters, letters by the hundreds. I don't know how they ever ferret out our address. It's nice to know R. J. is so popular, but some of the silly things they've said in the gossip columns worry me."

Bob himself has concluded, in the maturity of his twenty-four years, that his only protection against malicious or silly gossip is "to be good up there on the screen. Sometimes," he says, "Mother would read some of those magazine articles and get terribly upset."

"Why do they say those things about you?" she'd ask.

"And I would tell her, 'Mother, somebody's always gossiping about actors. It's a favorite indoor sport, part of the picture business. I'm not worried, so don't let it get you down.'"

It is true, as Bob says, that like any successful actor he has had his share of gossip, of venomous digs and sheer fiction. There are always two sides to every story, as a certain singer named Johnnie Ray well knows.

"All I can tell you is that this Wagner boy is just about the greatest," said Johnnie. "He must have had a wonderful background to be the way he is. I remember when I first came to 20th to test for 'There's No Business Like Show Business.' Man, I was scared. It was my first picture and I was shaking all over. I'm on the recording stage, trying to get myself together to record my first number, when I see this tall, blue-eyed chap standing on the side. I recognized him immediately. Then suddenly he walks over, sticks out his hand and says, 'Johnnie, I'm R. J. Wagner, and I want to wish you the best of luck. Go ahead and kill 'em.'"

"Well," Johnnie continued, "having Bob do a nice thing like that got me up there and helped me forget all my nervousness."

and jitters. I sang the way I wanted to. And it was all due to Bob. I'll never forget that pat on the back as long as I live."

One of R. J.'s idols in the picture business is the tough, sardonic Spencer Tracy, whose son Bob played in what critics still say is R. J.'s best picture, "Broken Lance." It was Tracy who recalls the day on location near Nogales when he was lolling back in his chair, with his wide-brimmed stetson pulled low over his eyes against the hot Arizona sun, amusedly watching the assault of a group of local girls on his young co-star. The girls were pretty and eager and R. J. was responsive. "You know," drawled Tracy, "that was the day I began to understand how Wally Beery used to feel about me."

It was also Tracy who remembers how well Bob took a bit of sharp repartee that had R. J. on the receiving end. It happened after the "Broken Lance" company had returned to the home lot following some weeks on location. Bob had been designated by PHOTOPLAY magazine as "The Most Promising New Actor of 1953," but because he was away, Janet Leigh had accepted the honor for him at the Gold Medal Awards banquet. Later Janet brought the plaque over personally and gave it to Bob on his return.

Pretty excited, young Robert took the award to Spencer Tracy's dressing room. Although he holds Tracy in a respect that amounts almost to awe, R. J. kiddingly said, "See this, Mr. Tracy. That's what they think of me! I just want you to know the kind of actor you're working with."

The gray-haired Tracy looked Wagnerian and down unsmilingly, except for a wrinkle in his eye. "Yeah, kid," he drawled, "I know how you feel. I felt the same way the time I got my first Academy Award." "R. J. laughed as hard as anybody," Tracy chuckled, "and he's still telling that story around."

It is quite true that R. J. has always shied away from talking about his dates or his romances. As Bob himself says, "If I go out with one actress a few times, it's romance. If I date a lot of different girls, then I'm a Casanova. It's one of those heads-you-win, tails-I-lose' deals. So I date in out-of-the-way places."

But one of Bob's oldest friends, a girl with whom he went to grammar school and junior high, explains it further. She is a pretty, blue-eyed blond named Virginia Hunter, now the mother of a two-year-old youngster. "R. J. and I have known each other ever since his family first moved to California. We lived nearby in Bel-Air; his

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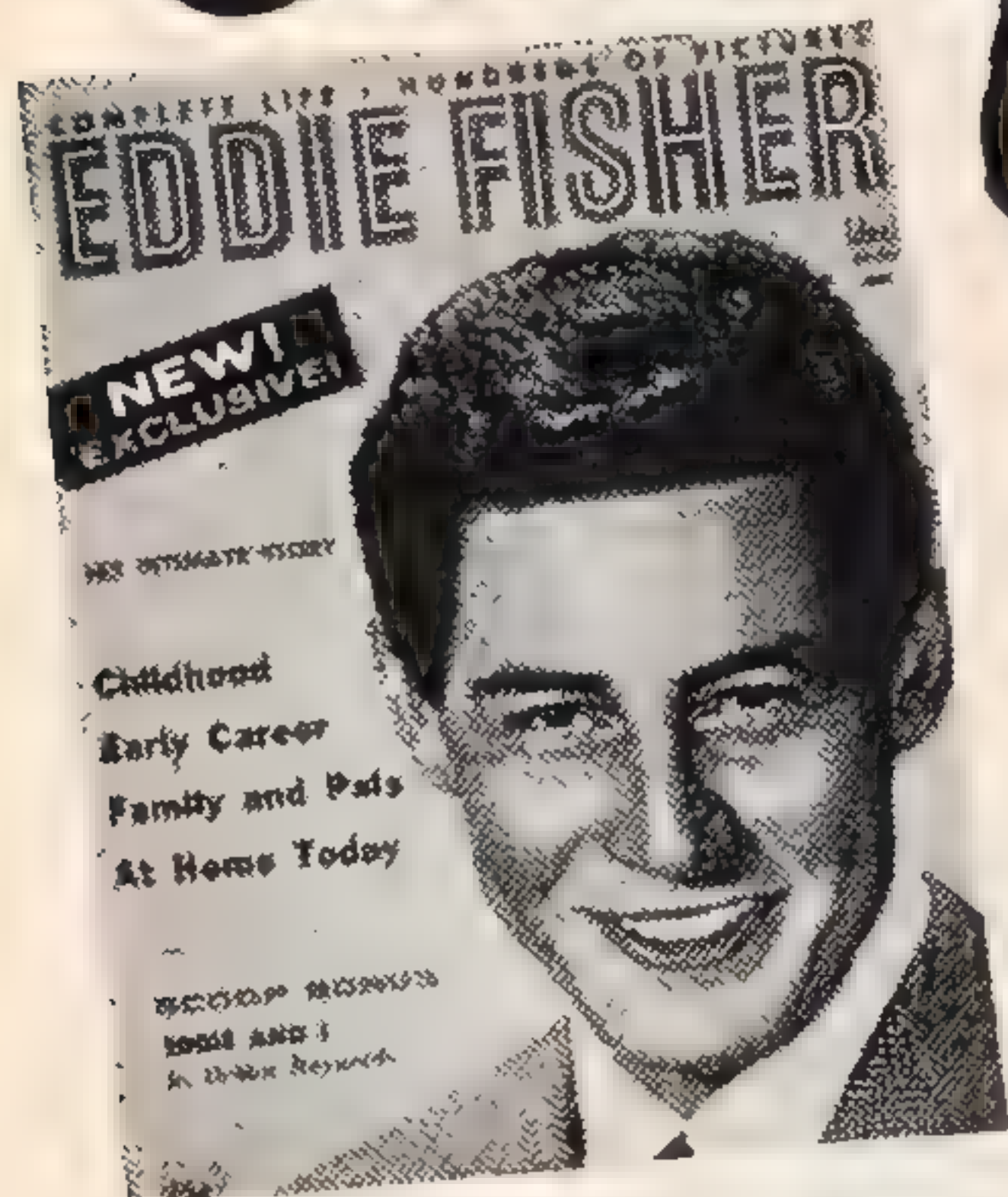
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mother and mine still go to the same beauty parlor. We became pals as kids because we both loved horseback riding. I'm athletic; Bob was always a fine athlete. I've known him for eleven years, and though he never really had one girl for long periods of time, I suppose I could say I was friendliest with him. He was rather a lone wolf in those grammar school and junior high days. He was always friendly and laughing, but he only had a few close friends. I guess I was his closest girl friend.

"When he was at Emerson Junior High he came to tell me he was going to his first formal and didn't know how to dance. I put some dance records on the phonograph, and we practiced and practiced until he was perfect. Today he's a wonderful dancer. R. J. always came to tell me his troubles; he'd explain that a girl he was dating in high school had serious intentions of going steady. How could he get out of it? He'd only meant to be pleasant. I explained that he was so interested in everything, complimented a girl so well on her clothes, her perfume, her sports ability and so on, that any girl would assume much more than he really meant. He was always one to avoid entangling alliances, to keep things on a friendship basis. When a girl got serious, that was R. J.'s signal to run.

"With most people R. J. rarely lets himself become really friendly, but with me it was a sympathetic brother and sister feeling. As kids we'd often go to Palm Springs with our families for the holidays. Our hotel always served breakfast at a certain time. All of us would rush in at the very last moment, but R. J. would always take time to go from cottage to cottage, waking up the other kids. He knew how starved we'd get if we missed breakfast.

"Like other boys his age, he used to love hot rods and motorcycles. I'll never forget the time he came to my house with his cycle; I was dubious, but game, and went riding with him. But only once, mind you. I'll never forget that ride."

As a child, Virginia explained, she appeared in a number of pictures at 20th; later did radio and TV and currently has a role in the studio's musical "Daddy Long Legs." Since R. J. knew Virginia was acquainted with show business, he often came to her for advice. "I know," says Virginia, "that R. J. hasn't let his success go to his head. When he came to me and said he was getting the title role in 'Prince Valiant,' he was absolutely starry-eyed and unbelieving.

"'Imagine,' he kept saying over and over, 'Mr. Zanuck is putting me in it. It's going to cost three and a half million bucks, hear that! Three and a half million bucks and he's putting me in it!'

"'Why not?' I asked him. 'You've demonstrated you can do it. After all, Mr. Zanuck's not going to take some unknown extra and entrust him with that role!'

There's still another Virginia who knows R. J. well—lovely, intelligent Virginia Leith, who made such an impression in her first 20th picture, "Black Widow." Miss Leith was loaned out with Wagner to Panoramic to make "White Feather"; it was a rough, illness-ridden location in Durango, Mexico, and she had ample time to study R. J.'s reactions.

Virginia recalls that she had met Bob before. She made a test with him at the time he was just starting at 20th, and she can still remember that occasion. Bob was attempting the role of a lawyer and had to wear a judicial white wig. It was an oddly amusing test but even then Virginia thought, "This boy is good. He's going to make it."

But it wasn't until Miss Leith worked with R. J. in Mexico that she realized how

much he had matured. "All the time R. J. was there," Virginia said, "he was deep and genuinely moved by the poverty I saw in the mountain villages. It affected him deeply. Then one day a little Mexican boy started hanging around our company—an orphan, cross-eyed and desperate poor. R. J. bought the boy clothes and food and began looking after him. Then without a word to anyone, R. J. had the child admitted to the local hospital, got a fine doctor and arranged for an operation to straighten the boy's eyes. The day before we were to return to Hollywood, R. J. asked me to go to the hospital with him to visit the little boy after the bandages were removed. The whole thing was complete surprise to me. Neither I nor anyone in the company had known anything about it. When I saw the boy, his eyes were now straight and perfect."

It is characteristic of Bob to express his gratitude to people in concrete ways, often with costly gifts. He is constantly giving a bum of his favorite Jackie Gleason record to people who haven't heard the record before. To Eddie Dmytryk, his director of "Broken Lance," he gave a gold cigarette lighter emblazoned with a miniature of the Indian lance used in the picture. For Betty Lou Fredericks, his hairdresser of "Valiant," he ordered a gleaming gold pin of the profile of Prince Valiant, complete with golden wig, and on the reverse of the pin he engraved a line from a favorite song. The engraving read, "Do you realize I need you? I want you near me always. And it was signed, 'Gratefully, Val.'"

When he discovered that Monica Moran, teenage daughter of character actress Thelma Ritter (with whom Bob worked in "With a Song in My Heart") was born on a Tuesday, Bob was at his jewelry store the next day. He remembered the little verse that goes in part, "Tuesday's child full of grace," so he bought a heavy gold charm for Monica's bracelet, with a graceful Tuesday's child perched on a pedestal. And for his mother's birthday and third second wedding anniversary, he ordered a fabulous dinner at Romanoff's, invited both his parents, then presented Mrs. Warner with a diamond and pearl pin in the shape of an angel. On the back was engraved, "Because you've always been an angel to me."

R. J.'s dad shook his head over this. "He just never seems able to do enough for us, especially his mother," he said. "Sometimes I think he does too much. We don't want him to spend his money that way, but we can't stop him."

It could be, of course, that R. J. is doing so much for his parents, is trying to atone for the disappointment he caused them in passing up the steel business. R. J. has often said, "I know Dad was terribly upset when I wanted to go into pictures—just how disappointed I never realized until later. I had hurt him, but I didn't understand it then. You know, it takes a long time to realize that their parents usually make good sense. Now, of course, Dad thinks I'm just about the hottest thing since John Barrymore. I have to keep telling him that I still have a long way to go."

Yet, if he still has a long way to go, he is aware that he will always have his family behind him, that through them he can always replenish his spirit. As a close friend said, "Bob's parents gave him the head and the confidence to use it. They're not losing any sleep about what fame he does to him, nor are they worried about him going off the deep end. About the farthest he'll go is straight home to a golf game with the old man and to his mother's cooking."

And therein lies his strength, for years to come, until he marries.

THE END

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The Big Gamble

(Continued from page 66)

at Pati, who was doing anything but. "He was so kind and gentle," Pati said, for her part.

The writer departed for a more tender and tranquil time.

Which, with John and Pati, occurs just as immediately. For all John's speeches, he will, of course, put leather around the wagon wheel—"if there's any danger."

And the whole incident of the coffee table is forgotten in joint jubilation that the new powder room will cost a few dollars less than they'd expected.

Familiar scene this—to young modern marrieds from Keokuk to Kalamazoo—and Hollywood, bent on building a home and a marriage.

John's artistry clashes every now and then with Pati's practicality. "I'm not as practical as most people are," he admits. "I get myself up blind alleys a lot of the time. Nothing major, just blind. But the practical usually isn't any fun. And besides I don't have to be. I have people being practical for me. Like my wife."

John has, for instance, always leaned toward modern furniture. Pati loves Early American. The last house was modern upstairs, with the downstairs Early American. But this redwood modern ranch house with its enormous richly paneled living room and the thick beamed ceilings cries, John believes, for massive ranch modern.

"The furniture should have thick legs to match the beams," he says.

Pati agrees the other furniture has got to go, but . . . "But I don't think the furniture should be *that* heavy—so heavy it takes two people to move it."

"You can't move the old furniture by yourself, either. Maybe on a slippery floor, sliding it along. You couldn't push it on a rug," John insists.

The unfortunate mention of a rug reminds Pati that being practical can have its advantages. Such as that time she helped John get the thoroughbred he wanted by talking the price down.

"You wanted a rug."

"Did I get my rug?"

"No," John admits honestly, "but you will."

Not that money is too much of a domestic issue. "John is very generous," says Pati.

John puts it this way, "I like pretty things. And pretty things you have to pay for. You can get ugly things for nothing. But I like pretty things, unfortunately. Like Pati," he grins.

The good things of life you pay for, too.

And safe inside their own hacienda like other young marrieds who live so close and so constant John and Pati occasionally ruminate on marriage. They discuss its virtues and vicissitudes. And discuss whether or not they're paying too much of themselves for their shared happiness. John sometimes hears planes singing overhead, or the imaginary whistles of freighters bound for adventure. And there are times, when the baby's crying, dinner's cooking, Pati doubtless remembers a talented girl whirling on her toes to the swell of music and applause.

John may philosophize, "Marriage is like drawing up plans for a house. It looks better on paper."

Or Pati may decide, "You give too many ultimatums. Either *this* or I can go ahead and furnish the house by myself. Either *that* or you will go."

"So I haven't gone," John reminds her. "And I don't give ultimatums," he protests. "When a sergeant gives an order, that's an ultimatum. If I did what I say I'll do, that would be different. Mine's just fine

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conversation. Have I ever packed a bag?"

Whereupon Pati says laughingly that if either of them could calmly pack a bag, that would mean there was a good understanding. That would be good. "But a better way, I think, would be to run away and call back in a couple of days when you cool down."

"Two days—and call back!" says John, paling a little at the thought. "When I ride horses and don't call for three hours—well! Two days—I'm not coming back."

More fine conversation. They both know.

And why is the bag never packed? "I wouldn't like Pati to be unhappy," says John. "I'd worry about her. I'm weak that way," he grins.

He's also weak when it comes to compromising. "Like this house. I wanted a ranch," he says.

"In Phoenix," protests Pati. "He wanted to move to Arizona."

For all the talk he does about traveling, John is now a home-lover. "He won't take a vacation alone because he would worry about the whole family," Pati says. Today, instead, this armchair adventurer settles for a living-room safari with Russ on his lap, watching "Ramar of the Jungle" on tv.

John admits it's a project to get him off the homestead for a dinner party or a night on the town. "When it comes to that, I balk. I like people in small groups sitting around our living room or theirs. Friends. But crowd-hopping—from club to club—the same crowd with nothing in common and a lot of phony conversation—that's not for me. A safari to South America—or even to Santa Anita—that's something else."

Not for these two the routine problems of some movie marriages. Not for John, any heavy-handed husbandly bit about Pati never returning to her career.

"John wouldn't tell me not to, or interfere at all," Pati says. But if she did, with his pride in her, John wouldn't want her to be half a success.

Nor does jealousy menace this handsome pair. "I used to be jealous," Pati says, "but what good does it do?" Furthermore there's small need. John's artistic eye is caught by the contours of a coffee table, rather than more provocative subject matter.

According to her husband, he's no target for the glamour girls anyway. "You're not exposed to many, not in our crowd," says John. "And at the studio you work mostly with the same group of girls in every picture. All of them have known me for a long time." Not that John is insensitive to beauty. "I know it's there," he says. "I don't find a pretty girl unattractive. Just unavailable. I'm married." And besides he wouldn't want to worry Pati. He's weak that way, too.

Gossip columns would have no success separating them. "Pati soon caught on to that," John says. "When columnists itemed me as being in places I'd never been, with people I'd never even met, when she knew

I was home looking at television with her, they don't bother her."

Theirs is an active partnership in every department. Each is intensely interested in any project which concerns the other. Even as John's artistic eye is caught by every detail of homemaking, Pati's absorbed in all the facets of John's career. "Pati spells the profession and it's problems," John says. And he's quick to acknowledge her encouragement during tough sledding, and when he decided to freelance and not re-sign with Columbia.

"Everybody else was saying I was wrong, but Pati went along with me," John says. "It was hard to believe I was right, but she did. Although not as much as I did. She was a little spooky about it."

Pati shares his happiness that the big gamble has paid off. That John's getting cream roles under his new exclusive contract with Paramount, leading off with the very challenging characterization of the embittered cripple in "Run for Cover," in which he co-stars with James Cagney. "The roles are reversed," John says, "I'm playing a Cagney part." Paramount loaned him to 20th Century-Fox for the role of John Wilkes Booth in "Prince of Players." "That's the best thing I've had so far," is John's comment. And now comes the role of Joshua in Cecil B. de Mille's "Ten Commandments."

John is touchingly indebted to de Mille, saying, "He was interested in me when nobody cared." And there will always be a special place in Pati's heart for de Mille, too, for giving her husband faith and a boost when he needed it most. Yet a typical misunderstanding happened the night John came home from his triumphant interview with de Mille—walking on air and feeling ten feet tall. He found Pati in the kitchen, and reported glowingly that Mr. de Mille thought he had a very promising future in the business. He was hurt and furious when Pati said, "I've always known that. I knew it all the time," as though she were breezing it off.

"When I told her, she was working in the kitchen with her head in the sink. And she didn't even take her head out of the sink. That made me mad," he recalls.

"You misinterpreted me," Pati explains. She was hurt, too. "John underestimates me. He pays no attention to what I say. My word doesn't mean anything until somebody else says the same thing."

John is very sensitive where Pati's opinions are concerned. Let them disagree on the reading of one line and the professional fur fairly flies.

"You give me no credit for knowing anything," Pati will say at such times. "Even when I compliment you, you won't believe me. I was an actress in the business, too, remember?"

"Well, in a round-about-way. You danced," her husband says.

"I suppose 'The Dying Swan' is just fooling around. And I was acting in France when I was six years old!"

"Who can act at six years old?"

"For some people acting is nothing. You won't take my opinion on anything!"

"Yes I will."

"On what?"

"On ballet," her husband grins.

On occasion, when they have differences, John will say finally, "Oh, Doll, everything would be just great if only you would agree with me. If you would say 'Yes' half the time. Or if you must say, 'No,' if you only say it more gracefully."

But in spite of John's making noise like a husband and intimating he'd like to be "Yessed," Pati has grounds for doubt here, too. "If I agree with him, or I tell him he is very good, then he doesn't believe me at all. 'You're just not interested,' he says. I'm so interested, as much as if I'm making the picture."

As John says, "When you love somebody—every word counts twice. And you're twice as sensitive."

And, as anybody who knows the Derens knows, while honesty may not always be a peaceful policy, it amounts to a religion between them. What he wants and gets from Pati is the truth. He wants no hocus, no false flattery, no buttering of the ego.

And when it comes to an undiluted change of opinion, they admit they're reasonably consistent. They will, as John says, argue about practically anything. "And afterward we can't ever even remember what the fight started about," Pati says.

They shared some concern about having any differences in front of the children until Pati's doctor ruled, "It's all right to argue in front of the children if you make up in front of the children also." The doctor "says it's perfectly normal for parents to argue."

Nor is it fatal for parents as long as they make up.

Ask John what he considers Pati's most admirable trait and he says readily, "Intestine guts. She has so much intestinal fortitude. Sure, I may argue with it. But that doesn't mean I don't admire it. Pati will always stand up for herself—and for me, I hope."

Ask Pati what she most admires about John and she says, "The main thing is that he can have such courage. He's definite in his beliefs. When John feels anything, he's not afraid to say it. Sure we have differences of opinion. What could we do? If we agree on everything, it's from one source, then why be married? It would be like living with yourself. And the closest ones are always the most critical. It's better to blow up and get it out of your system."

On this they are agreed. Better to be frank than to bottle up emotions and explode in a divorce court. And peace at any price is no good. "Deceit doesn't last," says John. "It bogs down and isn't a marriage anymore."

He, too, shrugs off their differences of opinion somewhat philosophically. "The marriage," he says, "when any couple stays together as much as we are. Any two people who spend this much time together will argue. We're together more than most married couples. The average businessman is away from home all day. On Saturdays and Sundays they go somewhere or visit friends. But we're together constantly."

No doubt about it. They're thoroughly hooked, these two. And they love every loving, fighting moment of it. It's in the clinches—that's right where they are. The clinches. They're both weak that way.

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jects all over the globe. Pati, a princess in blue jeans, ruling right where she belongs, beside him.

Their own kingdom commands a gentle rise which looks towards changing vistas—purpling mountains, a green carpeted valley and twinkling lights. Their immediate and loving subjects number two horses, two huge German Shepherd dogs. As John says, "If the two dogs were cut up they would make about fifteen small dogs."

Their baby daughter, Sean Catherine, is queen of the whole works. "We'd decided if the baby was a boy, we'd name him Sean," John says. Somebody suggested it—and I've got a little bit of Irish in me, enough to make it legitimate. And I'd used up my best friend's name on Russ. Sean," John says, "Somebody suggested it cute for a girl, too. Depending on the girl of course. If she's pretty and cute, which she is. She's a little doll." Quite an admission from a man who once held the opinion that all babies should be born at least two years old. Today he's the first to protest to Sean's mother, "She's not spoiled."

And young Russ is the most important thing in all the world to both of them. A delicate child with his dad's sweeping ashes and coloring. At the moment, a busy little boy making like a carpenter in a plaid robe and red boots and wearing a straw hat with a big marshal's star on it. "It's my carpenter hat," he maintains firmly.

He'd just had his tonsils out two days before. "Looks a little pale, but good. Just sitting up—he looks good," his father says slowly, watching him. "Russ had really had it. All of it. Rheumatic fever. Strep throat. Now his tonsils out." Born with a separation in his esophagus, with rare and successful surgery and constant vigilance,

Russ survived his infant years. His throat passage is smaller, and there's half an inch there with no feeling. No nerves. Explaining their constant concern, Pati says, "He's just a little boy. A piece of food he doesn't chew well gets stuck in his throat and he can't breathe. When he gets older he will be able to take care of himself and eat anything. We can talk to him and make him understand. But you can't explain to a very little boy. When he was a baby, they could put his head back and let air get into his lungs. Now they call the fire department and the inhalator squad."

With his love and concern for Pati, John may protest about her being too concerned about the children. "She confines herself too close to home," he says. "We could have ten nurses and she wouldn't leave. She's a great little mother, but I think ninety per cent of the time she is over-concerned. Other families have sick kids and the mother gets away. Pati won't leave the house, not even for one night."

But such minor disputes are of no moment against their many shared poignant memories. Memories that make a marriage. Those first months of Russ' life when Pati never slept—and literally willed their son to live. Whimsical memories, for her, like the IOU's John gave her for Christmas that couldn't be cashed until he worked again. The time John forgot her birthday—and how he could forget a birthday right between Lincoln's Birthday and Valentine's Day—she couldn't understand. "Nobody could forget that—February 13th," she'd wailed. The pound of fudge he brought home later. "We were broke at that time."

They've made their six years of marriage the hard way. But they shrug this away. And they have no truck with other marrieds who indulge in self-pity or dra-

matize "happiness" too much. "Too many people kick the word 'happiness' around too much. Worrying about whether they're happy or not," John believes. "Marriage is mostly companionship and children. You get married. You make a home. You have a family. There are some peak moments—special times when you're getting along and laughing it up, when you're not arguing, when money is easier." John's grateful for the first tough years of his life. "When your parents separate, you know you don't have a family to lean on. You know you must depend on yourself. It toughens you to take life. It's an education a lot of kids don't get until they're men forty years old. It's an indoctrination for life. And I got it young. Pati has matured more than I have," John says frankly. "We haven't really settled down yet. Not like couples who've been married ten or fifteen years."

Both of them believe the worst is behind them, and the best ahead. "It should go easier now," says John. "Russ will be going to school this year and Pati won't be so confined. She can divorce herself more from home and the family. Get away more. And that will be good. Our arguments won't mean so much to her. The little things won't seem so important."

As for their first six years together, they both agree they'd stack them up against most of the other marriages they've observed firsthand. And well they can.

If forced to, John and Pati Derek would do it all over again. They are, admittedly, weak that way.

Together they've made a place for themselves in both worlds—the dream world and the real world. Together they've found their blessings outweigh the occasional bedlam. As for the din—that's marriage. The melody of love.

THE END

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Their Date with Destiny

(Continued from page 51)

many other expenditures to afford it. Not that she even gave a second thought to the sacrifice of clothes, a car or personal luxuries in favor of the little house. And she has long since dismissed the memory of them from her mind, now that she is Mrs. Robert Taylor and next June, if all goes as perfectly as she and Bob have every right to expect, she will be the mother of his first child.

"Which do you want, a boy or a girl?" I asked her.

"Bob thinks he wants a daughter more," she said.

"But what about you?"

"I want whatever Bob wants," she replied.

This is utterly true. Take Bob's hunting, for instance. Bob's a man who truly dotes on getting up at four-thirty on a fall morning, wading out to a duck blind, sitting there for hours, and then shooting away like crazy. Expertly, too.

Barbara Stanwyck, Bob's first wife, loathed outdoor sports. Hunting was not for her or flying either. She didn't mind Bob taking his private plane up into the wild blue yonder, but she stayed in Beverly Hills.

I asked Ursula about these sports. She loves flying. She's learning to hunt.

"Imagine me, shooting those little animals," she said.

"But how do you really feel about it?" I persisted.

"Cold," said Ursula, laughing. "It is so cold before the sun rises, and it's wet, and the guns are big and hard to manage. But I shall love it when I learn it well."

She will, too. She'll learn it and she'll love it. This is the girl who learned to speak fluent English after a mere four-months study. As for love, from the night of their "first blind date," except for one very brief period, trying to make Bob Taylor happy has been the most important thing in her own life.

There have been many different stories about how Bob and Ursula met. But it was through the careful arrangement of their mutual agent, Harry Freedman, that they first became acquainted. It was the evening that the Andrews Sisters were opening at the Cocanut Grove. Freedman invited Bob Taylor. "I'll come, but you'll have to get me a date," said Bob.

Freedman then called Ursula. Being Ursula, she merely said, in her deep, only slightly accented voice, "Thank you very much."

She didn't know whether or not Robert Taylor was a wolf, but she had good reason to be wary of wolves. Young, exquisitely beautiful, a divorcee, a low-salaried starlet at a major studio, a European, she was all that a Hollywood wolf could ask for. And that they had gone for her is no secret. That they had failed was no secret either. False love Ursula didn't want—nor a false career either.

Personally I think Ursula's wisdom was due almost as much to the hardships of her war years as to her own inner strength of character. For most beautiful girls life is too easy. But Ursula grew up in wartime Germany. Both her children were born during those terrible bombardments that literally pounded her native city of Hamburg to bits.

She rarely mentions these war days, just as she never mentions her first marriage. Yet an occasional reference to her work with a forced farm labor gang will slip out, just as when she first came to Hollywood, she couldn't keep from talking about her children when she was with friends.

This habit of talking about her children ran counter to her studio's plans. Their idea had been to make a devastating siren of her. Ursula wasn't supposed to mention Manuela, her slim lovely daughter, who is now ten, or Michael, her son, who is eight. Yet she missed them so desperately it was all she could do to keep them out of her conversation. They were, in fact, the chief reason she had flown to America after her photograph had appeared in *Life* and RKO had offered her a contract. She was a top German model then, but she knew that any movie contract would let her earn money that would support them all in greater comfort.

Thus, when the Freedmans picked her up for the opening night of the Andrews Sisters, she didn't know what she might be about to encounter. But when Bob Taylor put out his hand to shake hers, she started back in superstitious awe.

His gold cuff links, she saw, were made in the zodiac sign of Leo.

With her natural poise and reserve, she didn't tell Bob what had so startled her about that, and as far as I know, she's never told this story before.

You see, when Ursula was twelve and the very proper daughter of a prosperous Hamburg businessman, she had her fortune read. It was only for fun, of course, and she didn't take it seriously, but she remembered every word of it.

"Someday you will go far across the sea," the fortuneteller said. "You will meet one of the handsomest men you have ever seen. He will also be rich and famous. He is to be your true love; you will know at your first meeting for he will be wearing the mark of Leo plainly upon him."

It was a fantastic dream and twelve-year-old Ursula knew it. Later, when war broke out, all dreams and all realities, like her father's wealth, their home, her schooling, even her young, impetuous marriage were lost in the holocaust.

But the fortuneteller's prophecy came back to her as Robert Taylor's hand touched hers. For here she was six thousand miles across the sea from her native Germany. Here was one of the handsomest men on earth smiling down upon her, a famous man, a rich man. And she was falling wildly in love with him at that second, having no idea of the fantastic odds she would be up against in capturing him.

Yet being the kind of girl she is, Ursula Thiess' second thought that evening was purely emotional. "How lonely this man is," she thought. "How terribly lonely." And in that instant she lost her own loneliness in the maternal tenderness she felt for this tall, handsome stranger.

The next day Bob called her. "I wonder if you'd be free for dinner with me tomorrow night?"

Ursula was free. She was free two nights later, also, and the two nights after, and two after that. And then the next night and the next and the next.

Thus it began. And thus, presently, began something else—the campaign of Barbara Stanwyck's many loyal friends to effect a reconciliation between her and Bob.

The campaign was as completely well meant as the current campaign to get Nancy and Frank Sinatra back together. But the situation was entirely different. Bob had been divorced for a considerable time before he even met Ursula, and his marriage with Barbara had been shaky long before he actually asked for his freedom.

But because he was the one who wanted the divorce, he wanted to remain friendly with Barbara. At the time of their final parting, there was no other man and no other woman in their lives. Their separation was due to plain incompatibility—the drawing away of interests from one another.

Barbara's work is virtually her whole life. Bob loves his work, too, but he has scores of other interests. He gets high pleasure from hunting, fishing, flying, traveling, and all the outdoor-man activities. He wakes with the sun and wouldn't mind a bit if he went to bed by it. Barbara is a night owl, the complete city girl—tailored in her thoughts and reactions; she is tailored in the clothes she wears.

With most of his films being made on location, Bob had temporarily moved with his mother when he became free. Before he met Ursula, he dated only rarely, and Ursula had been correct in discerning at their first meeting that he was lonely.

He did the correct thing the evening of his second date with Ursula. They dined at the night club circuit. The next time, they did the smart restaurant circuit. The third time Ursula suggested that she prepare the dinner.

Now why on earth Bob Taylor should be a somewhat shy man is one of the puzzles best left to the Freud department. He's been a success from his very first entrance into Hollywood. And even at the start of his career, he was revealed not only as an extraordinarily handsome personality but a superb actor when he appeared opposite Garbo in "Camille."

Today he earns better than \$5,000 a week, but he's always kept out of the main Hollywood swing of things. And after leaving Barbara, he shied away more than ever.

If Bob was in for a surprise in discovering that a beauty like Ursula was whiz around the kitchen, she was in for exactly the same surprise where he was concerned. For him she made those incredibly huge German potato pancakes. To this day he can never get his fill of them. For her he grilled steaks in a way she'd never encountered before.

Recently while Ursula had been completing "The Americano" for RKO, Bob had one of those rare intervals when he wasn't working. So every evening, when she got back from the studio, Bob would have dinner waiting for her, prepared by Bob, too. "One night we had a dish that I know takes five hours to prepare," Ursula told me proudly. "But there it was."

Back in their dating days, before Bob realized it was actually a courtship, he found it increasingly more pleasant to dine at Ursula's. She didn't at all mind



Color portraits of Terry Moore by Powolny; Bill Holden by Six; Virginia Mayo, Marla English, May Wynn, Colleen Miller, Taina Elg and Virginia Leith by Stern; Jeff Chandler by Jones; Maggie McNamara by Powolny; Marilyn Monroe by Ornitz; John Derek by Stern

he preferred to eat at such an unfashionable hour as six. Later they'd merely talk or play records. And, if he went back to his mother's as early as nine, she understood that, too.

This was happiness. And then he discovered, date by date, it was even a greater happiness to share the sports he'd always loved with Ursula.

Of course, he did have to go away on location trips. He went to England to make "Knights of the Round Table." He went on location to make "Rogue Cop." Occasionally he took Barbara out to dinner. And every time he did, the columnists made a big thing of it.

You couldn't blame the columnists. It was terrific copy, Bob Taylor dating his ex-wife, and would they or wouldn't they reunite?

Bob wrote Ursula long letters from England almost every day, and from "The Rogue Cop" location, too. She wrote back, equally long, true love letters. She had long since moved into the little house, but it was a black day for her when she discovered herself so entangled with immigration red tape that she could neither go back to Germany to bring her children over, as she had been led to believe she could do, nor could immediately bring them here to join her.

It was an even blacker day for her the evening when Bob was due to go to Egypt to make "Valley of the Kings" for M-G-M. You see, that day Bob had happened upon Barbara at a cocktail party given by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Every photographer in town was there and everyone of them photographed the two together.

Thus later, when he came to tell Ursula goodbye, she who had never wanted any love that wasn't true, told him it was truly goodbye.

So pressed was he for time that Bob didn't even have the chance to argue with her. But he wrote the moment he reached England. And wrote. And wrote.

Ursula didn't reply. Neither did she do the flashy thing of being seen all over town with a score of new escorts. A few times she went out with George Nader, whom she had known since she made her first picture, U.A.'s "Monsoon." More often she stayed home alone, reading, or went out for quiet dinners with married friends. "I prefer being with happily married people," she always says. "Some of their happiness reaches you and makes you happy, too."

The day that Bob returned to Hollywood he phoned her. But, alas, she was busy that night. But, no, not the night after that. Would he come for dinner?

He would indeed, and he did. Only he discovered, on arrival, that Ursula was having dinner for four—he and she and one of her happily married couples. The couple stayed and stayed. And Bob stayed. The couple finally left at 11:30 and maybe it is a good thing they lived in the immediate neighborhood because it was little more than ten minutes later when Ursula was on the phone. "I am wearing the most beautiful engagement ring you ever saw," she was saying, and she was half-crying and half-laughing in joy.

It really is the most beautiful engagement ring you ever saw, a great pile of diamond baguettes. And her wedding ring is designed so that it fits just under the bottom of the engagement ring, and completes its design.

"I think I never knew quite so well what a fine, thoughtful man Bob is," Ursula says, "as on our wedding day, last May twenty-fourth. We flew to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, because they knew Bob there from his many hunting trips. And they prom-

ised to keep the secret of our securing our license and planning the ceremony there.

"It is, of course, most beautiful country. But Bob especially wanted to go there because we could be alone. There is a vast quiet lake. Bob had arranged for us to go out on it, in a little schooner, just us, our witnesses and the justice of the peace. Perhaps there are other men who would think of all those romantic details that so charm us women, but in my experience I have never known one before. I was so happy. And Bob kept laughing at me on the flight up because I kept rehearsing and rehearsing my responses in the wedding ceremony. I had to get every word perfect so that my husband would understand me."

"Even the word 'obey'?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, that one especially," said Ursula with a laugh. "And now we have the baby to prepare for and our new home. And my daughter, Manuela is here with us. Bob is such a good father to her already. And all the details are untangling, so that soon I shall be able to have my son here, too."

She stopped and looked down at the beautifully simple sweater and skirt she was wearing. "Bob bought these," she said. "He goes in shops and picks out several models for me and then tells me to go and choose among them. But I always like best what he likes best. And he's buying most of the furnishings for our house, too. He has such flawless taste. And on the twenty-fourth of each month, our wedding date anniversary, he always sends me some present." She paused. "Oh, I am so fortunate," she said.

I agreed that she was. But I'm sure you will agree that Bob Taylor is, too.

THE END

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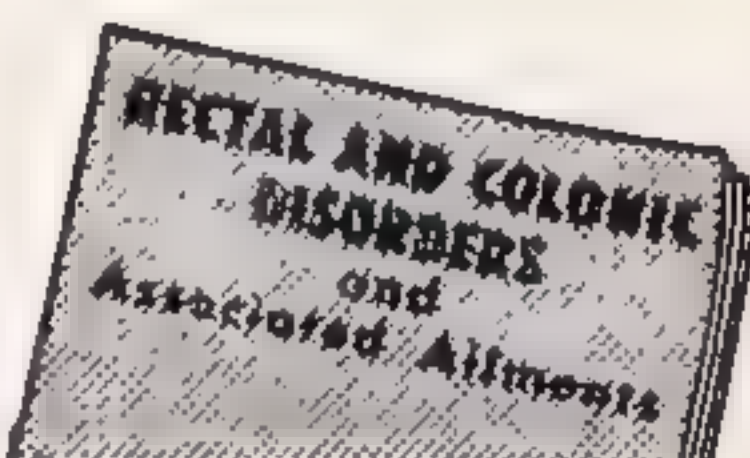
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The Jig's Up, Maggie!

(Continued from page 42)

in virtual seclusion, shunning newspapermen, photographers and social events.

In fact, for the premiere of her first picture, "The Moon Is Blue," which made her a motion-picture star overnight, Maggie hid in the projection booth. And she skipped town for the opening of her second picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain." The studio thought they had her cornered when she promised to attend the gala star-studded premiere of "The Egyptian." But at the last minute, a relieved Maggie discovered that she had to start shooting on her new picture, "Prince of Players," the next morning and, instead, spent the evening at home studying her script.

When Maggie did show up at the Huntington Hartford Theatre opening it was partly because she had been asked to by director Elia Kazan, for whom she has great admiration. For Maggie, Kazan represents that wing of her chosen profession whose approval means a good deal more to her than the glitter, glamour and giddy success of being a star.

Even so, though, Maggie arrived at the theatre looking more like a fugitive from a math class than a film personality. "I was dressed in old ballet slippers, skirt and a tailored blouse that I'd worn all day," she admits with a smile that's not in the least bit sheepish.

The situation appealed to Maggie's Irish sense of humor, the only trait inherited from her pure Celtic background. For in every other respect, Maggie—a "black Irish" who is moody more often than gay—is as contradictory, unpredictable and non-conforming as can be.

Like Marlon Brando and Monty Clift, Maggie, too, wants to be accepted for what she's got inside rather than what's on the surface. The bane of her existence, however, is the word "cute" and it's the one, unfortunately, most often applied to her pint-sized charm.

Flying back from California after finishing her picture last fall, she was seated next to a large and motherly woman who recognized and insisted on complimenting her profusely. Maggie is that rarity among the human species, an actress who actually enjoys adverse criticism so long as it's honest and to the point. But this well-meaning lady thought Maggie was just about perfect. Maggie was "darling" and "adorable" and—"there was that fighting word again—"cute." "And what are you going to do back in New York, dear?" she asked.

"Play Santa Claus on Macy's main floor," Maggie replied tartly and returned to her book.

Fortunately for Miss McNamara, though, she isn't recognized too frequently. When she had to go to her studio's New York offices not long ago, she walked twice past the desk of a young lady in charge of publicity who'd tried vainly over the telephone to schedule several interviews with her. She'd never met Maggie in person and didn't recognize the girl in the simple cloth coat, wearing large horn-rimmed glasses and no make-up. "Who was that?" she asked her boss after Maggie had left. "The new clerk?"

Genuinely publicity-shy, Maggie resents the ballyhoo and actually regrets the very ease with which she's gone to the top. A friend of hers, a talented young actress who is still struggling for recognition, reports that Maggie was with her one morning when she received a heartbreaking telephone call telling her that a plum role that had been promised to her was going to someone else. Bitterly disappointed, she broke down and wept.

"Don't cry," Maggie said. "Don't cry. If

you only knew how much I envy you now

"The crazy part is, Maggie really meant it," her friend recalls. "I can't dig the Maggie. Here I am, dreaming of one little break that will get me some attention meanwhile worrying about how I'll pay my bills each month, and Maggie envies me. She's got every part she's ever wanted for, yet she's actually sorry that it hasn't been more of a struggle—that it's always been so easy."

The secret behind Maggie's unconventional reaction to stardom is probably her uncompromising integrity combined with a complete and selfless dedication to her art. Maggie is likely to wince at any such description of herself, finding it insufferably pompous. Yet, by all indications, it is nonetheless true. Hardworking, ambitious, always seeking to improve her art, Maggie is a dedicated actress in the real sense of the word. Acting is a passion with her, as it is with the majority of people in the theatre, and a passion that has only a loose and indirect connection with the expectations of fame and fortune. Unlike most others who succumbed early, however, Maggie didn't become stage-struck until after she was in her twenties, was actually working on the stage and had already turned down a movie contract. Also unlike most other aspiring actresses, Maggie took a considerable cut in her income in order to accept her first professional part in a Broadway production.

The event that set off the chain reaction leading to Maggie's eventual movie fame was the appearance of her face on the cover of *Life* magazine. Maggie, a highly successful photographer's model at the time, graced the pages of fashion magazines with such regularity that it was virtually impossible to thumb through any of them, from *Seventeen* to *Vogue*, without becoming intimately acquainted with her.

"We've never had anyone like Maggie before or since," says Leon Rothenberg, successful manufacturer of junior fashion. "No one could ever 'sell' a dress like the kid. Whenever we ran a magazine ad on a dress with Maggie modeling it, we could be sure we had a hit."

And photographer Jon Abbot, for whom she posed frequently, adds, "There was something ethereal about Maggie. She was shy, sensitive, withdrawn. Yet very sweet, very lovable. She seemed to be forever in a dream. But once you got to know her you realized she had a brilliant mind. Quite an unusual girl."

The step from modeling to acting is not as easy or as natural as it would appear. Few top models have ever made the grade in Hollywood, let alone on the stage. But the quality distinguishing Maggie as a model must have transmitted itself on the *Life* cover effectively enough to arouse the interest of David Selznick, recognized to be one of Hollywood's shrewdest judges of talent. The day the magazine appeared, he called up from the Hampshire House, asking Maggie to come up for an interview.

Mr. Selznick was impressed. When drama coach Alice B. Young confirmed his opinion he offered Maggie a contract. But Maggie, then only twenty but already characteristically independent, thanked Mr. Selznick politely and turned down the offer.

"I've never had enough confidence to do anything I wasn't thoroughly prepared to do," Maggie recalls. "I guess I was simply scared, not knowing the first thing about acting. Besides, I had no particular desire to be an actress."

Financially, it might be added, Selznick's offer didn't mean much either. Maggie was then earning around \$20,000 a year as a model. But the purely commercial angle, as she was to prove later, didn't influence

Maggie one way or the other. A career as an actress had simply never occurred to her and it took a little time to get used to the idea.

As a child, after seeing a performance of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, she had briefly dreamed of becoming a ballerina. A friend of the family had staked her to lessons and she'd studied with Martha Graham for a while. But she gave up ballet when she couldn't overcome her self-consciousness. However, she remembered fleeting moments when she experienced the thrill of being able to express herself creatively. Would it be that way with acting? And could she really do it? Six months after her interview with Selznick she made up her mind to find out.

Selznick had stopped producing pictures by that time, and Maggie, typically, didn't bother to look for a contract elsewhere. Instead she set about learning to act first. She went back to Mrs. Young and enrolled in drama classes on her own.

Mrs. Young, who recalls Maggie as one of the most serious-minded and conscientious students she's ever had, confirms that Maggie didn't seem much interested in acting at first. "Maggie had to force herself each time I asked her to act out a scene for me," she recalls. "Then one day she was ready to go up on the stage and play that scene with other students. I remember how she completely lost herself in it. That was the moment she caught fire. She was wildly excited afterwards and she's been an actress ever since."

Though Maggie had natural ability, she had to work hard at developing acting techniques. Her voice, in particular, was thin and high-pitched, and Maggie spent hours on end in her garden at Forest Hills doing speech exercises. She studied with Mrs. Young for close to two and a half years while continuing her career as a

model. During that time, she set something of a record by not missing or being late for a single scheduled lesson, although toward the end of her training she frequently had to come in as often as three or four times a day.

The unprecedented result of such unprecedented industry was that Maggie was hired for the lead of a Broadway production on the strength of her performance in a student play which was attended by representatives of the William Morris Agency. Maggie accepted, at a salary less than a fourth of what she got modelling.

The play, an Irish fantasy titled "The King of Friday's Men," folded after four performances, but the experience did Maggie no harm. Getting rave notices for herself, she came to the attention of Otto Preminger who, after a reading, hired her for the coveted part of *Patty* in the Chicago company of "The Moon Is Blue."

It was at this stage of her life that love—up to then pretty much neglected by the studious, earnest and self-sufficient Miss McNamara—finally caught up with her. David Swift, a young and successful television writer who is one of the originators of the popular "Mr. Peeper's" show, "Jamie" and the new "Norby" series on tv, saw Maggie at the William Morris Agency. He asked to be introduced and immediately fell head over heels in love with her. He was turned down the first time he asked her for a date; recovered and tried again the next day. They were married eventually after an extended courtship lasting all of nine days.

There was some reason for their haste. Both of them were so busy they almost didn't have enough time for a wedding, let alone a honeymoon.

David was up to his neck writing a new television series. Maggie was rehearsing during the day for "The Moon Is Blue"

and appearing in an Equity Library Theatre performance of "You Can't Take It With You" at night. They managed to have a brief wedding and a small celebration at the apartment of friends. Next morning at the cruel hour of ten, the bride was back in the theatre rehearsing.

A few days later Maggie and David were on their way to Chicago where they spent the next thirteen months.

Maggie's success in "The Moon Is Blue" in Chicago was sensational. She topped it off by a two-months run in New York, subbing for Barbara Bel Geddes. Then she went out to Hollywood for the film version of the play, making her movie debut on loan-out from 20th Century-Fox who'd signed her to a contract some time before. Her performance in the movie version of "The Moon Is Blue" won Maggie an Academy Award nomination.

For her second picture, her first with 20th Century-Fox, Maggie was slated for a part in "King of the Khyber Rifles." Maggie read the script, didn't like it and gently but firmly put her foot down. To teach her the facts of life, her studio countered with a suspension. Maggie didn't care and didn't budge, finally winning her point when her studio cast her in "Three Coins in the Fountain" instead. The picture involved a fabulous trip to Rome, further established Maggie as a star and turned out to be a gold mine for her studio.

Maggie herself isn't enthusiastic about what she did in "Three Coins in the Fountain" but is happier about her third picture, "Prince of Players," in which she's doing scenes from Shakespeare. She'd love to do a full Shakespeare play someday. And she was thrilled with the high critical acclaim that was given her for a recent reading of "Measure for Measure" at New York's New School for Social Research.

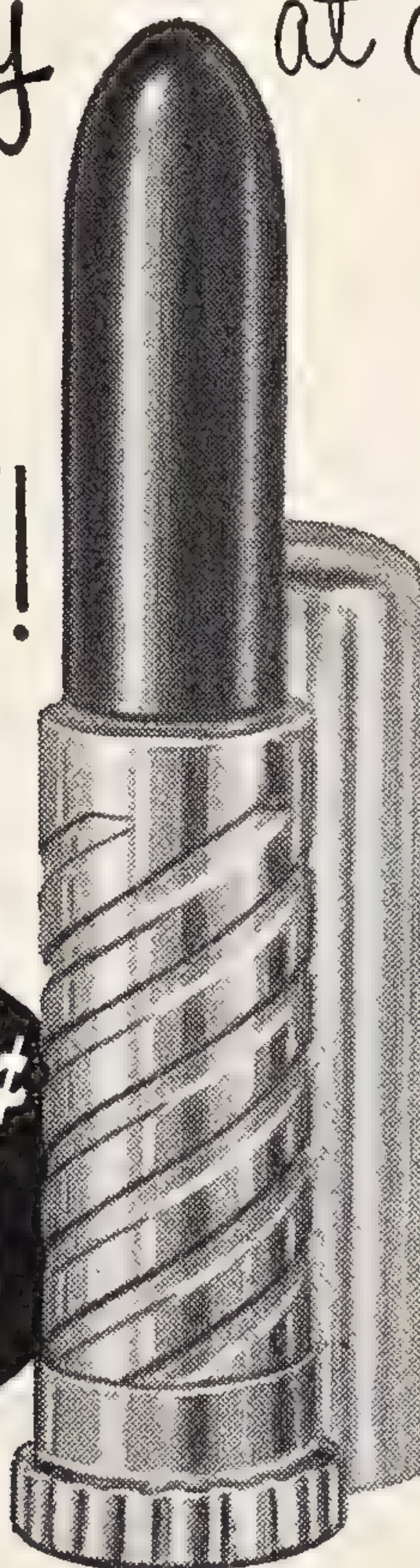


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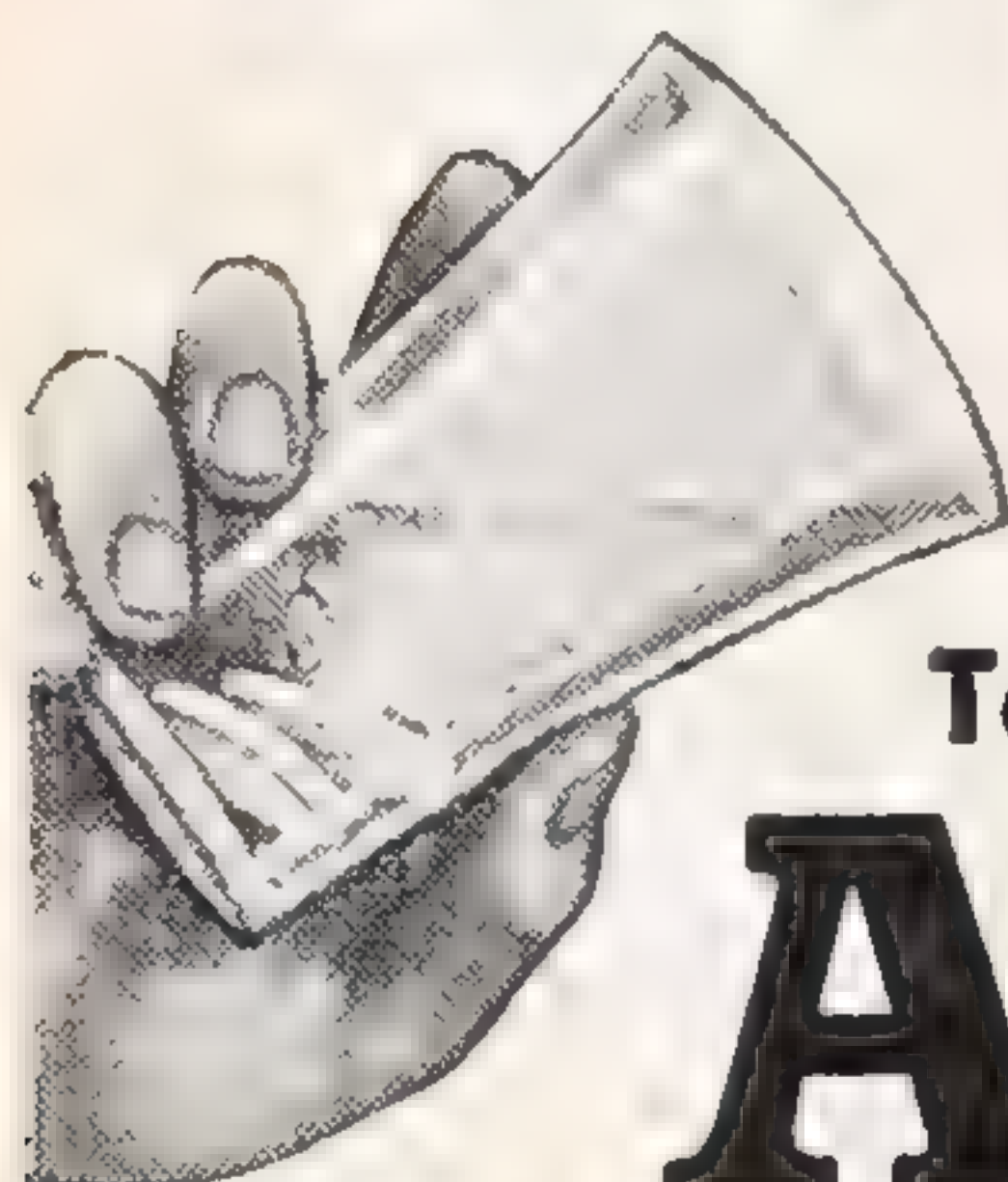
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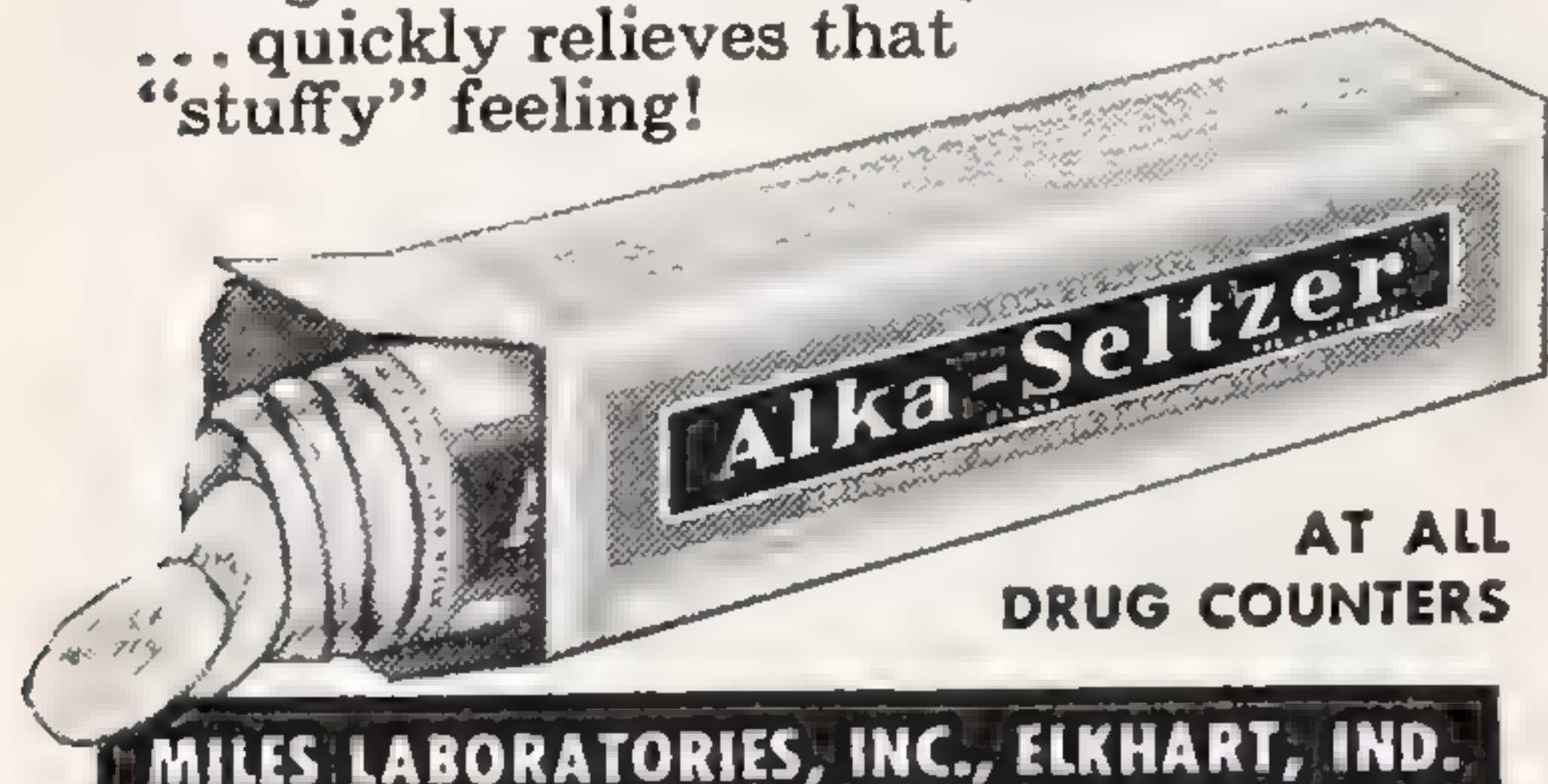


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Maggie has so far limited her stays in Hollywood strictly to the requirements of business, rushing back to New York the minute her schedule permits. It's because she grew up on the upper West Side of Manhattan in an almost exclusively Irish neighborhood and considers herself a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker. She loves her city most on Sundays and holidays when the streets are deserted and lesser boosters are apt to find it depressing. "It's so peaceful," she says. "You feel that the city really belongs to you then."

Maggie's attachment to New York is all the more remarkable as her childhood there was far from ideally happy. Marguerite Ann Mary—as she was christened—was the third of four children, three girls and one boy, born to Timothy and Helen (Fleming) McNamara who emigrated to America from Counties Cork and Galway respectively. Under the strain of the depression years, Maggie's parents split up when she was nine and from then on the four children, older sisters Helen and Cathleen and younger brother Robert, were supported on the mother's slim earnings as a beautician. Maggie was a timid and solitary child who didn't (and to this day doesn't) make friends easily and found her greatest satisfaction in constant and omnivorous reading. She got top marks at the parochial grammar school of St. Catherine of Genoa and later transferred to the Straubenmuller Textile High School where she concentrated on textile design. Beginning to do professional modeling while still in school, she took it up in earnest after her graduation.

Maggie, when she is in New York, lives in an unpretentious three-room apartment on the East Side of Manhattan not far from the United Nations, but facing away from the river and commanding an imposing view of ash cans, skyscrapers, office buildings and apartment houses instead. The furniture is simple, modern and comfortable. On the walls there are some excellent modern paintings and prints. There is a television set and a record player with stacks of records, both popular and classical, but one wall of the living room is entirely covered with book shelves, containing volumes from Aristotle to Zola, and Beaudelaire to Berenson. Maggie, who never was without a book in her hatbox as a model, still reads constantly. "I suppose it's become a habit," she says, "and one I'm afraid is not terribly good for me. I no longer feel particularly virtuous about my reading. It's a form of escape."

One way in which reading has really not been very good for Maggie is perhaps illustrated by her attitude toward domestic chores. She used to despise and neglect them, automatically curling up with a book

instead. (She does her own hair and fingernails, though, skills her mother taught her.) Recently, she's turned into an enthusiastic cook—for others, that is.

As for herself, Maggie usually has to be prodded into eating and has been known to forget a meal altogether when she's not reminded. Overweight is definitely not one of her problems. Standing five-feet-two, she weighs only ninety-six pounds and wears a size seven dress that has to be taken in.

Maggie's trim figure is a gift of nature though, and not the result of exercise. She rarely feels the urge to exercise and, when she does, she's developed a technique of quickly sitting down and waiting for it to pass away. In California, where she usually stays at the Beverly Hills Hotel, it practically never occurs to her to use the hotel's beautiful swimming pool. Nor have any other outdoor activities much appeal for her. She smokes moderately and drinks nothing stronger than Sherry, but is happiest in a smoke-filled room with a few intimate friends. She likes talking to one person at a time and detests large parties where that's usually impossible. A whiz at it, she'll stay up all night playing charades.

Maggie today is extremely successful. But she still is almost as solitary as she was as a child, seeing few people and counting fewer among them close friends. Generous, loyal, kind, a charming hostess with an exquisite sense of humor and enough brains to talk about any number of topics with wit and grace, Maggie makes a popular hostess and guest, but she prefers to live simply and quietly, hoarding her energy for her work. This dedication to her career, no doubt, can perhaps explain her recent separation from her husband.

In less than four years as a professional actress she's gone to the top, establishing herself as a star. Beauty and personality have helped her in her career, but Maggie won't be satisfied unless she wins acclaim for her talent alone. For Maggie is an actress and an artist first and last.

Director Herbert Ratner, whom she's been studying with during the past two years in New York while between films, sees in Maggie some of the qualities—especially the sensitivity—of the young Laurette Taylor—qualities which made her one of America's greatest and most beloved stage actresses. He also compares her talent to Marlon Brando's, stressing similarities in their approach, their originality and their creativeness. "Someday," Ratner says, "people will forget that Maggie is a beautiful girl. They'll only see that she's a great actress."

THE END

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That Girl Kelly and Me

(Continued from page 48)

hat she went about referring to the assignment as "Grace Kelly sees the World!" (Grace wants to see the world and she will. Grace has purpose. And direction. She knows what she wants.) Similarly, I was happy when, after the African safari, I made "Night People" in Germany, "Sign of the Pagan" in Hollywood, then back again to Germany (the Bavarian Alps this time) and only recently returned for William Dieterle's "Magic Fire," the life of Wagner in which I play Cosima Liszt, the daughter of Franz Liszt and Wagner's last wife. I loved the art because as Cosima Liszt I go from a very enthusiastic eighteen-year-old girl to a very strong sixty-year-old woman.

Both Grace and I are collectors of souvenirs. We become very attached to things. In addition to our treasured rocks, we also brought home from Africa suitcases full of pictures of native women washing their clothes on the banks of rivers. Looking over our pictures one night we sat admiring the supple dark women bending over the rivers' dark waters. "So graceful," we said, "but thank God," we added laughing, "we don't have to do that!"

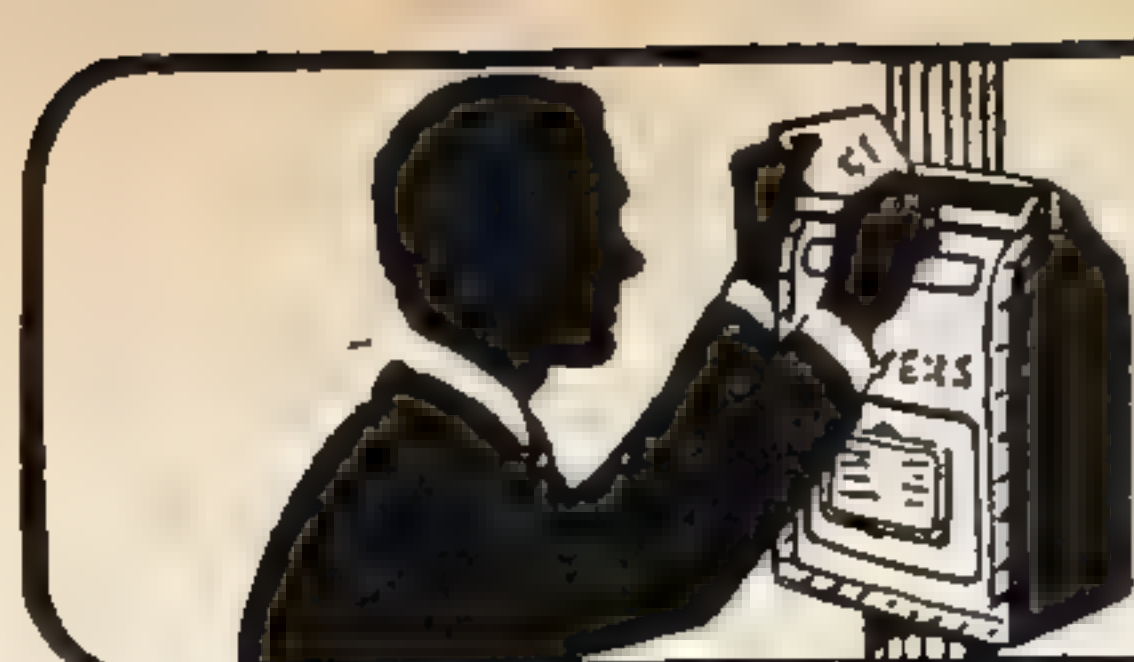
We're lovers of clothes, too, Grace and I. We have lots of clothes, buy them in lots and starts, great gobs of things, then forget all about them for six months. In the daytime Grace wears skirts and sweat-suits and rarely wears a hat. Then at night she breaks out in lovely satin broad-brimmed coats and beautiful feminine things. Grace always dresses very carefully. And in ways there is that look of freshness about her, the American finishing school look, that very elegant and ladylike look. I remember seeing her at the theatre one night in a brown satin dress, long white gloves and pearls. Everything was very right for her. Grace knows what is right for her and not only in the matter of clothes.

We both need glasses for near work, Grace more than I—she's really blind! She can be pretty formidable with her glasses on, too—looks like a pretty but very efficient secretary!

We're alike, too, in that we both choose to live in New York, refuse to live in Hollywood. Though a Philadelphian, Grace loves New York. She does most of her specializing in New York. When she is in Hollywood making a picture, she usually rents a furnished apartment, but she speaks of her New York apartment as "my real apartment."

Very much like its tenant, Grace's "real apartment" is very feminine and sentimentally filled with souvenirs, snapshots, sketches, from each of her pictures. For instance her rocks, which are reminiscent of her "Mogambo" and of Africa; a banner from "Bridges at Toko-Ri," and the ones Bill Holden brought her from Japan. From her "Rear Window," she has a sketch of the set given her by the set designer; she has something from "Dial M for Murder," too, but I can't remember just what. A plaque inscribed "To Our Favorite Country Girl" given her by the crew of "Country Girl" is treasured as is another rock or two (veined with emerald?) in memory of "Green Fire." And everywhere about her apartment are pictures of her family, her mother and father, her two sisters, her brother Jack, her uncle, playwright George Kelly, her aunts and lots and lots of cousins.

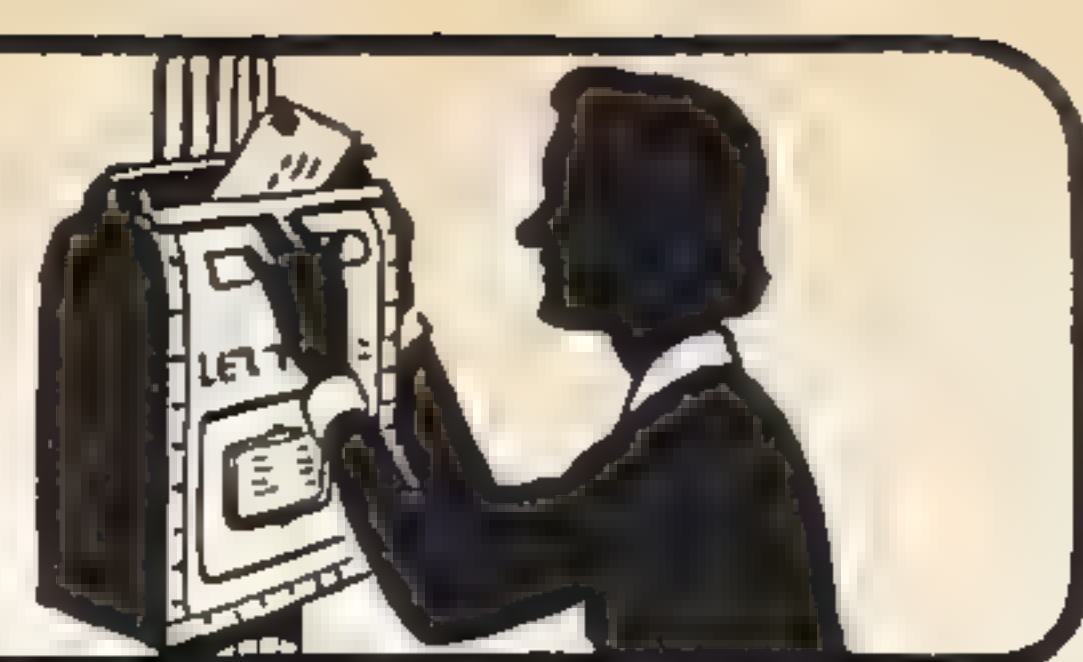
Grace's bedroom is all blue and white and green, fresh bright colors which she loves and there may be, and probably are, some stuffed animals around which she



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has bought for some kid. Very fond of kids, Grace is closer to children than any girl I know. Her miniature French poodle, Oliver, who is an exceptionally well-trained and happy little dog, clues you to the disciplined but happy and free children Grace will someday have and raise.

For a girl brushed by wanderlust, Grace is the most all-round home-and-family loving person I know. When she is in New York she usually goes to Philadelphia weekends to visit her family. She is very close to them, particularly close to her older sister, Peg. Grace works very hard at her job, studies quite a lot, is a very careful and conscientious actress. Real dedicated. Yet she wants to live her life on several levels, wants to have and intends to have as full and rounded a life as possible. With her deep family feeling and love of children I think she would certainly like to be married. And I don't think she'll have any difficulty managing marriage and career. Grace has clarity—clarity of mind and of character and of purpose. She has clarity about what she has done in the past, what she is doing now and will do in the future. She's still in the process of growing up and she knows it. She also knows what she's growing up to. If I could use only one word for Grace, the one word would be *clarity*. I think you can tell she has it just by looking at her.

Oh, I don't mean in the everyday little things. Matter of fact, Grace lives much the same disorganized life I do; more so, if that is possible. Both of us like to take long walks, long slow walks—destination nowhere. Grace is vague about time, about dates. She sort of floats from place to place, doesn't take care of correspondence right away, forgets to answer telephone calls, forgets, like me, to put the laundry out, too, which created something of a problem during the two months we shared an apartment (Grace's apartment) in Hollywood.

Curious how we got to be friends. . . .

We met on tv in New York at a time when both of us were engaged in making the rounds of the Crime Circuit—tv Whodunits, that is. Just what the shows were I don't remember. I do remember that I was being always the bad girl and Grace was being always the good girl and that I admired her work and she, mine. Between scenes we'd sit around and mull over our old modeling days in New York, both of us having started out as models, although Grace, who is always successful in everything she does, had an easier

time of it than I did. While I worry more and am more easily diverted by extraneous things, Grace is in the things that matter, single-minded. She saves herself for the things that matter. In those early tv days we used to meet, now and then at parties around New York and were always glad to see each other although we were not close friends.

I remember very well my first impression of Grace. I remember thinking, She like her name—soft, yet strong, great inner resources and direction. She was also very reserved at first, very shy, yet warm and responsive.

Grace was making "Rear Window" when I went to Hollywood to make "Sign of the Pagan" and one day, quite by accident, we ran into each other on Hollywood Boulevard. After the usual How-are-you? Good-to-see-you, Grace suggested coming over to her apartment for coffee. I went over to the two-room apartment Grace had rented for the duration of the picture. It was done in modern style and Grace felt it didn't fit in with her taste. (Grace's taste in her New York apartment is for French Provincial, old pieces, and nothing, even though new, with the modern look.) Over coffee, we talked about our work, about New York and how we missed it, about Hollywood, too. I admitted I was lonely in Hollywood and Grace said ditto and then, at her suggestion, I moved in!

Since I never went to college, the old roommate routine was something brand new to me. I wasn't too sure how it would work out for either of us. But speaking for myself, at any rate, it worked out comfortably and congenially. One of the reasons Grace and I got along so well is that temperamentally we are different. But like unrelated ingredients in cooking, we combine well. She never loses that sense of control you feel in her, a soundness, dignity. I find it very calming to be with Grace. She gives me something, something fine which not many people can.

She's fun, too, great great fun. She has a marvelous kind of humor—a vaguely whimsical humor, not the exuberant, life-of-the-party kind.

But although we are opposites, temperamentally, our rhythm is much the same. We have a similarity of tempo in a way. Grace enjoys single relationships, for instance, more than she does being the center of the party. So do I. She is extremely self-sufficient, enjoys being alone. So do I. Being self-sufficient, she doesn't make demands, of any kind, on other people. Neither, I hope, do I. So, at any rate we



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then, effortlessly, into a smooth routine. Since both of us were working we'd breakfast in the kitchenette at 6 A.M., usually on prunes! At the time we were going through a diet routine. A mad diet—only prunes, steak, eggs, and prunes! We ate prunes all day long. Once when, characteristically, we'd forgotten to order some, we came home to a pruneless larder, were distraught, went out in the dead of night to buy some. We couldn't find any so we tracked all over Hollywood until we eventually found a store in the *dreariest* street with prunes. Actually, while we dieted, we cheated something awful. We nibbled and gnawed. "Oh well," we'd say, making inroads on a fat piece of pie, a hunk of cake, "just this little bit won't hurt!"

Since exercising while dieting is beneficial, we would exercise every night; Grace in the bedroom; I in the living room. Here, too, we cheated. We'd tell each other we'd kept at it for the prescribed fifteen minutes until one night I quit (not for the first time) at the end of ten minutes, walked in on Grace to find her prone upon the bed (not for the first time) and the truth came out.

We lunched, usually, at our respective studios. Occasionally Grace would have a late for dinner at La Rue or one of those places. Now and then an intrepid male would invite us both to dinner. Phil Silvers, I remember, took us both out—and Mitch Miller of Columbia Records. More often though, we'd fix hamburgers at home.

Since Grace likes a lot of sleep—and I do, too—we would usually sleep through Sunday—all of it. When we woke, one or the other would get dinner. We alternated. One Sunday Grace did her spaghetti bit, with green salad. Or, if in gourmet mood, her Beef Stroganoff. The next Sunday I'd do my Duck l'Orange with wild rice. And always champagne. We would keep champagne in the house, nothing but champagne, even had it with our hamburgers—which friends say has ruined my appetite for humble beverages.

When we were invited out to dinner Sundays sometimes we'd go, mostly we wouldn't. Since all the bachelors comprising Hollywood's Bachelor List were calling, I'd sift all of Grace's calls for her. Frequently she'd prefer to be "not at home."

Not that Grace doesn't like men; far from it! After dinner in the apartment, we'd often let down our hair, talk—and what did we talk about? Men, of course! Books, too, music, our work. And we'd gossip like mad. But mostly we talked about men. I think Grace likes handsome men. She also likes field-and-stream outdoor men. The big reason Grace and Clark Gable were so congenial is that they love outdoor living—the woods, the sea, fishing, hunting. They went on hunting safaris in Africa. Met lions, face to face; and on equal terms. What does Grace really think of Gable? She thinks he's charming.

Grace has a pretty rounded taste. Matter of fact, in men, she likes writers, directors, musicians, businessmen, artists, politicians, actors. And since she is very interested in, and knowledgeable about a variety of things—music, dancing, politics, art and is extremely well read, she talks to men on their own terms.

Coming, as she does, from a very conservative and fine family, Grace is fastidious about everything, almost to a fault. She's especially fastidious about her relationships and is very reticent about them. She definitely does not like to talk about her friendships or her romances. And to have her personal affairs mentioned in the newspapers is a shocking thing to her. She may get over this, but I doubt it.

When success comes to you in such leaps and bounds as it has come to Grace, it is likely to be staggering. Grace is sur-



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prised, of course, but she is not staggered or overwhelmed. She is grateful. Especially to Director Alfred Hitchcock, who did both "Dial M for Murder" and "Rear Window." For Mr. Hitchcock Grace feels a personal enormous gratitude and great respect. And she was more excited than I have ever seen her about winning the New York Critics Best Actress of the Year (1954) Award. Here, again, Grace has clarity—she distinguishes between the laurels that are made of tinsel and the green and lasting laurels that will grow.

Now that her success is on the level it is, Grace is in process of reorganizing her life. She is planning to take a larger apartment. Instead of fixing herself a frozen chicken pie or something, as she's been doing, she'll have help. Up to now she's been living, in other words, like a young actress without roots. Now her life is going to be more organized, lived on a larger scale, as befits a young actress who has taken root in her life—deep and sturdy roots.

I think, too, she will now be very discriminating about the pictures she makes. She mentioned the other day, "I'm not going to do anything unless it is a good part in a good script. Meantime, I'll stay in my apartment with my poodle and my friends and my books and my theatre—and rest."

People will call this "temperament." It won't be—merely a matter of taking what she wants from the life instead of letting the life take her over.

When she marries she'll be the same, only more so. No matter how high a level her career has reached, she will never live on one level.

Young as she is, Grace Kelly has already asked herself, "What am I doing with my life?" And she knows the answer. Which is why success may change the four walls within which she lives but will not essentially change her.

Grace is lucky, it's true, because she comes from a family of background and money and protection so that she comes equipped with strength. But you can misuse this, you know, and she hasn't.

The fact is that Grace is an exponent of what we in the profession are now and what we want to be. What we want is to get away from the nonsense, away from the lush self-indulgence and extravagance you read about in the earlier days of Hollywood that gave us no life at all, to something that does. We're fighting in a very sane way to retain values, to make the career work for us as well as we for it, so that we end up with some dough, some life apart from the career, some health and happiness.

Because Marlon Brando doesn't fit into any cliché, he is called eccentric and crazy. He isn't. He is trying to be a mature human being.

Because Grace doesn't fit into any cliché doesn't carry a pet monkey on her shoulder, doesn't go in for exhibitionism of any sort or kind, people say she's cold, shy. She isn't cold. Everything Grace does stems from a very feeling person. But deep feeling and real, not just for show. I'm sure Grace doesn't say, or even consciously think, I won't give any of myself to this interviewer. And I'm sure, too, that her success is enabling her, in a curious way, to be more open and more giving of herself. Meantime, she is merely trying to protect herself, to save herself for her life.

It's a different era we're living in, that's all. Of this different era, Grace is a shining example. She is gentle. She is a gentlewoman. She is very wholesome. She has the healthy thing. It is this, added to her natural talent, that has made her the star she is on-screen and off. For ask yourself: Is there anyone else in pictures like her? I think not.

THE END

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Duke—Prince Among Men

(Continued from page 54)

No one even mentioned the picture. Duke admired the scenery; Budd gave us a history of Mexico and the rest of the group played gin rummy in the back seat. The closest Duke came to talking about the picture was to say that we were going south "to get the feel of Mexico."

We got the feel of Mexico all right. Or perhaps Mexico got the feel of us. Mexico drew me like a magnet. I was magnetized by the dry red earth, the white plaster buildings glittering in the sun, the intense faces of the people in the streets.

I got the impression that Duke felt the same way. The last morning, I knew that he did. We were standing outside the training ring at a bull ranch, watching the *becerras*, those dangerous little cows who were being tested to determine whether they had the courage and the strength to become the mothers of fighting bulls. If so, their sons would, perhaps some day in the future, fight and die at La Plaza de Toros in Mexico City.

"Fine country, Mexico," Duke said. "Damn fine country."

I think he was searching for a word to describe how he felt. There is such a word. He didn't know it then, nor did I. It's a word that has no equivalent in English, a word that describes the way bullfighters feel about bulls and perhaps the way that bulls feel about bullfighters.

Simpatico.

The word is part of Duke's vocabulary now—and mine. But on that morning he didn't know that Mexico was to be *simpatico* to him or he to it. He just stared at

the other bull ring, standing in the hot sun, watching the novice bull knock over the apprentice *toreros*.

Without moving, without turning his head toward me, he said, "Want to try it, Bob?"

I looked into the ring. Baby bulls who weighed nearly half a ton. Bulls whose horns weren't big enough to slash with but who pounded their opponents against the walls of the ring.

"Okay," I said.

Then I stood in the ring, squinting against the sun. One of the men tossed me his cape.

I held the cape awkwardly in front of me. I waved it at the bull, and he charged. I jumped aside and turned to face him again. This time his horns caught my arm and spun me around. Next time he did even better; he hit me square in the stomach. Knocked off my feet, I rolled over on the ground. I got up, brushed myself off, and tried again.

I was a novice, all right. When I finally limped out of the ring, my arm bleeding from a stone cut, I was still carrying the cape. Duke took it from me, tossed it over his arm and walked slowly down the steps into the ring.

That is something that is integral to Duke's sense of honor—his refusal to ask anyone to do something he is not willing to do himself. Of course, he is such a super-natural athlete that this is something like a jet pilot's inviting you to take his plane up and try a few fancy rolls. Duke has the walk of a panther and the coordination of a cat and that day, when he had never

een in a bull ring before, the bull only rushed him twice.

That was our last morning in Mexico. The picture had not been mentioned all week. I didn't really know whether I was being considered for it. I hadn't been asked to test for the part or to read for it, the usual ways an actor gets a role in Hollywood. I found out the next morning when the assistant producer called.

"Hey," he said, "did you fight a bull yesterday?"

"Sort of."

"All I know is, Duke says you got guts. The part needs a guy with guts. So, get on over here. You've got the part."

I got on over, thinking as I drove that no other man in Hollywood would give me one of the best parts of the year to a man who had never tested on film but who seemed to have passed some sort of private test.

Duke was waiting for me. "You lucky stiff," he said, looking down at me. I'm over six feet tall, but I'm still a good three inches shorter than Duke and a good thirty pounds lighter.

"You lucky stiff," he said again. "I'd play this part myself if they'd let me. But I can't fit into those blasted bullfighter pants."

From the moment we started the picture, Mexico and John Wayne were *simpatico*. Mexico is a strange country, simple on the surface. But violence and passion lie beneath that surface. Its borders dip against the tropics, and strange things mushroom from the earth in those places. The land is like that, and so are the people, and both accepted Duke as a friend immediately.

Most of the people we met were connected with the bulls in some way. They were bullhandlers or bullranchers or owners of the stadiums where bulls fight or *toreros*—the bullfighters. The bullfighters. They are more important than residents, than kings, than movie stars.

They are not just a little more important. There is simply no comparison between a bullfighter and anyone else. For example, a friend of mine was being driven around Mexico City by a wealthy Mexican who was proudly demonstrating his new Cadillac. Suddenly a dented car swept round the corner on the wrong side of the street and crushed the Cadillac's fender. The Mexican rushed to the other car, shouting insults. Then his shouts stopped. In the other car was Silverio Perez, one of Mexico's most famous and revered bullfighters.

"Silverio," the Mexican said, shaking his head over and over, "*mi compradote*, what an honor to meet you, what an honor."

Bullfighters, like kings, choose their friends. And the first time Silverio and Duke met, Duke was chosen. It didn't matter that Duke spoke only six words of Spanish and Silverio a few sentences of English. They were *simpatico*.

One evening Silverio threw a big party at one of the bullfighters' clubs in Mexico City. It's a tremendous restaurant, on the walls are bull heads and ears and tails, mementos of famous fights. Duke and I were the only Americans there.

We were led to a private dining room on the second floor. In front of each place was a bottle of tequila and a glass. Duke and I looked at each other, wondering if we were expected to drink the whole bottle. I had tried tequila once before and I knew it had something of the effect of raw alcohol and gasoline lit with a match. Duke had lead-panned me and I knew we'd drink as our hosts drank, even if it meant we'd never be able to swallow again.

Silverio motioned for silence, and we were introduced to the ritual of the bells. In this ritual, each man faces the man

next to him, links arms and then when the silver bells are rung, drains his glass. Luckily, this ritual didn't last very long. Then the speeches began.

When it was Silverio's turn, he stood up. "Only two *gringos* do I love," he said. "You Robertito," and he put his hand on my shoulder. "And you, Duke."

Duke was standing, too, looking down at Silverio who is a small, slender man only half his size.

"You, Duke," he said again and gave Duke a firm *abrazo*—the embrace that to the bullfighter is like the ceremonial kiss a French general bestows on a man he is decorating for valor.

Duke just stood for a minute, so moved that he couldn't answer. Then he unbuckled his gold and hammered silver belt and handed it to Silverio. Silverio put the belt on, wrapping it twice around his waist before it would fit.

This gesture probably cost Duke five or ten fans. They were waiting for him in the hotel lobby. He passed them by without stopping, and I found it impossible to tell them that he couldn't sign autographs because he was holding up his pants with one hand.

Bullfighting is an art, not a sport, and the men who face death in the afternoon and those who watch it have an acceptance of the facts of life and death. With this acceptance goes a capacity and an ability to live each moment furiously—to get drunker than anyone else when they get drunk and to be soberer than anyone else when they are sober. These men took to Duke, I think, because his code was so close to theirs, so close to the basic, elemental truth—a man should live each moment as well as he can and never cringe before any.

Nothing ever angered him except incompetence or pettiness. Faced with anything else, he grinned and accepted what had been dealt.

Duke seemed always to do the right thing without thinking about it, and this is difficult in a country that does not always accept Americans with open arms. Once, we were having lunch at a bull-ranch where we had just started to shoot. Our food was brought in from Mexico City, and our crew had taken over the big ranch dining room. We had just begun to eat when we saw a group of thirty or forty children looking through the windows and doors. They were dirty, thin and obviously had never quite had enough to eat.

Duke saw them, picked up his hat, scoped about fifty or sixty sandwiches into it and took them out to the children.

A few minutes later one little boy returned with his hat. "Thank you for the cake," he said very slowly in English.

Duke bowed. "*De nada*," he said. "You're very welcome."

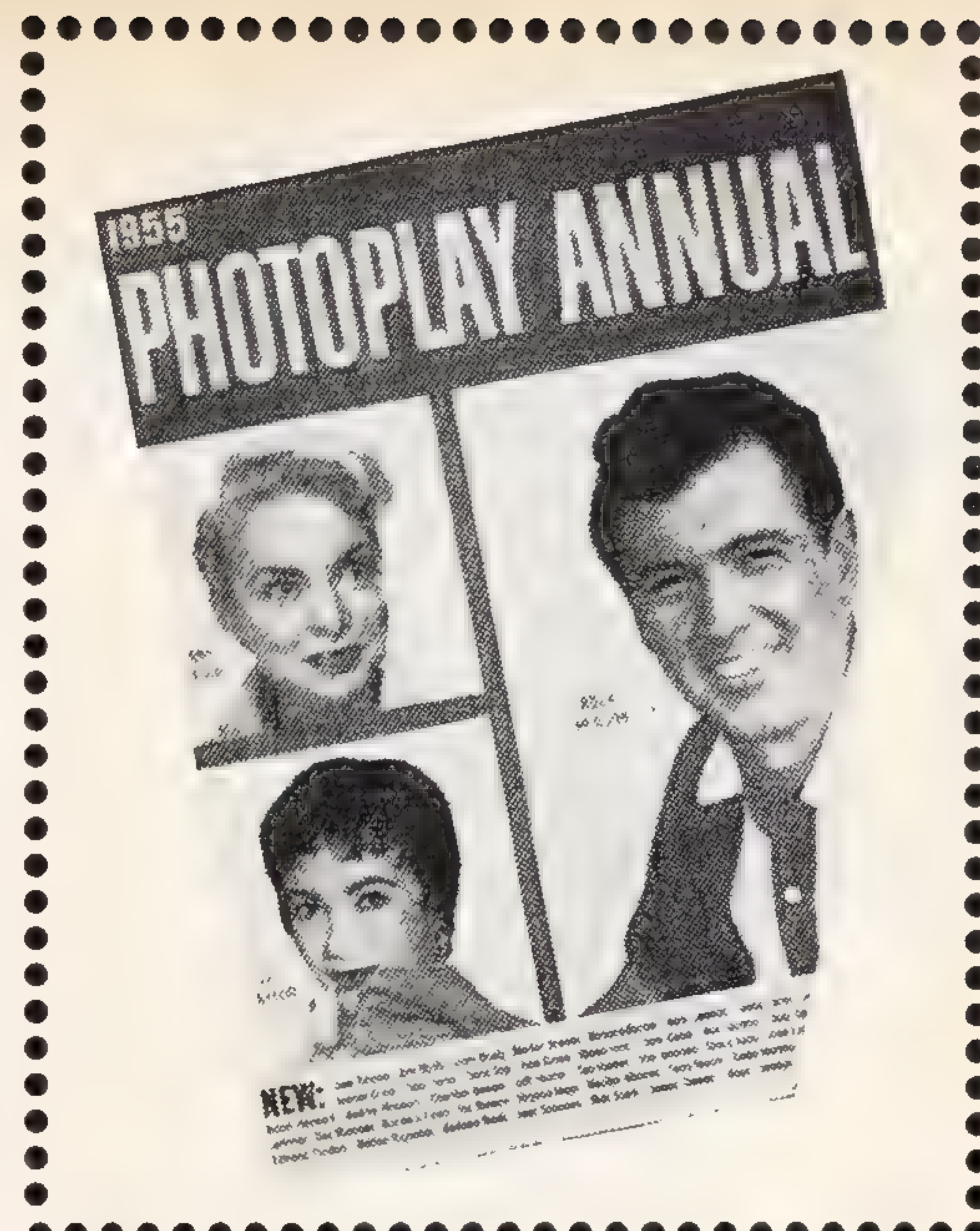
That was not a gesture. It was John Wayne.

It was not only the bullfighters who liked Duke. I noticed that a young Mexican named Carlos always handled Duke's transportation, the shipping of cast and crew to the ranches and towns around Mexico City. And the car Duke rode in was always driven by Carlos. I asked Carlos about it one day.

"That Señor Duke, he said. 'He is a man.'"

Then Carlos told me the whole story. "He set me up in business," Carlos said. "The first time he comes to Mexico City, I have only one cab. He wants me to take him to a place someone has told him about. I say, 'No, that is too rough a place. That is where the *bandidos*—the bad men—go.' But he wants to see it. He wants to see everything here. And so we go.

"At the next table a man throws his



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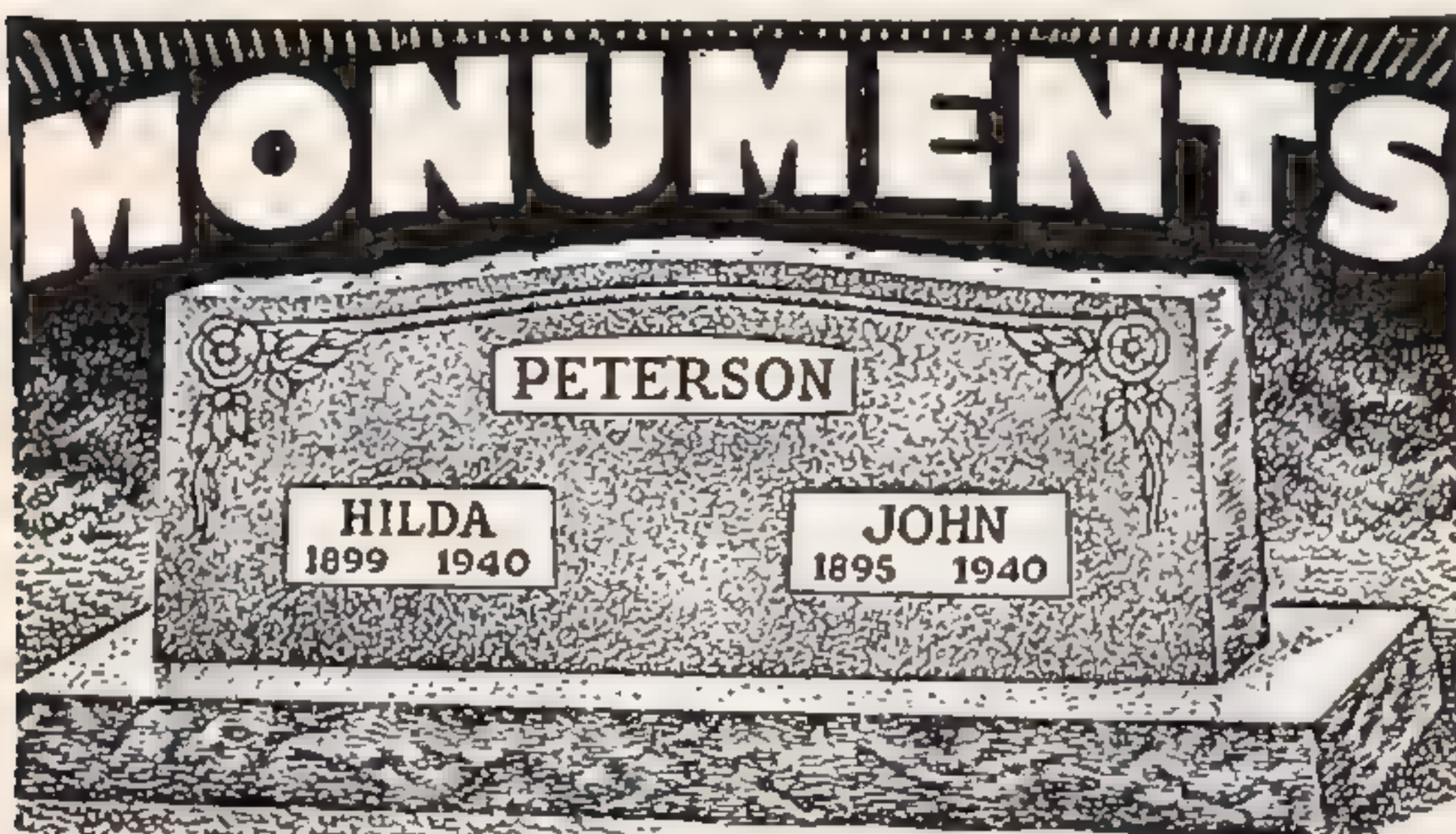
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cigarette on the floor and points to Señor Duke. Luckily Señor Duke does not understand what he says because he speaks in Spanish. 'Vamonos,' I say to Señor Duke. 'Let's go.'

"The man says something worse, and Señor Duke just stands there, big against the room. 'Tell me, Carlos,' he says. And so I tell him. I can do nothing else.

"Then Señor Duke hits the man and knocks him half across the room and stands there, waiting for the man to get up. The man gets up, but when he comes back, he has a gun in his hand. It is too quick to do anything. He pulls the trigger. And the gun does not go off. There is no cartridge under the barrel. I think I hear Señor Duke's heart stop beating for that moment, but he has not turned pale, he has not cried out. Then I knock the man's arm aside before he can shoot again, and Señor Duke hits him again. This time he stays on the floor.

"Then I drive Señor Duke home. The next day he sets me up in business. That Señor Duke, he is a man."

Four years have passed since that picture and that night in Mexico and, like all of us, Duke has changed. Today I do not think that he would, without thinking, pit his strength against a bull or face an angry man with a loaded gun. Not because he has learned to be afraid. He is the only man I have ever met who is not afraid of anything.

But he has accepted the discipline of responsibility. Today he is aware that a million-dollar investment would walk into the bull ring with him. Six years of producing pictures have made him aware of that and of the multiple obligations that he has.

On the set of "The High and the Mighty," my second picture for Duke, there were none of the violent arguments, none of the raucous gags. Duke was quiet and serious. More often than not he gave instructions, criticisms or suggestions in a low, quiet voice. He seemed subdued, perhaps a little older. More mature but no less a man.

His sense of fairness, his generosity, his loyalty were still with him. I know that they always will be.

He was the star of "The High and the Mighty," and he was its co-producer. If he had wanted his name in letters eight feet high on the screen, his name would have been in letters eight feet high. Instead he specified that his name was to appear in all advertising the same size as all the other stars' names, because it was a team picture. And Duke knows all about team play.

An unwritten law says that a big star will appear eighty per cent of the time in any scene he plays with a younger actor. This is ensured by taking close-ups of the star after the scene is shot. When I had finished my big scene with Duke, he said he thought it was swell.

"Okay," Director William Wellman said. "Let's shoot those cover shots now."

"No," Duke said. "I think the scene went okay."

"But we have to . . ." Wellman began.

"I'm tired," Duke said and walked off the set. "Go on to something else."

Those close-ups were never shot. Duke wasn't tired. It was his way of telling me that he had liked the scene and that he wanted me to have an equal chance in on the screen.

Duke's loyalty to his friends is legendary. On "High and Mighty" one morning someone came in with the news that Duke's make-up man, Webb Overlander, had broken three ribs in an automobile accident and was now in the hospital.

Duke finished the scene. Then he picked up his hat, turned to Wellman and said, "Shoot around me. I'm going to see how Junior is." He didn't come back for two days until Webb was out of danger.

The only time he got angry at me, Pillette had come unexpectedly onto the set and was motioning toward Duke. He was trying to get him to let me change a couple of lines in a scene, but his mind kept wandering toward the corner of the stage where she waited.

"Please, Duke, listen," I said, and he blew up.

Then he grinned. "Sorry, Bob," he said. "Just wait a minute, will you?"

I watched him walk over to her. She said something and he smiled. Then he reached for her hand, held it and stood there a minute without saying anything. When he came back, all the pent-up tension was gone.

"Quite a girl," he said. "Simpatico." Then, "Okay, what the heck are you standing around for? Let's get back to work."

"Come on," I said, "the cast-iron dude wants us to work."

"Sure," he said. "I'm the original iron man. I eat actors for breakfast every morning." He grinned. "I'm tough," I said.

I finished the scene and the next time I looked up, the original iron man was serenely holding hands with his wife, the doubtful privacy of an unlit spotlight. There was an expression of peace on his iron face.

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Changeable Lady

(Continued from page 53)

or a table when John Housman, the director, rushed up and said: 'Hello, Joan.olly, it's been a long time.'

"I looked up and said, 'Oh, John, you're ke all the others. Just because I've hanged the color of my hair for a new icture, you take me for someone else. oan who?'"

"He stared hard at me and then his face ushed up. 'Honestly, Eleanor,' he said, 'I ought you were Joan Fontaine.'

"Even my own children don't know me metimes if I come home at night still earing make-up," she went on. "Only ecently my two-year-old son, Richard, rank away from me when I tried to ke him into my arms. But I couldn't ame him. I was wearing a *Carmen* wig."

It is said at M-G-M, where Eleanor is ow working in "Interrupted Melody," at there are two Eleanor Parkers—the illiant, utterly convincing actress who so stinguished herself in "Caged" and "De-ctive Story," and the serenely poised ung woman who is content to remain celebrated in her private life so long she is acknowledged to be a first-rate erformer on the screen.

"Other than my family that's the most ortant thing in my life," she said. "I ver go to night clubs and skip parties the big ones, that is—when I can do it acefully. I don't like them. It seems to e that most of the people at these affairs e unhappy. They must have some escape om themselves, I suppose, and find it in ows. For me there's too much good usic to hear, too many books waiting to read and, thank heaven, so much work."

It is, perhaps, Miss Parker's chameleon- e ability to actually become the char- ter she is portraying on the screen ich has given her the wide diversity roles in the twenty-five pictures she has ade. Certainly one would scarcely sus- ct that the same actress played the enetic, half-demented girl in "Caged" d the well-poised, clear-minded wife of rk Douglas in "Detective Story." The o interpretations were as far apart as e poles, nor did the faces of the women en faintly resemble one another.

Unambitious, Miss Parker has no dream le which pulls her forward in her career e a lodestar. "I just want to be happy," e says. "Money means nothing to me ex- pt for the necessary amount one must ve to live decently. Big fortunes, more en than not, bring nothing but trouble. , I just want to go on doing the best rk I'm capable of, raising my three chil- en to be as fine as my own father and oter have always been, getting the most an out of today and not worrying too uch about tomorrow."

It has been said frequently that Eleanor rker is hard to interview. "It isn't that e doesn't want to cooperate, she's just unaware of the value of publicity that e doesn't know what to tell a reporter." Eleanor agrees. "I never know what to k about in an interview," she says. Then, most all at once, she'll begin, without e slightest hesitation, to talk.

Eleanor has definite ideas on almost erything. Regarding the obligation of a rformer to his or her profession is one. ny star," she says, "should so conduct or her private life so as not to bring credit on the industry. I believe it pos- le for an actress to have a personal ex- ence of her own, providing this is ac- mplished with proper regard for the ople who have put her where she is— public. Stars should never think they ve grown big enough to ignore their s."

twice nominated for her work in

"Caged" and "Detective Story," as an Academy Award winner, Eleanor has never achieved that greatly coveted honor. But this doesn't in the least concern her. "If an actress does the best she's capable of in every picture, she should have no regrets," she said. "I think it's possible for a performer to set too high value on the Academy Award. I'd like to win it, of course—who wouldn't?—but it will never become an obsession with me. It's fine to hitch your little wagon to a distant star, but failure to reach that shining goal could end in bitterness and frustration. I'm never going to let that happen to me."

"Take Mae McAvoy: she was one of the biggest stars in the old silent days. Now she's working in a picture for M-G-M as an extra. She looks happy, and that's all that counts. It's more than security, position or fame. It's everything. All you can do is do your level best and work at resources within yourself to find a little peace. My life is full enough, what with maintaining that nice balance between my work and my big job as a mother."

Though Eleanor does not intrude the subject nearest her heart—her youngsters—into any conversation, they are never far from her thoughts. She admits that long separations while on distant locations are hard to bear. In 1953 while in Egypt making "The Valley of the Kings," members of the cast got together on Christmas Eve for an impromptu celebration. Each was called upon to do something in keeping with the spirit of the coming holiday, and Eleanor was asked to read Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. She was halfway through that immortal story when the picture of her own babies being tucked in their beds, on this night of all nights for children, sprang clear in her mind. "I managed to go on," she said, "but I don't think it was one of my better performances. My voice was shaky and my eyes full of tears."

In "Interrupted Melody," Eleanor impersonates Marjorie Lawrence, the great star whose career was halted at its apex by polio and around whom the story is woven. In her role, impersonating Miss Lawrence, it was necessary for Eleanor to learn the words of all the arias of the several operas used in the picture in which Miss Lawrence appeared. "I had to be letter perfect," she said, "because, while I didn't actually sing the songs—I couldn't, of course—the movements of my lips in forming the words had to 'sync' exactly with those of the great soprano's as they came off the sound track. I learned three operas in three languages during two weeks. I drove to work in the morning with the score propped up on the steering wheel of my car, and I woke up at night to find I'd been repeating the songs in my sleep."

Unlike many stars who came into pictures through a lucky combination of circumstances, Eleanor Parker never had any other ambition. When she was very young, she knew that she wanted to be a motion-picture actress. At the age of five she began putting on shows in the back yard of her parents' home in Cedarville, Ohio, where she was born. Even then she seemed to know precisely what she wanted to do. She wrote the stories, selected the casts, directed and always reserved the leading role for herself. "The other kids weren't much interested," she said, "but that was all right with me. I just wanted to hear my own voice anyway."

Later the family moved to Cleveland, and her parents, realizing that acting was no passing phase with their daughter, arranged for her to enter the Tucker School of Expression. In those days the principal of each Cleveland school selected a pupil



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and recommended him, or her, to another institution, the Rice School of Expression, an organization which accepted only those children who showed the greatest promise. Eleanor is still doubtful if she evidenced much talent. She was generally given the role of an old witch or some other horrific character.

With high school behind her and with no thought in her young head of being anything other than an actress, she entered the Rice School in Martha's Vineyard, an extension of the Cleveland organization. A mathematics teacher in the Cleveland educational system, her father's income had never been large. So Eleanor was forced to earn part of her expenses. To do this she waited on tables, and did anything else that promised a dollar. "That's where you learn about human nature," she says. "Even though you're one of a group, working toward a common goal, put on a uniform and you're a waitress. It used to hurt me a little to be treated in such an offhand manner by boys and girls I knew by their first names in school, but luckily I had sense enough not to let it bother me. I accepted it as part of the price I had to pay."

With her eyes fixed on Hollywood as the ultimate, shining goal, she finished her course at Martha's Vineyard and came immediately to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Like many another hopeful, she believed that there she would be "discovered." Hollywood talent scouts, she had heard, kept a watchful eye on that famous school of drama. It didn't work out that way. She was, indeed, discovered, but it wasn't while emoting on the stage. Actually, she was sitting in the audience when a talent scout became more interested in her green eyes, red hair and almost transparent skin than he was in the play he had come to see. He interviewed her on a Tuesday, a contract was worked out on Wednesday and she signed it on Thursday, her birthday.

For the next two years Eleanor studied with drama coaches, posed for photographers, and made rare, brief appearances before the camera in minor roles. Her first starring part was in "The Very Thought of You." This was followed by such diversified portrayals as "Of Human Bondage," "Escape Me Never," "The Voice of the Turtle," "Caged" and "Detective Story." Her three favorite pictures are: "Caged," "Detective Story" and "Above and Beyond."

Hanging in Miss Parker's dressing room is an oil painting of herself, jean-clad and crouched before a record player. The picture is by Paul Clemens, Eleanor's husband and a famous portrait painter.

Eleanor's romance with Paul Clemens began prosaically enough. She had learned, through friends, that the painter's portraits possessed a deep luminosity, bringing forth the subject's spiritual qualities as well as the physical likeness. Inherently shy, she hesitated calling on him personally, but at last overcame her reluctance and climbed the soaring flight of steps which lead to his studio at 1903½ Orchid Street in Hollywood. When she met Clemens she had no thought of romance. In fact, she was just recently divorced from her second husband, producer Bert Freedlob.

Clemens, immersed in a spate of work, was not eager, at the moment, to take on another assignment, but a second glance at his caller dispelled all doubts. She was smiling at him softly and he almost dropped his palette. "When can we begin?" he asked.

"It was one of the most exciting sittings I ever had," he said. "The portrait was to be small—just the head and shoulders—and while I was doing the preliminary sketch, we talked. I found that she possessed a lively and intelligent

curiosity about my work; had none of the usual easy but superficial patter which a great many people employ to cover their abysmal ignorance about art. What she said made sense."

Before that portrait was finished, Eleanor and Paul had drifted into friendship. Soon they were meeting in quiet little restaurants and, occasionally, had dinner at her house in Beverly Hills. "But I was never allowed to stay long," he said wryly. "Eleanor was working then, and when she's making a picture she's dedicated."

During those evenings they talked of their work and of music. Both have large record libraries, and they made the always-fascinating discovery that their tastes ran in identical channels. Each was devoted to the same good books, liked the same great musical compositions, both harbored intense admiration for Frans Hals, the Dutch painter, liked the same actors and actresses. And "one enchanted evening" they found out that they had met earlier. This had occurred at the house of a mutual friend during one of those parties where guests swirl in and out.

"Oh, now I remember," Eleanor exclaimed. "You were standing there looking bored, and you said . . ."

"Yes, and you said . . ."

They paused then, and looked at each other and laughed.

Asked about the portrait which hangs in Miss Parker's dressing room on the M-G-M lot, Clemens nodded. "I did it one afternoon while Eleanor was making her current picture, 'Interrupted Melody.' She was bent down before her record player letting me hear some of the lovely arias that are sung so beautifully in the picture. It was an interesting pose and—just did it."

The artist rarely goes to the studio when Eleanor is working. "She is consumed by each role she plays," he said, "and I found out that the set isn't the place for reposeful conversation. The same is true of the commissary where the actors and actresses have luncheon. Eleanor and I tried it just once, and that was enough. It's pretty hard to tell a girl the things that are in your mind when producers, directors and fellow-performers are constantly rushing up to the table with comments and praise. It's discouraging."

On occasion, Paul brings unfinished work to Eleanor and to his astonishment, she often points out little flaws which he himself had overlooked. "She has a discerning mind," he said, "and she never compliments me on work that she feels isn't my very best. On the other hand, she is quick to recognize something really good and is generous with her praise."

In the year that Paul has known Eleanor, there have been only two months when she wasn't working. For Eleanor—now at the peak of her career as an actress, with increasingly important roles being offered her by the studios. She steps from one picture into another—her next is "The Maverick" for Paramount—and she finds it difficult to devote as much time as she would like to her children, Susan, six; Sharon, four and Richard, two. "It is probably a good thing for them," she said. "My father and mother are much more strict with them than I ever was."

Not long ago when she went into the bedrooms to kiss them goodbye as she was leaving for the studio, Susan piped up: "Mommy, please don't go to work today. Just tell the man!"

"How comfortable it would be if I could brush off my problems and duties as easily," Eleanor said. "But life isn't so simple. None of us, actress, salesgirl or stenographer, can just 'tell the man.' But perhaps that's the fun of living and personal growth!"

THE END

Average Score: Terrific!

(Continued from page 37)

to good pictures. Is there such a thing as loyalty on the part of fans when a bad picture comes along? If your fans decide you're just like them—which they can't want you to be—you've had it."

But Bill has nothing to worry about on his score. He definitely isn't just the guy next door. (He points out, "The guy next door can be a jerk.") Ardis, his wife, says, "The only predictable thing about Bill is his general unpredictability—in an interesting and exciting sort of way. He has a delightful individuality, which makes him sometimes inconsistent, sometimes headstrong. He has learned diplomacy the hard way, and his temper is usually under control now, but it can explode like a volcano. Little things get on his nerves. He has no patience with someone who offers a special job, and that includes himself. In our almost fourteen years of marriage Bill has matured amazingly."

He takes his responsibility as a citizen and an actor seriously. He has accepted positions in the Los Angeles County Recreation and Park Commission, the Coliseum Board and Screen Actors' Guild, and works hard in all of them. Bill's integrity would not allow him to take an honorary post. He is a champion of his fellow actors, saying, "To err is human, and stars are members of the human race. But if an actor makes a bad bed, he has to lie on the wrinkles."

Holden and "solid citizen" and "pro" are synonymous. He is considered courteous, never gushes, likes meeting people and is good at ad-libbing. He is in the top ten at the boxoffice. His career has been planned carefully, but acting has not edged up all his business sense. Along with personal property, he owns 160 oil acres in Illinois, more in Texas, blue-chip stock in Paramount, Standard Oil, Allied Artists and 20th Century-Fox. He is vice-president of his father's chemical-manufacturing concern; he is on the board of a Dallas radio station; he is the very new owner of his own company, Toluca Picture Productions.

Holden is natural, unaffected, never embarrassed. His aptitude as a parent was learned at the knees of his very fine mother and father. Now, to his despair, they think they were too harsh and want to soften his discipline of his own children. Mr. and Mrs. Beedle (Bill's real surname) live close by and are a part of the family. Thursday evenings are always spent at their home when the Holdens are in town. If Bill is away, Ardis goes. Bill and Ardis enjoy each other. As husband and friend he is the epitome of all woman devoutly hopes for. All these things are Bill Holden—solid, way above average, exemplary.

But the human pendulum must swing and swinging go to the other side of any coin. Granted, Bill's other side is not timid, lusty or exotic. However, it allows a solid citizen to exist with stability. Un-Holden's calm and poise is a pacer, an impulsive, generous, sentimental, high-spirited, impatient, daredevil pessimist and optimist. Things happen to Holden—Holden happens to things. Like this . . . One day, Bill left his home with Hugh Mullen, a long-time friend. The phone started ringing, and Bill went back to answer it. As he said "hello," one of those California earthquakes suddenly shook the house—and Bill. Clutching the phone to his chest, he quavered, "Good Lord, Hugh, I'm having a heart attack!"

Hugh knew his man and with sly and wry humor remarked, "The application of any phenomenon, even an earthquake,

to his own person is a trick peculiar to the artist." Artist that he is, proud of his profession, Bill took the thrust good-naturedly.

He's usually able to appreciate a joke on himself, as on the evening when he and Ardis went to see one of his movies. They were pushed and shoved and diddled out of line until Bill turned a bright red and roared, "I'll complain to the manager!" Ardis tried to placate him, but he would have none of it. Turning to a breathing tuxedo, he barked, "Who's the manager?"

The tuxedo answered politely, "Mr. McConnell." After an enraged search, Bill found the manager's office and stomped in. The tuxedo and Mr. McConnell were one and the same. "I'm the manager," he said.

Bill stared blankly for a minute and then snapped, "Mr. Holden, my name is McConnell and I want to tell you that—"

The manager interrupted him, still politely. "No, no, my name is McConnell. Yours is Holden." That took all the fight out of the fighting Holden.

And he's willing to tell a joke on himself, too. As guest speaker at the Friars Club, he regaled the members with this story of a flight to Washington. Bill was traveling with Leon Ames, the well-known character actor. As a stewardess approached with coffee, Bill said, "She's going to dump that in my lap." Leon protested that the hunch was superstitious poppycock. Naturally, the plane lurched and Bill got the coffee in his lap.

The story drew a laugh from the Friars. Just then, a waiter passing behind the speaker tripped, and there was Bill Holden wearing the latest thing in all-over chocolate sundaes. At least, he consoled himself, the waiter's timing was perfect. It would take more than that to upset Bill's composure as a public speaker.

He's also a very good impersonator—once a year. When the Paramount Christmas party rolls around, he loses his reserve and does hilariously funny imitations of everyone on the lot. But it's affectionate ridicule. At a press party in New York, Holden heard a woman blasting Hollywood with a verbal barrage. He approached her and said quietly, "Madam, you don't know what you're talking about." That shut her up for the evening.

At a cocktail party in Havana, Bill took more drastic means to stop an unpleasant trend of conversation. He'd been staring gloomily out the window toward the ground, several stories below. Suddenly, he lunged out and stood on his hands on the outside ledge. This changed the subject! Furthermore, it took Ardis quite a while to get him to come back in and stand on his feet. Physical exertion has always been an outlet for his anger. In the heat of a discussion, he has been known to pick up a cane and start jumping over it forward and backward.

If his co-players in "The Country Girl" had known him better, they wouldn't have been so startled after he fluffed his lines in a tense dramatic scene. Bill's reaction to his own fluff was to begin methodically jumping up and down on the floor. He then jumped to a chair, from the chair to a table, from the table to a bed. Quietly and furiously he jumped up and down on the yielding bedsprings until, with one last magnificent leap, he cleared the set and disappeared completely.

Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly watched his exit with openmouthed awe. But director-writer George Seaton turned casually to the cameraman and said drily, "Did you pan in and get all that?" George knows Bill Holden.

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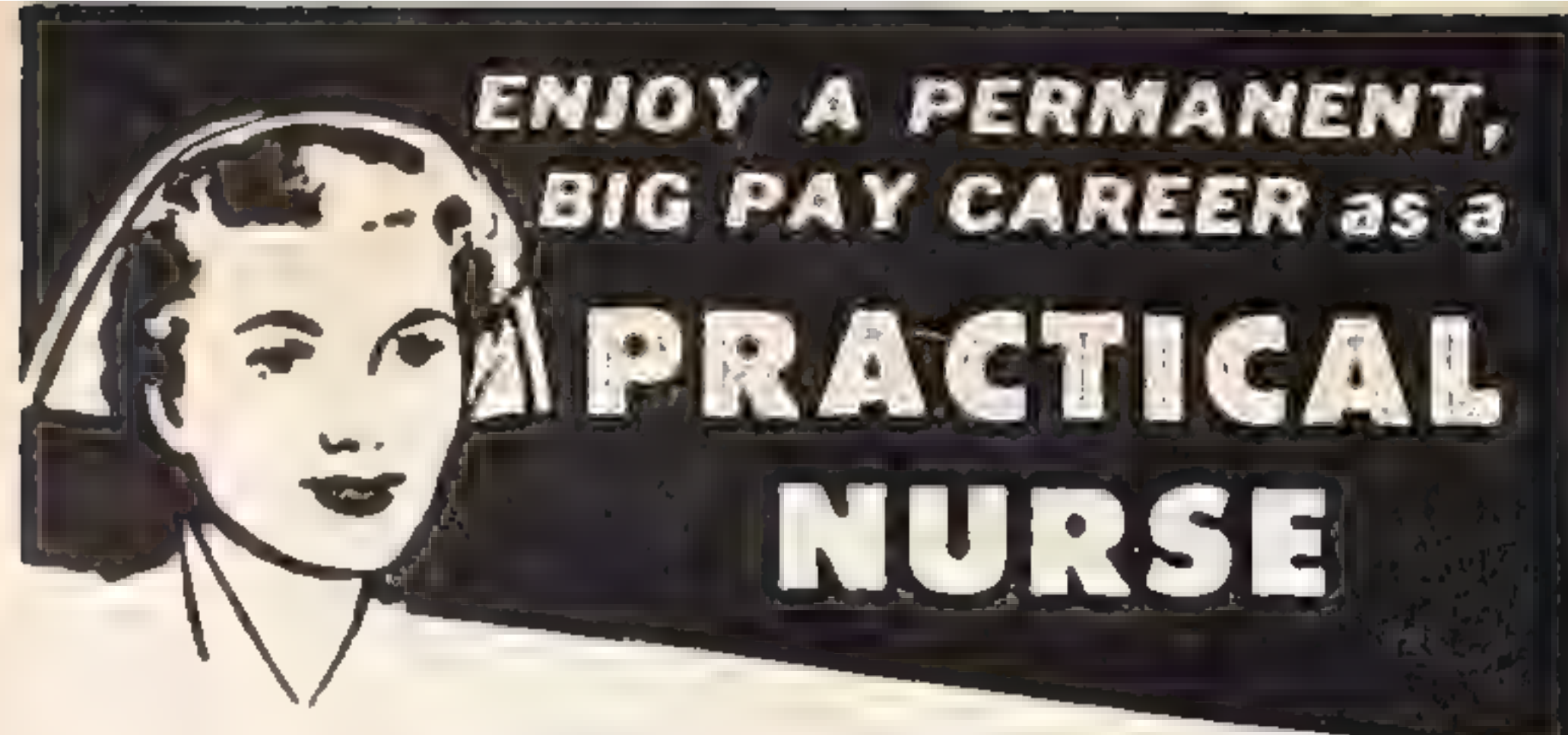
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had her first warning when she was a successful actress known as Brenda Marshall and Bill was courting her. He told his intended bride: "There may be times when you don't know whether to kiss me or crown me. But, no matter what, I don't think our marriage will be dull."

That was the understatement of 1941. As Ardis says, "It's been a ball." They were both working when they decided to get married. Knowing they were in for a long separation if they didn't marry right away, Bill chartered a plane for Las Vegas one Saturday night. And the bridal party was under way: Brian and Marjorie Donlevy, Bill, Ardis and the pilot.

The Vegas field was closed, so they landed on an Army air strip that hadn't been cemented. Walking in the dirt a mile and a half to the air terminal, they found it closed. Bill finally got a cab to come out and take them to town. The open-all-night office for marriage licenses was still open at 2 A.M., but the girl was out having a bite. They chased her all over Vegas, found her and got the license. The Congregational Church, where they had made arrangements to be married at midnight, was closed. They found the pastor at the hotel, but the bridal suite had been given to someone else. Bill and Ardis were finally married at the foot of a double bed in a single room by a one-armed minister who turned the pages of the Bible with his chin.

Ardis left that day for location in Ontario, Canada. Three and a half weeks later she returned, expecting to be carried over the threshold at last. But her bridegroom had departed hours before for location in Carson City, Nevada. A few days later, Bill came back suddenly—to the hospital, with a violent attack of appendicitis. On the ninth day of his convalescence, while Ardis was making one of her visits, she complained of same pains, same place. Bill pooh-poohed the thought with "You're having sympathetic pains." He jokingly suggested to the doctor that she should have an examination. The doctor took Ardis into the next room, examined her and came back. He suggested that Bill get up and give Ardis his bed. She, too, was scheduled for an appendectomy.

Two and a half months after that fateful wedding in July, Bill and Ardis finally looked across the breakfast table at each other as man and wife, thankful that they hadn't waited to marry because they would have been separated. The blending of two strong personalities was on. Bill took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Deedee, took naturally to being a daughter to Bill. Before the honeymoon was over, war was declared and Bill enlisted, in April of 1942. During the period he spent in AAF officers' training and for the remainder of the war, Bill did his duty and kept quiet. He came home to see his first-born son, Peter Westfield. He took one look and said, "Honey, he looks like an ugly Wally Beery." Returning to camp, Bill felt an increasing urge for freedom.

When he got home, he had too much freedom. Although under contract, he wasn't used for eleven months, and he became a brooding, unhappy man. Ardis finally went back to work when Bill despondently admitted that he was artistically and financially busted. This was the only rough period in Bill's career. Then along came a picture offer, "Dear Ruth." It was a smash, and Holden was golden again.

That rough period helped to shape the Holdens' marriage. Bill is the dominating force, but Ardis has a definite personality. She is outspoken, capable of error and the first to admit it, and sometimes tells the truth even when it galls. But she can also

take it and loves someone to stand up her. In Bill she found the one to do it.

By then, little Scott Porter had joined the family, and Ardis made her decision: "If you aren't with your children in the formative years, you really suffer a great emotional loss." She gave up her career and concentrated her talent on reading scripts and feeding Bill his lines (he has a great respect for her ability and would like to do a picture with her).

Together they take the character Bill's script and breathe life into it. What was the character's childhood? What are his likes? Dislikes? How would he react to certain situations? Sometimes the stimulating soirees go on until dawn. When they finish, the character Bill portrays is fully alive.

At first, Bill was stuck with what he calls "Smilin' Jim" parts. "You can travel," he says, "if your vehicle is jalopy." But with "Sunset Boulevard" the jaunty juvenile began to disappear. "Stalag 17" he lowered his voice to fit the role, and suddenly the public recognized the depth, maturity and strength of his acting and pushed "Smilin' Jim" into oblivion forever.

Before this recognition came, Ardis and Bill found their home in San Fernando Valley. It is a lovely 18th century English country home on a quiet street. Of the three bedroom suites upstairs, the boys have the largest, Deedee has her bedroom and bath, and Bill and Ardis took the empty rooms so they could convert a second-story sun porch into a large dressing room. Downstairs, a big living room and a small den are obviously the rooms where the entire family really lives. Bill had a high fidelity system piped in for his recording long before it became popular. The pool and the cabana are the meeting place for the neighborhood kids.

Bill and Ardis seldom go out. They enjoy family life and having friends in. Their love to entertain small groups of friends. Bill mixes the before-dinner drink. A connoisseur of wines, he serves the wine with dinner. Quite often the meal will be buffet with no evidence of servants. The children are well behaved and affectionate and come in for a "good night" all around before taking off for bed. At parties, Bill and Ardis believe in good conversation rather than games. He's an excellent story teller. He has traveled so much he is never at a loss for a fascinating story.

They are good parents. Ardis watches Scott eat his heart out at seven because he was too young to be a Cub Scout leader. Finally, she decided to take on the rugged duties of a Den mother so that Scott, being there, could be a part of it. (Most Den mothers will shudder in sympathy at this expression of mother love.)

Deedee is much too old for the juvenile antics of her brothers. One night, the teenager didn't return home from a party at the exact hour specified. Bill started pacing. Finally, he worked himself into a frenzy of anxiety. It was Ardis who calmed him, absolutely refusing to let him call the police and the hospitals. Bill was the perfect picture of the father realizing for the first time that broken arms and Girl Scout trips were things of the past. His little girl was growing up.

Scott and West share a lusty sense of humor and on occasion can take the fun. One day Bill was doing guard duty at the pool (unless someone else was present, no member of the family swims).

Holden had a date in town later, so he hadn't changed to trunks. Fully dressed, he watched the kids (including the neighborhood gang) frolic in the water. When he took to the board and did a jackknife, he broke the water cleanly, with no scarce a ripple. Suddenly Bill realized that the

was still no ripple. West had not come up. Bill leaped to his feet and dived, fully clothed, into the pool. He found West clinging to the side of an underwater outlet, grinning like a young ape. When they hit the surface the kids were doubled up yakking at the sucker, now thoroughly wet and red-faced.

But the household is normally more peaceful. Evenings start with a late dinner (Bill seldom gets home before seven). Then he and Ardis go to the den and put on some good music. He sinks into his favorite leather chair, and they talk. They have never tired of talking to one another. Bill discusses his day at the studio; Ardis gets in the trials of being mother to two Cub Scouts and one teenager.

About Saturday nights, Ardis feels like a small-town girl: She likes to be taken out. They go to a favorite restaurant in the Valley, then visit friends, go to a movie or, when she can induce Bill, do a little dancing. Sunday is their lazy day. They sleep late, breakfast on Eggs Benedict or Oysters Rockefeller, read the paper, discuss the novel they're reading together, play with the kids. The afternoons are spent poolside, with the kids. They enjoy a barbecue outside to round off the day. Bill is an excellent cook; he holds forth with the charcoal and garlic.)

The children are expected to earn their allowances. West cleans out the pool. Scott keeps the patio and grounds policed. Bill feels strongly about boys learning to earn and share.

The boys share their father's spirit of adventure a little too enthusiastically. One day, when West was five and Scott not quite three, Ardis looked up from her work to realize that the sudden quiet was ominous. The boys had disappeared. She called and finally ran outside. They answered her from the rooftop, thirty feet above the concrete driveway. They were fixing the television aerial, like—Daddy! Ardis never calls Bill at the studio unless calamity has taken over: i.e., West's broken leg, Scott's broken arm, Deedee's serious burns. But the day the man came to install the television set, Ardis decided to call and get instructions from Bill. He answered the phone call with, "Who broke that?"

Ardis used to buy clothes for Bill, but he politely and firmly returned everything except a maroon robe that was so tailored it looked like an overcoat. Now she orders clothes put aside for him, and he runs out on his lunch hour to buy or not to buy. He has discriminating taste. One night Ardis added a pin to her costume, which already included earrings and necklace. Barely glancing up from the book he was reading, Bill murmured, "It's too much, Ardis."

Few poker-playing husbands want to break their wives in on the game. Bill's an exception. After the war, poker was the only card game he enjoyed, and Ardis used to sit in the living room with the other wives, listening to the din in the den. He decided she'd like to join the fun—and Bill was delighted. Bill loves to share with Ardis—even his wanderlust. With the kids, they've made two extensive trips to Mexico. And he dreams of taking the whole family to Europe for a real holiday. When Bill got over the restlessness and tension caused by his career problem, itching feet and insatiable curiosity took their place. He wanted to know everything about the rest of the world. Paul Clemens (the artist recently married to Eleanor Barker) says, "Bill is the dream listener for a returned tourist. When I returned from a three-month Caribbean tour, Bill listened avidly, devouring my experiences. Later, when I returned from France, he was ready to listen and absorb again. Be-

cause he planned to go everywhere, he wanted all the second-hand information he could get."

Bill has a huge world map in his dressing-room office. When he's going to travel, he reads about the place, its history and future in great gulps. He keeps digging and rooting around, wangling letters of introduction so he can reach unusual, out-of-the-way places and people. Because his taste is elastic, he can enjoy all cultures.

Wherever he goes, he buys for everyone: producers, secretaries, grips, Ardis, the kids (and himself). After his Far East trip, he gave producer Irving Asher an intricate and lovely Chinese cigarette holder for his desk. Atop the holder, a coolie carries the conventional stick across his shoulders with a burden on each side. The stick and burdens revolve. Bill set it casually on Asher's desk and, twirling it, said, "I thought of you when I saw it. I know a producer has to have something to do all day."

Ardis would love to go on all these trips, but the wrench of leaving the children is usually too much. When she and Bill spent three months in Europe with the Billy Wilders, she had a wonderful time—after the plane left the airport. She saves her tears for the trip to the terminal after the goodbye to the children. At that time Bill's enthusiasm for traveling is slightly dampened, too. But new experiences have fascinated him all his life.

Even in his boyhood, being told was not enough. He had to experience. When his mother and dad returned to South Pasadena after a trip to Minnesota in 1932, an indignant note was conspicuous on the kitchen table. It was written by Bob, age eleven, in hearty disapproval of his fourteen-year-old brother's use of temporary freedom.

"Bill has done the following while you was away. He:

1. Smoked (got sick inhaling)
2. Swore (used the Lord's name in vain)
3. Drove fast (wouldn't let anyone tell him)
4. Bossed (like only one in the world)
5. Dishes (said for me to set, remove, stack, wash and put away)

Bible—Right Hand
Bob Beedle"

There was a drawing of the Bible in the left-hand corner of the note to prove that Bob's wrath was righteous.

At sixteen, Bill still "drove fast"—for a reason. He wanted to be good enough on his motorcycle to join Vic McLaglen's corps of trick daredevils. The desire to perform in the Rose Bowl and the Coliseum prompted his performances on the street in front of his home. For admiring crowds and a few bets he would stand on the seat of his motorcycle with arms outspread and glide dramatically down the street. This "Look, Ma, no hands" routine made his mother doubt that he'd ever reach maturity.

But during this trial-and-error period Bill was also learning to become a responsible citizen. His father made the full effort for his three sons: Bill, Bob and Dick. He taught them the value of physical coordination and the ability to earn their way. Their allowances were based on their duties. Bill spent the summers working as a surveyor for his dad's chemical laboratory. His duties included unloading feeds, plants, oils and fertilizer from ships and trucks. He dumped full boxcars of steer blood, fish or bone meal. He ended those hot summer days with layers of the smelly stuff clinging to his body.

There are more pleasant means of livelihood, and Bill found one. Milton Lewis, Paramount talent scout, discovered Bill Beedle, twenty, making the part of an

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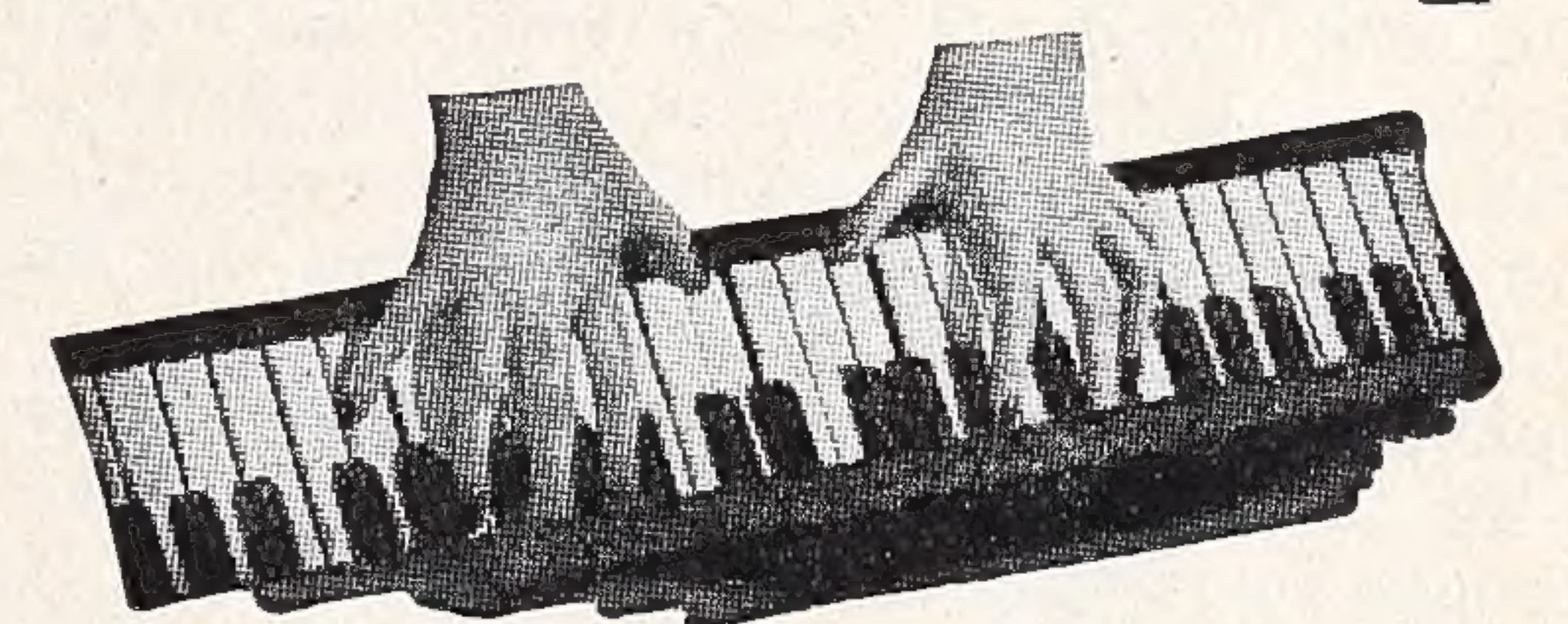
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eighty-year-old man believable at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. At the time, Bill was going to South Pasadena Junior College studying chemistry. As George Seaton, his very good friend, puts it drolly: "His choice was simple—acting or the fertilizer business."

Even though Bill decided on acting for a career, Lewis had to be patient with his discovery. It seems Bill Beedle couldn't come to the studio until he'd finished his exams. Lewis was wise enough to wait. Finally, Bill showed up, worked on a script, screen-tested with a girl named Rebecca Wasson, and got an option for six months at fifty dollars a week with Paramount. The only history-making event of that period was his acquisition of a new last name—Holden, borrowed from a newspaperman.

Bill's first big break came while Columbia was searching for just the right boy for "Golden Boy." They were also interested in Rebecca Wasson's screen test. Bill Perlberg, the producer, sat through the run of the test and then commented, "I've found 'Golden Boy.'" From that moment to this, Holden has been golden for the two studios that split his contract between them—Columbia and Paramount.

Even as a newcomer, he was not afraid to express his opinions or roar when he'd had enough. For "Golden Boy" he had to learn to finger a violin and box and act as well as dye and curl his hair. He would take just so much of the daily rehearsals and workouts at the Hollywood Athletic Club, then come down with a thud and refuse to do any more until the next day.

It was Barbara Stanwyck who did for this newcomer what they say stars won't do. She worked with him, helped him, gave him the best camera angles, finally insisted on having the set closed when she realized that the sudden avalanche of interviews was completely bewildering him. It was then that Bill formed both an undying admiration for Miss Stanwyck and a deep reticence with the press. To this day, he sends Barbara roses on her birthday.

With "Golden Boy," Bill got his taste of overnight triumph. He liked the flavor. Sharing a small house in the Hollywood Hills with his dialogue director, Hugh McMullan, he started to work with a vengeance. As they were close friends, Hugh worried about the dedicated young man he lived with. Bill worked constantly. He drove himself with a grim determination. He was learning. He had to be better. Bill's basic values have changed very little. Much later a reporter asked him, "What's your goal?" Squirming at the direct question, Bill said, "I don't want to sound corny. I want everything to be better. Personally, I think wanting everything—and I mean everything, mind you—to be better is the Divine wish." After this untypical revelation, he switched the subject to his love for slapstick comedy, the Three Stooges in particular.

Deciding that romance might sway Bill's one-track mind, Hugh carefully planned dinners to include attractive stars and starlets. Bill was charming, courteous and not at all interested.

Hugh thought Bill might enjoy meeting Brenda Marshall, who was going through the throes of a divorce. But Bill was afraid to become involved at that time, particularly with an established star who had a little daughter. When he ran into her on the Warner lot, he changed his mind—quickly. And Hugh's worried about Bill's one-track mind faded. In fact, after Bill had courted Ardis for twenty-two months, Hugh had to find a new housemate. Brenda Marshall, movie star, became Ardis Holden, with a new career.

Although the Holdens were married in

'41, "Getting to Know You" did not become their theme song until after the war, you will remember. Then it was that Ardis became a very wise woman and accepted the eccentricities of her spouse. Oh, she can level him if he overdoes. They still have healthy arguments, but with undertones of humor and respect that make these spats good outlets for two lively temperaments.

Bill has some rather fascinating foibles. He takes at least four showers a day. The first, accompanied by a lusty baritone, is followed by a loud stomping to the breakfast room. He doesn't eat much, but he expects company at the table. When he arrives at the studio, he takes another shower. At noon and before leaving the studio, he manages to wet down at least twice more. He is sure that he catches cold through his feet, and spent quite a lot of time picking out the right rug for his dressing room.

He does his own stunts in pictures. In '41 he wanted to be a junior Gary Cooper. He rides and draws his guns like Cooper. He is a sentimentalist. Working fifteen hours a day, he nevertheless found time to design a gold medallion with two heart-shaped hands pointing to the numeral twelve—for Ardis on their twelfth anniversary.

He is inconsistent. He drove a second-hand car (purchased from Lucy and Desi Arnaz) for five years. He talked about a sports car so much, however, that the kids saved their allowances and presented him with a box marked "Daddy's car."

On Christmas, Ardis handed Bill a very legal-looking document (remarkably like a divorce subpoena) and said, "Sorry I had to do it this way." Bill turned pale green and took the document. It was an order for a new Cadillac. When they went to get it, he was thrilled and doubtful. It was a Cabot gray convertible with an extra continental kit that extended the body another foot. "I guess it hasn't too much chrome," Bill said hesitantly, "but it's sure going to make me feel like a movie star." He still feels conspicuous in it. And yet in Europe he developed a yearning for a flashy racing car loaded with gadgets.



Bill has a mad passion for the musical bones and drums.

Holden is a man of varied interests. His paintings include many Paul Clemens pictures (among them a portrait of the family, over the living-room fireplace). Toulouse-Lautrec, Goya and Bangwys' "The Feast of Lazarus." His record collection includes everything from jazz drum solos to symphonies and classical (he doesn't care for opera). A gourmet, he likes hamburger with sour cream. He had a fabulous gun collection, but gave it away when he realized it was dangerous with growing boys around. He rides beautifully, swims well and submerges for half-hour intervals with an oxygen tank in the pool to be alone. He has done ten pictures in three years. Everybody swears by him and no one swears at him—an unprecedented record for a man who's spent fifteen years in any business.

His children respect him because he knows Dale Evans personally. If he makes a Western, his stock will shoot up on the home front. In race-track lingo, he says his role in "Sabrina" was "by Brook Brothers out of El Morocco." He has mounted on his desk the Golden Apple award from the Hollywood Women's Press Club for the most co-operative actor of '51. Milton Lewis, the talent scout who caught that intangible spark in Bill Beedle in 1938, prizes the miniature golden Oscar that Holden sent him after his "Stalag 17" triumph. Even more, Lewis prizes the simple note that came with it: "We finally made it, Milt."

Actually, Bill Holden is just at the start of a new phase of his life. Respected and honored in the industry, he plans to continue to grow (he'll eventually be a director-producer). At home, the volcanic rumblings are fading. He and Ardis may one day do a picture together. His hunger for travel is being appeased. He and Ardis took off last Christmas for Greenland to entertain the troops. He'll entertain troops anywhere, but the mere mention of Greenland brought that look to his eyes. He has perfected his professional manner to the extent that he probably believes he is almost like any other successful business executive.

He's the man who finished "Sabrina" Thursday evening, left for Tokyo Friday morning for "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and arrived back Christmas morning ready for "The Country Girl." Tired, he called George Seaton and asked for a couple of days off to go to Palm Springs and soak up the sun. The holiday was granted. By the next day George got a call from Palm Springs. "I'd like," said the worn-out actor, "to rehearse." So Bing, Grace, George and Bill spent that weekend rehearsing a church in Palm Springs.

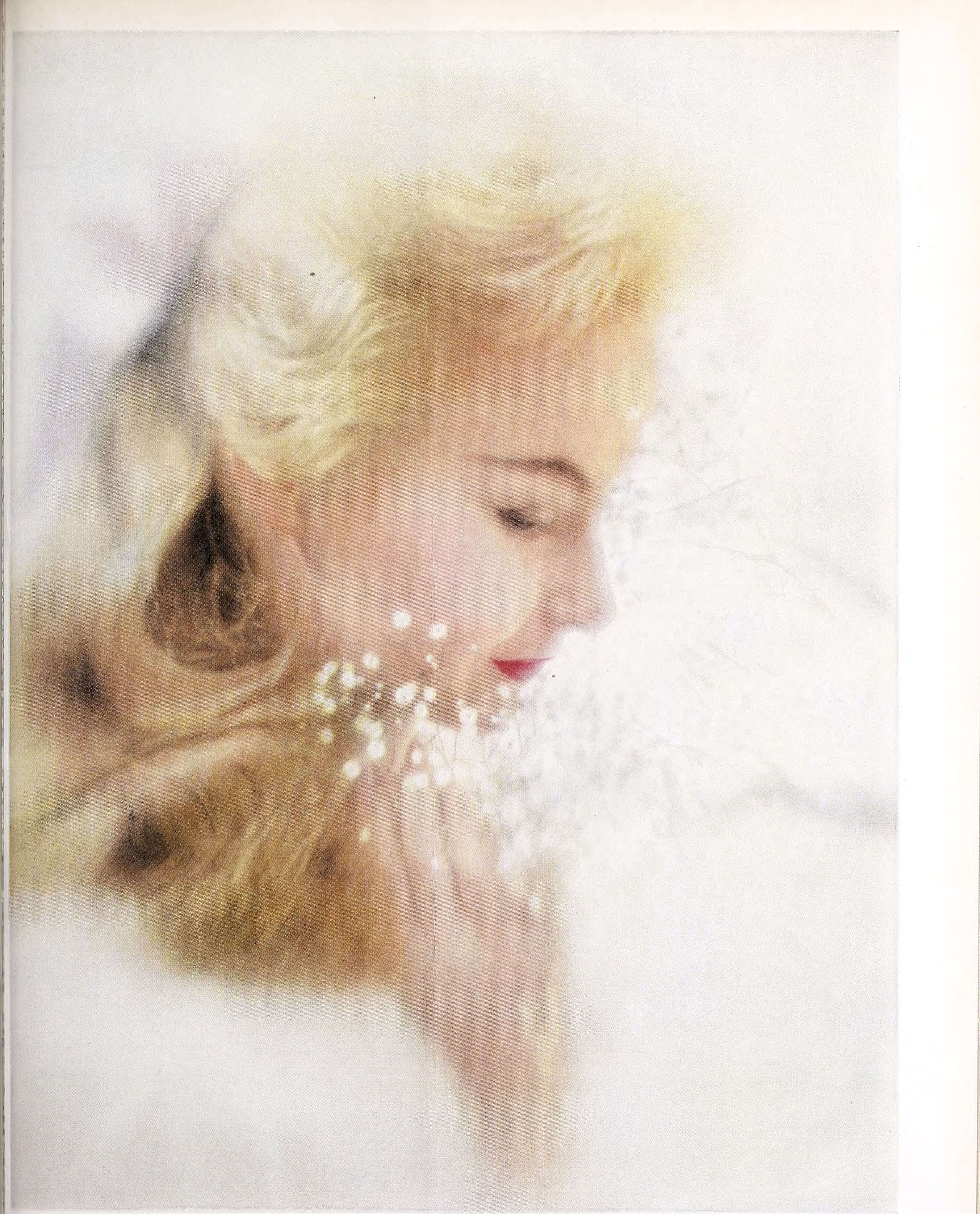
He's the man who roars, "I'm going to Palm Springs alone and rest!" He is all the man on the phone the next day begging Ardis to join him.

He's the man who made a game of walking the rail of Suicide Bridge in Pasadena—on his hands! He was ten then, but the spirit of adventure, lack of fear and occasional deviltry have never left him.

Yes, some people say he's staid, stuffy and dull and colorless. Others say he is a breath of fresh air and wish we had more actors like him. Some say he wages war on trifles because he feels guilty about his lack of real problems. Some say he could be a hypochondriac if he let himself go but only between pictures. His good friend Paul Clemens says, "Bill is at times his own worst enemy. But since he is such a good fellow at heart, he finds himself pretty slender opposition."

Everyone agrees that Holden is Golden. And gold is a very colorful color.

THE END



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